

McCALL'S

MAGAZINE 15¢ JUNE 1920



New Serial "Breeme House" by Katherine Newlin Burt



© The Palmolive Company, 1920

The beauty secret of Cleopatra hidden in every cake

How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a *clean skin*.

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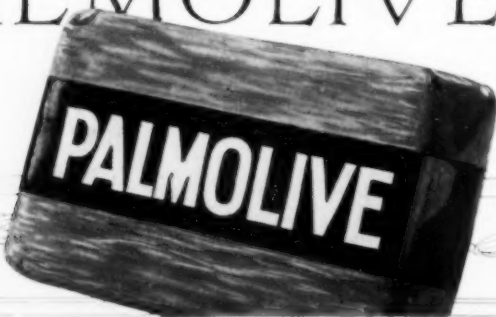
If the skin is dry apply Palmolive cold cream first. Then wash thoroughly with Palmolive soap, using warm water followed with cold. This supplements the natural oil needed to keep the skin smooth and supple. An additional touch of cream may also be applied after washing.

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PALMOLIVE



McCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR JUNE 1920
BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



Keeping Teacher

OH dear, I almost wish little Jack weren't going to be promoted," a young mother said to us. "That Miss Brown has been such a good teacher."

But the excellent Miss Brown, herself, may not return in September. Unless Jack's mother is vitally interested in keeping her behind the schoolroom desk, next fall may find her, too, in a down-town office—but one of the departing thousands.

You cannot blame the teacher. She deserts a profession, next important perhaps after motherhood, only because the community has deserted her. The mother of every Jack in the United States has it in her power to hold the good teacher to the school. She can demand adequate recompense for those who, for all our important parenthood, have more to do with our children than we ourselves.

Yet in the city of New York, last year, between 25,000 to 26,000 children were sent home daily because of the lack of teachers. The Commissioner of Education reported this spring 18,279 schools closed because of the lack of teachers; 7,000 fewer teachers to be graduated from normal schools this June.

It is a nation's privilege to expect great things of the next generation. Its leaders, its prophets, its poets are seeing visions and dreaming dreams in today's classrooms. Not rarely a teacher, tired, unselfish, first fixes the child's eye on the promise wrapped up in hard and honorable achievement. If each family were to insist upon the payment of this debt we owe the teacher, the next generation would not come neglected, spiritually hungry to its maturity.

GOSSIP

A JAPANESE moralist, who lived a couple of centuries ago, had some pertinent things to say of gossip. The gentleman addressed his remarks to the women of his country. He gave what you and I of this emancipated Western world would call a lot of very bad advice. But here and there was a truth or two of the kind that is universal, even if it is not eternal. The men of Japan thought so well of his book, that they saw to it that every bride had a copy in her trousseau.

According to the sage there were seven reasons for divorce, and one of them was gossip. "A woman shall be divorced (it was a male prerogative in those days) who, by prattling disrespectfully, disturbs the harmony of kinsmen and brings trouble on her household."

He said of woman that she should be "circumspect and saving in her use of words and never even for a passing moment should she slander others." He named "five infirmities that inflict the female" and said, "the worst of them all, and the parent of the other four, is silliness."

It is no longer recorded that talking too much is a cause for divorce, but certainly if the little bird could keep tally we would discover an amazing number of domestic tragedies caused by the wagging tongue that bespeaks the empty mind.

Many a good reputation has died impaled on the garden gate where two or three were gathered together in the name of neighborliness.

Nor—the Japanese sage to the contrary—is gossip solely a feminine pastime. Given the requisite amount of leisure, the male can be quite as deadly.

The impulse to gossip seems to be a universal one, and gossip like everything else, has its side of the case. We all have a not unpardonable curiosity about our fellows. No one would want to suppress the person who can retail amusingly and without malice the interesting happenings of his circle, but too often gossip is blighting, destructive to the gossip, and to the victims of his chatter. Disappointed in ourselves, we strike at others. Dissatisfied with our own inability to adjust ourselves harmoniously to life, we have an unconscious impulse to destroy others.

Glance about at the people who gossip most maliciously. They are unhappy mortals leading empty unfulfilled lives. The worst gossip in the neighborhood is probably the saddest and most tragic figure you know, if you could see beyond the mask she wears.

A friend of mine once said that it isn't telling things that matters, it's letting a cold wind in. It's exposing some sacred, secret confidence to the biting blast of misunderstanding.

In short, gossip is what you make it—and where, and when, and how, and with whom.

Queer Birds

NOW and again, summer evenings on the front porch, the talk is turned over to the young; the strong women of sixteen, the lanky giants of twenty. They speak truths, and pronounce judgments and we, not so very much older than they, sit idly and listen.

They might be speaking the tongue of the angels; we cannot understand them. It is the new slang. One year or so ago, we were adept and alert in the fashionable argot; we said "I'll say he does" and "Righto" as insouciantly as the best of them. But we are left behind again. We are forever learning yesterday's expressions, while the smart young are already setting the vocabulary styles of tomorrow.

This is the season of the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Men are made or unmade, as they are called 'poor fish,' 'poor hams,' 'perfect nuts,' 'queer birds' and 'good eggs.' Any young man whom the High School crowd unanimously votes a 'good egg' may be next year's President.

The 'good egg,' somehow, does not attract us. He is too impeccably satisfactory to too large a mob. The 'queer bird,' in contrast, is a mystery, a challenge, an unanswerable dilemma. The 'queer bird,' perched on the rail fences of life, cocking his enigmatic eye, is diverting. Queerly and indirectly, he gets there, and he annoys the crowd because it never quite sees how he did it. A baffling original, he discomforts the rest of us by throwing into sharp light our tame mediocrity. So that when little sister and young son classify So-and-So as a 'queer bird,' his future, in our eyes, burns with promise.

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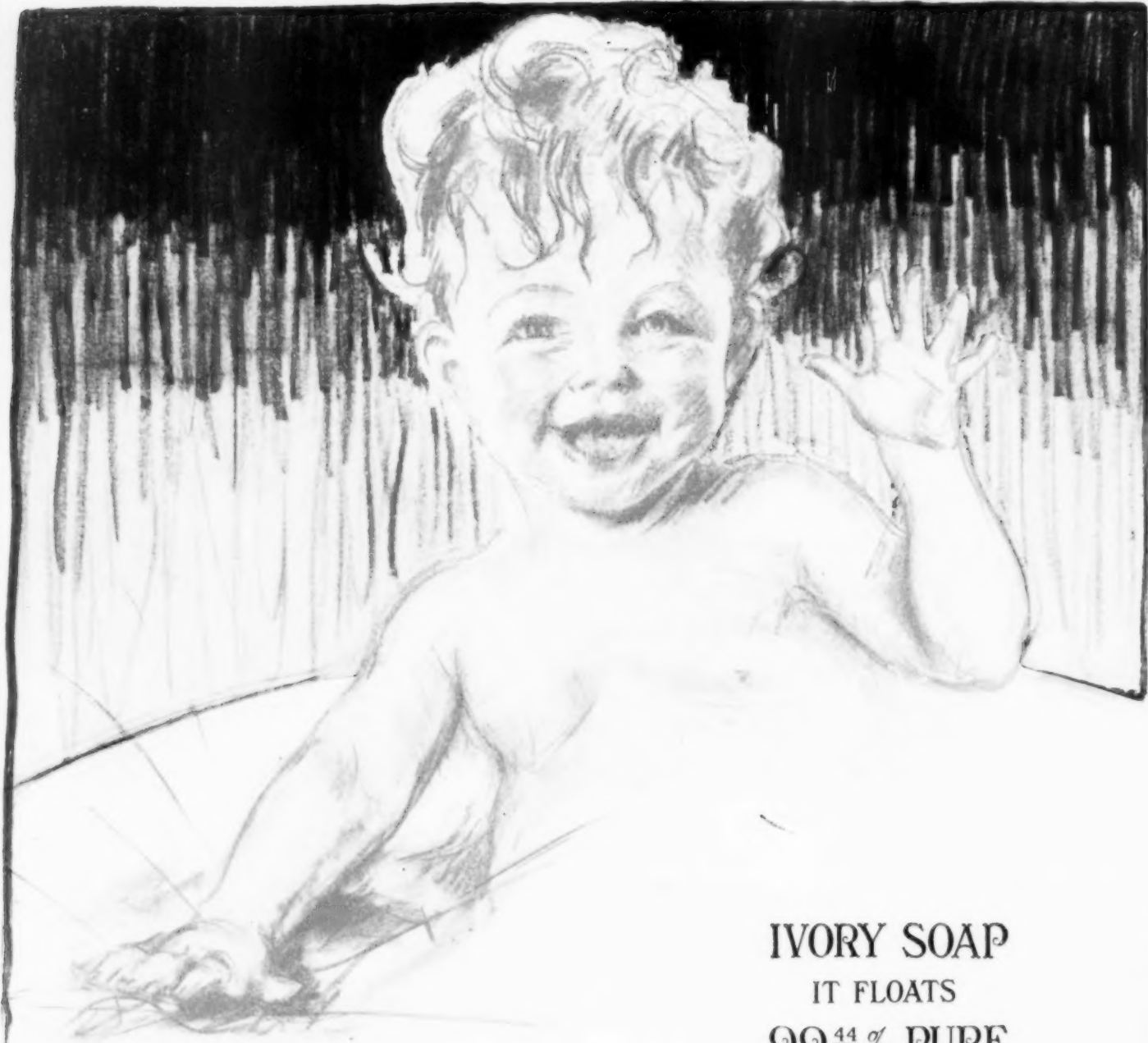
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"WHO IS IT?" DEMANDED CLAIRE. "LOOK HARD," ALEC OBEYED. "JANE!" SAID HE, "THAT'S QUEER ENOUGH"

BREEME HOUSE

By Katherine Newlin Burt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

THE great liner lay at its pier in the North river at New York, half an hour before sailing-time. Two girls stood on deck at the rail near the gangway, watching the arrivals. One of them, Claire Wilton, was amusing herself making mental observations about her fellow-passengers as they came aboard.

The other showed no interest in the oncoming crowd. Her gaze was focused anxiously upon each man as he arrived, and quickly removed with a look of disappointment.

"Do you notice how they all drop their masks while they're crossing the gangway, Jane?" asked Claire Wilton. "I love telling myself stories about them. On the way over, it's such fun seeing how nearly I've hit them off!"

She glanced down at the English girl who stood beside her and smiled at her preoccupation.

"He'll make it, Jane. Don't worry. There's plenty of time."

"I suppose he will; but you don't know Alec—he's got such a happy-go-lucky way of leaving everything till the last minute."

The smiling criticism of her brother did not altogether oust the anxiety from Lady Jane's eyes.

"You stay and watch your specimens, and make up your stories about them; I think I'll go to the cabin and rest. It's such a whirl, Claire," she said apologetically. "I feel as though I were still on the edge of your American maelstrom, standing here."

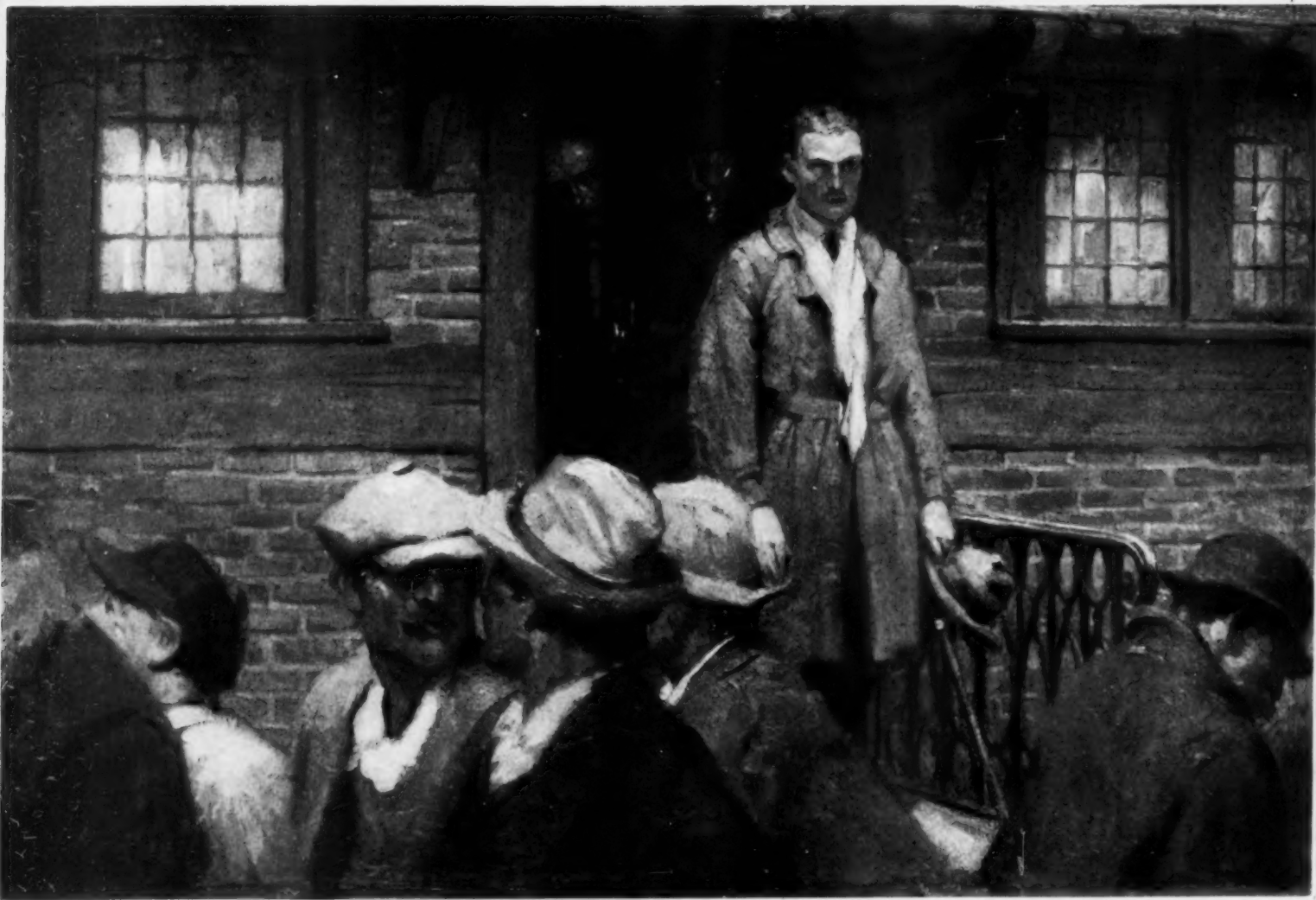
"Very well, dear, do—and I'll see if I can identify Lord Tremont from the family likeness—I'll come down as soon as we've started. But I'm sure you needn't worry. There aren't two Lord Tremonts, and you know they said at the hotel this morning, that he had arrived last night from Canada."

The close friendship between Claire Wilton and Lady Jane Tremont had started at the French convent they had both attended. The American girl's natural self-dependence had drawn to her the shy, reserved little daughter of the Earl of Breeme, for whom the convent-school was the first contact with a world outside the familiar one of Breeme House. It had been apparent to Claire with her limitless purse, that her little roommate was pitifully poor, and that this only tended to increase in Jane that air of detachment which one, less gifted with insight into character than Claire, might easily have mistaken for snobbish superiority. Their

intimacy had continued unbroken after their school-days ended.

Claire's mother had died at her daughter's birth, and after the death of her father a year ago, she had gone to Europe under the chaperonage of an aunt, and had induced Lady Jane to be her guest on a tour through Spain. On the plea of her aunt's sudden recall to America, and her own wish to see something of England, Claire had persuaded Jane to show her the beauties of the English shires and Scotland. They wound up with a few weeks at Breeme House, to the delight of Lady Jane's father, the Earl of Breeme, whose hobby was the study of the American Indian, and to whose semi-invalid existence Claire's vivacity was a boon.

To Claire Wilton's sympathetic nature the Breeme household was extraordinarily appealing. The Earl's wife, the second Lady Breeme, devoted her whole time to her husband's care. The two younger children, of schoolroom age, were in the hands of a governess. One and all—including old Robins, the general factotum, who had been bred upon the place—seemed to make it their chief object in life to shield the Earl, and to lift from him the weight of worry.



HIS TRIP TO CANADA HAD BEEN A GREAT SUCCESS. FOR THE FIRST

Theirs was the familiar story of a land-poor aristocracy, under the costly strain of an ancient inheritance.

But it was apparent to Claire that there was a point in which the troubles of Breeme focused more immediately. Despite the affectionate way in which the Earl spoke of his eldest son, Alec Tremont, it was evident from the very reticence of Lady Breeme and Jane, that Lord Tremont caused them keen anxiety.

It was with a sense of special interest, therefore, that Claire Wilton watched the faces and bearing of the younger men who came aboard the steamer. She was looking forward with no small curiosity to meeting Jane's brother.

AND when, just as the gangway was to be pulled back, Claire finally saw the unhurried approach of Lord Tremont, she saw in his lean face, in the bearing of his tall figure, in the very way he wore his clothes, just that combination of contradictions which she had expected to find.

His face was not handsome, though it had the stamp of race which made it distinguished. In the rather narrow, colorless eyes there was coolness, without severity; in the mouth, purposefulness without decision of character; in the movement, graceful balance rather than vigor or strength. No one but would have said at once that Lord Tremont was a charming fellow.

Lord Tremont, on entering his stateroom, looked with annoyance upon the signs of occupancy by a cabin companion. He had left his booking till the last moment, and there was no separate cabin available. Hopefully he speculated that the other fellow might be all right, after all, and at once he set to work to unpack his baggage, whistling gaily.

For the heir to the earldom of Breeme was as happy as a king. His trip to Canada had been a great success. Several years ago, the Earl had made a small investment in land there, and to meet the demand of Lord Tremont's creditors it had been decided that the young man himself should go over and attend to its sale. The proceeds were far in excess of what had been expected. Alec would be able for the first time in years to wipe out his debts and start with a clean slate.

To do him justice, Tremont was neither spendthrift nor heartless. As the prospective Earl of Breeme he was subject, proportionately, to the strain of poverty which ground down his father. His personal expenses, in the extravagant set he frequented, went far beyond the allowance his father could make him. That he could meet the situation in any other way than by dropping out of his set, or by borrowing the wherewithal to keep up appearances had never occurred to him.

His friends had reached their limit on loans, so he had had to resort to a professional money-lender. It was only in the dilemma of the latter's threats that Tremont had at last been forced to confide in his father.

Once the matter had been decided, Tremont had set forth on his mission to Canada, with every resolution to make this the last of his unpleasant financial adventures. He had planned his return so as to escort his sister and her American friend to England, where, at the Earl's invitation, Claire Wilton was to pay a long visit at Breeme House.

Lady Jane had been sitting in the lounge for five minutes—with carefully suppressed nervousness, waiting for her brother—when he came sauntering in. He came over to her and nodded as if they had last met but half an hour since.

"Do, Janey! Had a good time in Yankee-land with your little Miss Croesus?" he asked, smiling.

"Very nice, thanks, Alec. They are awfully kind and open-hearted—these Americans—I never knew anything like it."

"Makes us feel a bit slow, doesn't it, eh?" he drawled.

"Yes—and so horribly inhospitable!" she added in her quiet voice. "It makes us ashamed to think how little we ever do for any of them, when they come to England. No wonder we get a reputation for being cold and snippy!"

There was a pause. "Well—how about Canada?" she asked. "I do hope it came out all right?"

"Ripping, Janey! We've made our eternal fortunes!"

She looked up with such happiness and relief in her eyes that he hastened to tone down his exaggeration.

"At any rate I can wash my hands of that usurious money-lender, Unterberg. It's like a millstone off one's neck. And there'll be a bit over, besides."

"Oh Alec, how splendid!" Lady Jane's eyes were moist; her face radiant. "Dear old boy—won't father be delighted? It will be such a load off him; it will do him more good than anything else."

Alec felt a twinge of compunction; by inference, his sister's comment touched him on the raw.

"Where's Miss Wilton?" he asked.

"She's dressing; she'll be here directly. I know you'll like her, Alec. It was too bad that you were away when she was at Breeme before. Father's simply devoted to her—I never saw him take to anyone so quickly. She seemed to put new life into him."

"We must give her a good time; what does she go in for?"

Lady Jane laughed.

"When she was staying with us those few weeks, she didn't go in for anything but just Breeme itself. It seems to fascinate her—the house and everything in it, the grounds, the people—the whole place."

"Does she ride?"

"Yes, she loves it; but we really hadn't anything decent to mount her on, before."

"Well, we must get something, then. We'll all have a regular gala time, Janey, eh, what?"

Alec drawled it out with a glance of real tenderness at Lady Jane's almost pathetically happy face.

"You're a brick, Janey—always were," he added. And her smile seemed to him like an affectionate hug.

Lord Tremont was suddenly aware of a tall, graceful figure beside them.

"Oh! I beg your pardon," he said. "Let me introduce myself. Miss Wilton, this is Alec Tremont, the unworthy brother of my little sister, Jane, here."

"And this, Lord Tremont," laughed Claire, "is Claire Wilton, the fortunate friend of your little sister, Jane, here."

As they took their way down to the dining-saloon, Jane noticed with quiet satisfaction the spontaneous ease with which her brother quickly established himself in Claire's good graces. His relief from harassment had enhanced all the natural charm of his personality so that he responded to Claire Wilton's quick wit with a readiness and warmth that seemed to promise congenial intimacy.

They were among the last to leave the saloon, Lord Tremont making his way to the smoking-room.

He gravitated toward an elderly man who sat comfortably secluded, enjoying his after-dinner cigar and sipping his coffee. In his hand he was idly holding a copy of the passenger-list. After a moment he opened the booklet and scanned the names, glancing in Tremont's direction. As if he had found the clue for which he had been searching, he looked at the younger man as though weighing a subject for decision, and spoke.

"I wonder," said he, "whether I may ask an impertinent question?"

Tremont looked directly at his neighbor for the first time, and after a swift appraisal nodded, "Certainly—go ahead."

"Your famous Van Dyke at Breeme House—it is still not on the market, of course?"

Tremont's reply was an icy stare.

"I warned you my question would be an impertinent one," smiled his questioner. "You've replied most eloquently, Lord Tremont. In apology, I must explain, if I may."

There was such delightful urbanity in the manner of the man, that Tremont was attracted in spite of himself.

"Do—I'm interested. No idea I was such an—er—marked character," he added, smiling.

"Oh, the passenger-list, you know. My name's Northby—pictures, you know."

Of course Tremont knew! The famous art connoisseur, Northby!

"And now let me tell you why I asked such a grossly impertinent question. It happens—"

"Ah, Lord Tremont!" A voice interrupted them with suave assumption of familiarity.

"My cabin companion, Mr.—er—Mr.—" Tremont's delicate snub missed its object.

"Cardoni, Cardoni's the name," he blustered. Northby nodded curtly in the direction of a third chair.

"You were telling me about your interest in the Van Dyke," remarked Tremont, quietly resuming the conversation and ignoring Cardoni.

"Van Dyke? Van Dyke?" spluttered Cardoni with excitement.

"A picture by an artist of that name, Mr.—er—" returned Tremont.

"Don't I know that? I know a thing or two about pictures, Lord Tremont," the intruder explained, dropping into the chair which he had drawn up.

"As I was saying, Lord Tremont," Northby proceeded, "I happen to have a special interest in your Van Dyke—"

Lady Jane it's called, isn't it—a family portrait with quite a romantic history. I once took the liberty of writing to your father about it. His reply was only a little less eloquent than yours," he laughed. "The fact is, some years ago a man of your name, a Mr. Tremont, in America—somewhere out West if I recollect—wrote me, as one with knowledge of art, asking if the picture were for sale, at the same time forwarding a substantial deposit on account of whatever price might be asked. On receiving Lord Breeme's reply, I informed Mr. Tremont accordingly, and returned him his check. But the money came back to me, doubled, with instructions to deposit the amount and hold it to his credit on account of the purchase of the picture if it ever should be on the market."

FUNNY chaps, these Yankees; won't be downed, will they?" Tremont drawled, glancing at Cardoni.

"Why don't he have it copied?" said that irrepressible person. "Good copy'd pass for the genuine article out in his section. I bet a dollar to a doughnut he'd fall for a copy himself. Try him!" Then chuckling at his own joke, he moved off toward the center of the room, to the relief of both Northby and Tremont.

"Queer fish," drawled Tremont with a yawn. "Live and learn! Book my passage earlier next time."

Northby smiled. "Your luck certainly wasn't with you, in that," he said. Then, with a nod and a "good night" he strolled out toward the lounge.



TIME IN YEARS, ALEC WOULD BE ABLE TO WIPE OUT HIS DEBTS

Tremont got up from his seat and was about to go from the room when he saw Ned Burnet, an old college friend. "Lo, Alec. Good man! Saw your name on the list. Been getting some of the dollars away from the Yanks, or catching a billionaire, what? Come on and make a fourth at poker."

"All right, Ned. Seems to me you've still got some of my I. O. U.'s, unredeemed," Tremont laughed. "With luck I might cancel a few of 'em."

"Good—come on. We won't go high—can't do it, myself," he added. And Tremont let himself be piloted over to a table.

With a suppressed oath he noticed, too late to withdraw, that the ubiquitous Cardoni was to be one of them.

Drinks were ordered, and the cards were cut—Tremont and Cardoni against Ned Burnet and the other. Cardoni proved a desperately careless player, so they lost heavily. But when at last the game ended, Cardoni brought out a roll of bills.

"Don't worry, Lord Tremont," he urged—Alec was fumbling in his pockets to pay his share—"I'll pay out of this, and you can settle with me down below."

Lazily, Tremont complied.

"Fact is, Cardoni," Tremont informed his cabin companion as they prepared for bed, "I've brought so little cash with me that I'd better give you an I. O. U. and settle with you in London when we arrive."

"Suits me fine, Tremont," Cardoni swaggered familiarly. "Only sixty-five dollars." He jotted down something on a piece of paper. "You can put your fist to that if you like—or just let it go."

Tremont had already climbed into his berth. He took the paper and the proffered pencil, and scribbled his name. "Righto; thanks; cheerio!"

And he turned on his side and slept.

Mr. Cardoni, with a precision that belied his easy-going "take it or leave it" of a moment ago, folded the paper with due care, and put it in his letter-case. Then he switched off the light, turned on his back, and snored.

The inevitable ennui of the voyage seized upon Alec Tremont the fourth day out. As he wandered listlessly into the smoking-room after lunch, he yawned in open protest against boredom.

"Feel like that myself," laughed Ned Burnet, coming in at that moment. "Let's get up a game. Come on; let's find a couple of fellows that look like good losers."

"Righto! But you'll have to stake me, Ned, till I get to London. Sent all my ill-gotten gains from Canada straight to my bank, you see."

Soon they were seated at a table with two strangers they had picked up in the smoking-room, Alec drawing one for partner, and Ned the other. Tremont had experienced the sense of freedom from worry just long enough to be able to forget caution. His partner was good, taking risks that were sheer bravado, but the cards came their way. Alec caught the spirit and followed suit. Burnet's partner, unruffled by their losses, raised the stakes.

"We can't let them get away with it like this, partner. How about raising the stakes? I guess they should be willing if we are."

Alec's partner took up the challenge.

"Go to it," he cried. "We're no pikers, eh, partner?"

Alec recklessly agreed, knowing that to Burnet it was no matter, one way or the other; and as for himself, he was winning; it was his lucky day.

Neither Burnet nor Tremont had caught the look which had passed between the two strangers.

And then, after a round or two, the luck changed—not too suddenly nor continuously to betray a prearranged plan. Alec set his teeth grimly; in all decency he couldn't throw down his hand now. His eyes took on a haggard look as he realized more and more acutely the possibility of his winnings being wiped out. He cursed himself silently for his recklessness, but the sportsman in him demanded that he "stay in." He hoped, even prayed for a change of luck again. If he lost to the limit, the proceeds of his Canadian sale, and possibly more, would be forfeit!

HE was sick at heart with the fear of it. His brain was paralyzed. He played wildly. As his losses mounted, and he caught the excited comments of the onlookers peering over their shoulders between deals, he wondered numbly how he would be able to face his father's hurt look, the misery on Jane's face at confession of his criminal weakness, his stepmother's accusing silence.

When the bugle sounded the call for dinner, and the game wound up, Alec forced himself to assume a careless look. He nodded to Burnet.

"You settle for me, old man, will you? Here's an I. O. U. See you about it when we get to London."

And he so far succeeded in acting the part as to make the rest think that what he had lost was a mere nothing to him. It was not till he had got to his cabin, and caught sight of his white face in the mirror, that the tragedy came fully home to him. He had lost almost the whole of his Canadian land sale. He was as firmly as ever in the hands of the money-lender, Unterberg. The rope was around his neck.

When he appeared at dinner that evening it was with a face so pale that the watchful eyes of Lady Jane detected something wrong—seriously wrong.

She questioned him when they were alone together.

"Anything wrong, Alec?"

"Wrong? Why? You seem always to take it for granted that something's gone wrong," he answered, irritably.

"No—but you look quite ill, that's all!" And he knew that he had hurt her.

"Sorry, Janey; the fact is, of course, that you've hit it. I've—well, it's an unholy mess!"

And he told her.

"Oh Alec! Poor old dad; how terribly he will feel it! What will you do?" she asked.

"I shall have to scrape up enough, somehow, to keep that beastly Unterberg's mouth shut for a time. And Jane," he added earnestly, "we mustn't say a word about this to the governor. It would just about finish him if he knew. I'd almost rather lie to him—and I've never done that yet! I shall tell mother, of course."

"What now," thought Jane, "of the gala time we were to have, for Claire!"

And her gentle heart was as near bitterness as it had ever been.

It had been something approaching a fresh experience for Tremont, those days on board ship with Claire Wilton. With her he had found himself on a new and interesting footing. Her frankness was so complete that she challenged him, without either pursuing or inviting pursuit. As she walked briskly along the decks with a free, boyish swing, her smile and nod as she passed his chair said to him: "I'm having a jolly walk! Why loll about when you can be on the move!"

And inevitably he found himself responding to her vigorous magnetism. Her interest in him was so delightfully impersonal, her candor was always so spontaneous.

"I'm so glad I like you, Lord Tremont," she remarked coolly, as they patrolled the deck on the last day.

Almost he dropped to the banality of *tu quoque*; but he recovered in time.

"So you were all prepared for the opposite. Glad I was able to disappoint your expectations, Miss Wilton," he bantered.

But neither was she to be caught napping. "The real triumph is not in my just being able to like Lord Tremont himself, you know. But to be able to like you as the brother of my wonderful little Jane, and as the son of dear Lord Breeme—that's the thing."

He flushed and stuttered a little in response—the more so that his glance at her showed how utterly calm she was about it.

"Er—it certainly makes a rather jolly kind of—thing of it, doesn't it?"

Was it really possible that she didn't intend the obvious implication of her analysis?

"Oh, it's wonderful," she went on with warmth. "You can't possibly imagine what I feel about Breeme House. It possessed me—and yet I felt, too, that I possessed it. I couldn't have gone back to America without having Jane with me as a kind of pledge for my return to England. Breeme House seems the first real home I've ever known, you see."

Her eyes were shining with happiness, and there was no hint of sentimentality in what she had said.

"I feel quite scared, Miss Wilton," he said in mock awe; "it will be quite a job to live up to all you feel about us. I hope I shall be able to play my part in keeping up the illusion."

"Oh, indeed it's no illusion," she flashed back. "It's the realest thing I've ever known. Breeme House has become a part of me!"

She halted at one of the entrances to the lounge and disappeared within.

Tremont strolled slowly on round the deck, with something of a little grim about the smile on his lips. He reached the place where Lady Jane was sitting gazing placidly out to sea, and dropped into the chair beside her.

"Where's Claire?" she asked of him, languidly.

"Went in," he replied. "Janey, you've picked a wonder in your Miss Croesus," he remarked after a moment's silence.

"A wonder!"

"I'm so glad you like her, Alec. I wanted you to, so much. I should have been quite unhappy about it if you hadn't. And father will be so pleased."

Alec looked at his sister quickly. Jane seemed to be echoing Claire's thoughts. What on earth did it mean? Was it a plan?

Tremont leaned back in his chair. Well—and why not? Why not as far as they were all concerned? A perfect plan—made to order! He, certainly, was the last person who had a right to object to it, he, the impoverished heir to the earldom of Breeme. And she, Claire Wilton, was delightful—beautiful—clever—and above all, rich! And yet

His eyes, gazing seaward, saw another vision

After a few moments he came back to the present, with a frown and an irritable movement as if to rid himself of some exasperating problem that irked him.

"You won't have to stay long in London, will you Alec?" Jane asked him presently.

"Few days, probably. Got to raise something to pay that old Unterberg—as little as he'll let me."

"I should pay him as much as possible, Alec; keep him

quiet for as long as you can. Do," she urged, "and get back soon; I want Claire to have a happy time with us."

"Not a hint to father about this infernal mess, Jane, remember. Give them all my love—and to Aline," he added casually.

"Poor Aline—she'll be awfully sorry about it. She feels everything as deeply as if she were one of us," said Jane.

"Poor child, I know. It's a rotten shame that she should have to slave with those kids. She gets no fun at all!"

"Oh Alec, how absurd! Aline loves teaching Humphrey and Vi. She's awfully fond of them, and of all of us. You're blue about yourself," she continued, "so you're in the mood to pity everybody. Aline's very lucky to have a home at Breeme House. If no one had more to worry about than she has, the world would be very well off."

Lady Jane got up from her chair. "Well—I'll go and see that I'm all packed—ready for Plymouth. Get back from London as soon as you can."

Alec nodded moodily as his sister moved away.

WELL, Claire," said Lord Breeme, "has taking tea with Mrs. Poling spoiled the glamor for you? You'll have to admit that five o'clocks in England are, after all, like five o'clocks in the United States, aren't they?"

The speaker's twinkling eyes peered at his guest as she stood in the light of the setting sun, a figure of such color and life that the rest of the soft landscape, its silvery lawns, its blue-green trees, its grayish-golden house-front, seemed dim and faded, like an old master's background to a new master's latest work. Claire's hair, in the dying sunlight was red-gold; her face was vividly white, her eyes keenly blue. She was as eager as a rising tide—as unconscious of her power, as irresistible. Breeme House had never held a happier visitor.

"Oh, Lord Breeme," she protested, "you are wrong about five-o'clock teas. They're as different as can be over here. It was like some game in one of the Alice books. Jane placed me between two Miss Meridens. The one with the curly bang asked:

"Are you really an American, Miss Wilton? But, really, now?"

"We can't believe it, you know!" said the Miss Meriden with the straight bang.

"I assured them that I was probably the most American person they had ever seen. Of course," twinkled Claire, "I knew just what they meant. I have met Americans—in English plays and stories. What they had expected was this—" Here she thrust out her chin, and spoke in a harsh nasal voice—"Say, I guess you don't know that I'm Miss Iowa Indianapolis, from Idaho, and that my poppa could buy up the whole village of Five Pastures here if he had a mind to!"

Claire leaned back in her wicker chair amidst the laughter of the others.

Lord Breeme to her was yet belted Earl of Ballard Lore, and a splendid comrade. He had a grim, dry gift of humor that delighted Claire, and always they fell to battles royal on every subject from prohibition to spiritualism.

But the beauty of the place, its enchantment and rarity, to Claire's mind, centered in Jane. Lady Jane personified all the seclusion, all the quiet of the setting. She was the exquisite flower of Breeme's honorable history. She was its embodied soul.

"Claire," protested Jane suddenly, with a silvery-bright upward look, "don't, please, look at me like that! I'm not used to it."

"How am I to look at you, then? You're just as much for me to look at as the Van Dyke portrait. You oughtn't to have asked me here if you can't let me look at you like that."

"I shall be glad when Alec comes to distract you."

"Did I seem to find him very distracting?" asked Claire, idly.

Jane's eyes had wandered across the lawn, and were watching a tall figure strolling down to them.

"You can ask him yourself," said she. "He has arrived!"

Lord Tremont came up, and, when he had greeted the family, turned, with a smile, to meet the guest. There was a quick color in Claire's cheek, and suddenly, he, too, flushed.

"So you got here all right from Plymouth?"

The young man looked down at her, then slowly turned his eyes to where his little stepbrother and sister were playing under the trees.

"I'll go over and see the kiddies for a moment. Tell you all about things this evening, father."

He left the group less placid than he had found it. The shadow that Claire had been aware of had definitely deepened. She decided to leave them to themselves.

As she went in, she turned to look down at them all. What a beautiful, quiet scene! The sunset sky behind the trees, the circling rooks, the lawn so velvet-green, and

those courteous, gentle people, well-looking and quiet-eyed! Claire shook her head as though to dispel any suspicion of their anxieties, and went into the hall.

Lord Tremont threw himself down near the low wicker chair occupied by Aline Parkes, who was sitting somewhat apart from the group, with her young charges.

Aline smiled at Claire as she went by, but a moment later the smile passed, and the crochet between her fingers fell to her lap.

The daughter of a poor old Five Pastures rector who had always been befriended by the earl, Aline Parkes had taken up her position at Breeme House shortly after her father's death, a year or so before. She was gifted with a pair of beautiful green-gray eyes, which held, for the most part, a look of ironical patience.

"Wouldn't you take her, somehow, for the lady of the house?" she said. "I never knew anyone with such a possessive air. When Miss Wilton looks at anything, she owns it."

"What," asked Tremont, "has she been looking at?"

"The Van Dyke for one thing."

Alec sat up sharply. "You don't mean she wants to buy it?"

"N—no, not buy it." A flush ran up Aline's thin cheeks. "I think she means to—own it."



ROMANCE

By Witter Bynner

WHAT and where am I and who?

I can never tell. Can you?
Can a sunset after rain
Or a moonlit wave explain,
Can a willow tell you why
Or a Star? No more can I.

Follow me in any face
To some far and lovely place.
If you find me, be content.
Never ask me where I went
Seven moons ago nor when
I intend to come again.

I am nowhere, somewhere, near.
I am no one, someone dear,
I am cruel, I am kind,
I am all there is to find. . . .
What am I and where and who?
I am heaven. I am you.

Am I foolish? Am I wise?
Never ask me to advise.
Ask a hawk about his wings,
Ask a robin why he sings,
Ask a tree to be a city,
Ask of me to pause and pity.

Who is shiftier than I?
I can go without good-by.
I can come without your leave,
Come to comfort when you
grieve.
Ask of me to stay or go,
Will I once obey you? No!

"I don't think it's exactly comfort that you need, Alec. I think it's help and—a lesson. Oh, I wish we could spare Lord Breeme. It will hurt him more than anything. He's been so bothered of late."

Tremont glowed, but made no response.

"What do you think of Miss Wilton, Alec?"

The work was getting on very fast indeed, and required nice attention. Alec watched the busy white fingers.

"I think in a sort of way she's probably the most strikingly beautiful girl I've ever met." His voice rang with a studied intensity. "Certainly she's the most amusing. She makes me think of a race-horse under a tight rein. And when she sits in the sun with that white face and that red hair, she makes me think of a witch. I keep wondering what she's made of."

The corners of his mouth drew themselves in in a manner that was boyishly cruel. He looked like an eight-year-old, teasing the cat.

Aline finished her row of crocheting and then looked up. Whatever Tremont had expected to see in the beautiful green-gray eyes, it was not the cool look she gave him.

"I know one thing that she is made of," said Aline, "and that is—money."

Tremont's face had gone rather pale.

"Is that your advice to me, Al?" asked Alec, evenly.

"I don't give you any advice," her mouth twitched into an unhappy smile. "I merely make suggestions, practical suggestions. I suppose, to be practically useful to all of you is the justification of my being here. With some people, lucky people like you, Alec, duty falls in very pleasant places. Claire is very beautiful, very amusing. She can get anything she wants. She wants the Van Dyke. I dare say she wants—"

Alec broke in roughly. "Don't, Aline; I hate that tone and look of yours!"

"Then I shall most certainly use it whenever and as often as I can," said she, and pinched her lips together.

Alec stood up.

"Where can I find Miss Wilton, I wonder?" he asked carelessly.

"Before the Van Dyke, I fancy," answered Aline. "She spends a great deal of her time there. You must be quick, though. She'll be going up to dress for dinner soon."

Tremont stared down at her for an instant, at her bent head and slight shoulders and rapid fingers, then wheeled abruptly away, taking the terraces between himself and the house with swinging strides.

As he crossed the threshold of the hall, he saw Claire moving slowly along before the row of portraits. She stopped directly before the Van Dyke, and beckoned to him.

"So glad you came in. I want to show you something. Come here quickly. I've made a discovery about the *Lady Jane*."

He came quickly, and looked, blankly enough, at the *Lady Jane*. The picture hung on the eastern wall, facing the sunset. To the color of the painting, time or skill had given a strange silvery brightness. The figure was that of a young girl leaning against an urn, her ringlets classically bound, a scarf floating about her shoulders, her slim, round body simply draped. The light, filtering through the trees above her, changed to silver on her skirts. Her curls were ashen-brown, her gray-brown eyes were sidelong in their glance, her smile tremulous. It was a cool, soft, shining figure, beautiful as show-ers and shadows.

"Who is it?" demanded Claire.

"It's a great-great-or-so-grandmother of mine, I be—"

"Nonsense! I know that, of course. But don't you see the likeness? Look hard. Make a frame for her face with your two hands, so!"

Alec obeyed and gave a little jump of surprise. "Jane!" said he. "That's queer enough."

"Did you ever see anything so striking? It's Jane's face, line

so striking? It's Jane's face, line by line, and Jane's figure, too; only Jane's thinner. The coloring is exactly hers. The costume disguises it, and the pose, and the way the hair is done. To me this is the most thrilling thing imaginable."

"Why?" he asked, looking wonderingly at her.

"To think that Jane is an embodiment—a reincarnation of that lady dead so long ago. To know that your great-great-or-so-grandmother is actually living her life again in her own flesh and blood, goes laughing about her old home, running up and down those stairs, looking down over the gallery at her own pictured self—"

"Oh, I say, you know," grinned Alec, "don't make a ghost of poor little Jane. That's hardly fair!"

"A ghost! A ghost, indeed! Nothing so banal as that! Can you stand there, you, and not see the enchantment of all this?" She swung her arm around to indicate the hall. "To you it's just home, I suppose. If I were Jane! If I were you!"

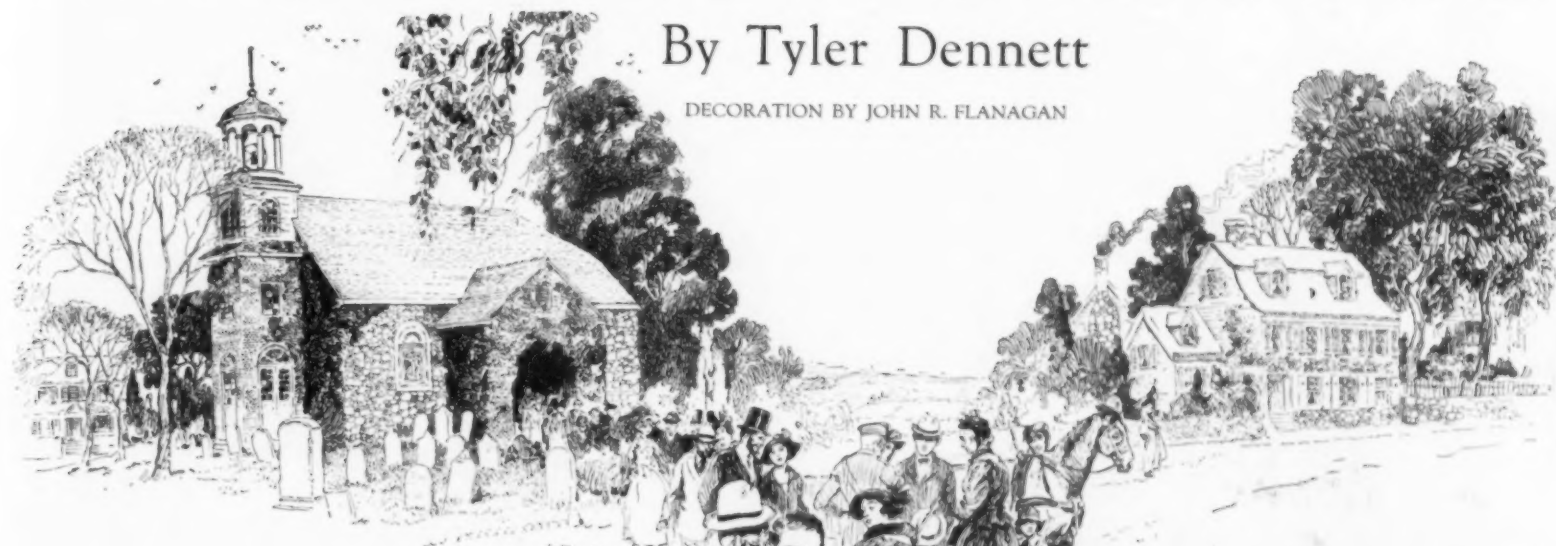
"Oh! it's because you aren't used to it. You see it all from the outside. It looks jolly romantic—portraits, and the old house, and all that. When you've been here a few

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THE CHURCH IN OUR TOWN

By Tyler Dennett

DECORATION BY JOHN R. FLANAGAN



WHAT is the Church? Sounds like a question from the old catechism, doesn't it? But we don't mean it that way. The catechism was only half right. It never really told us what the Church is; it only said what the Church ought to be. To get the whole truth one must state the other side of the case, also. Very few people ever stop to think accurately what the Church actually is.

Ideally, the Church is the body of Christ. I like that definition in spite of its contentious theological history. I like to take the definition literally, too. The Church in our town is the body of Christ, His bodily presence. It has His eyes to see our town as Christ saw Nazareth and Cana and Jerusalem. It has His ears to hear in our town the kind of words He heard in Galilee. It has His voice to speak in our town such words as He spoke by the seaside and along the roads of Judea. Ideally, the Church in our town is the body of Christ. Actually it isn't. If this is a heresy, then so be it. I cannot make myself believe that our church sees, hears, or teaches the people of our town as Christ would if He were there in bodily form. Why?

In the United States, there is no such thing as the Church—there are only churches, 227,487 of them, according to the 1916 Federal Religious Census.

The total membership of these churches is just under 42,000,000. That means that about two in every five people in the United States can be numbered as church-members; and it is no secret that at least several of these 42,000,000 people who profess to belong to a church, don't let the connection bother them very much. Even when you give everyone the benefit of the doubt, the church-members of any community are a minority.

Of the total church-membership in the United States, not quite 16,000,000—37.5 per cent.—belong to the Roman Catholic Church. The other 62.5 per cent. are divided up among one hundred and forty—or is it one hundred and seventy—Protestant denominations and a few organizations which decline to be classified either as Catholic or Protestant. There are twenty different kinds of Lutherans, sixteen kinds of Methodists, fifteen kinds of Baptists, twelve kinds of Presbyterians, and so on.

A town in Texas having a population of seven or eight thousand, has seventeen kinds of churches. There are three varieties of Presbyterian; three of Methodist (white); three of Methodist (colored); three of Baptist (white); three of Baptist (colored); and two varieties of just plain Christian churches, as the members prefer to have them called.

What is an average church?

What sort of people make up its membership?

What sort of a minister has it?

Everyone ought to have rough answers to these questions before he plunges very far into a Church argument.

Then, what is a church?

It is usually in the country—in the open country—in a village or in a town which is still a town in the ordinary sense of the word, even though it may have adopted a diminutive form of city government. The church is usually there because that is where the American people usually are. We are still a rural or a village folk. Even when the church is in the city, most of the members really come from the country. If your church happens to be in a city, just look it over and see if this isn't true. The average city church is really hardly more than a rural church in the city. This also is an important fact to remember in making up your definition of a church.

In Indiana there is one village of eighty-eight people with five churches. Just across the Ohio River is a mountain country with five thousand population and one hundred and thirty-five churches. Western Pennsylvania has a town of two hundred people with four Presbyterian churches—each of a different kind—within two or three miles of each other. Riverside County, California, with a population of less than five thousand, blessed with climate, sunshine and orange groves, is also blessed with no less than fifty-six churches.

BUT don't immediately jump to the conviction that the United States has too many churches. Riverside would probably not forfeit the smiles of the Almighty if some of those fifty-six churches faded away; but note—the ten mountain-counties of the same state, with a population of fifty thousand, have only thirty-eight churches, averaging less than four churches to a county. Likewise, there is one area in the city of Los Angeles—or there was until very recently—with a population of nearly fifty thousand, which did not contain a church of any sort.

No one knows whether there are too many or too few churches in the United States. We do know that what we

have are very badly distributed. Americans are a shifting people. They move from farm to farm, from farm to village, from village to city, from city to suburb—and when they move they leave their cats and their churches behind to starve or to get on as best they can. But a church has more lives than a cat. You can't starve it to death. A church may get weaker, and weaker, but it seldom dies.

In one of the northern states east of the Mississippi River, for instance, there is a town of a few hundred people with four churches. The Methodist Episcopalians came first, back in the circuit-riding, saddle-back days of the itinerant preacher. Six years afterward, a roving evangelist came through that region and stopped to hold meetings. He commanded the attention of many people because he was preaching a new doctrine of sinlessness and complete sanctification. In the judgment of the new exhorter, the church already established was not placing sufficient emphasis upon these doctrines. So he started a new church which eventually became another kind of Methodist church. That same year some more people split off from the original church on the subject of the proper form of baptism, and they founded a Baptist church. A little while later the Baptists fell into trouble over the doctrine of the second coming of Christ, and an Adventist church resulted.

The last named church is now about twenty years old. For several years the four churches have had rather hard sledding. It became increasingly difficult to secure ministers. Salaries were low; the field for service was very limited.

At the present time, only one church has a resident pastor, and he supports himself chiefly by farming. His church pays him only four hundred dollars a year. The other three churches raise altogether about six hundred dollars more and secure the services of occasional supply-ministers when they can. Once in a while, the Baptist minister from a larger town not far away holds a preaching-service in the little Baptist church. The Methodist minister from the same town comes over with him and holds a Methodist service in the Methodist church. They come on the same Sunday because it is cheaper to hire a flivver together. People in the village joke about the matter, but there is no prospect of having the Baptists and the Methodists join forces.

For ten years the missionary boards of those churches have been trying to starve them out. Usually, when churches are so poor that they cannot pay their expenses they apply to the home-missionary treasury of their particular denomination and receive some aid. But the boards

have refused to give any aid since the state university made a survey of the county and revealed the conditions existing there. Yet the churches still exist—and persist.

This village history illustrates not merely how difficult it is for a church to die when once it has been started, but also the process which has gone on all over the country in hundreds and thousands of communities which have too many churches. You may say it is ridiculous, that people ought to have enough religion in common to stay together to worship God and to share funds and problems in the same building. True, people ought to have that much religion, but they do not. Very few of us have it. None of us, we admit, like all churches equally—that is, if we like churches at all. Indeed there are some churches which we, as individuals, could hardly tolerate as *our* church. We can have our own church as we prefer, and none of us would care to live in a land where we were compelled to go to any specified church or forbidden to start a new church if we desired one.

It is common to criticize the spirit of sectarianism in American religious life. But, though it does cost us deplorably, it is a natural outcome of religious liberty, fundamental in democracy. American life would be greatly impoverished if we were to subtract from it, and from its traditions, that very spirit of religious liberty which has prompted the founding and sustaining of these hundred and seventy different Protestant denominations.

Let us examine the membership of our *average* American church. It has, say, for the sake of round numbers, one hundred resident members. It is worth while to pause a moment and analyze this hundred members in several different ways. You will never know what a church is until you do.

Sixty of the hundred are women—little girls, big girls, young women, wives, mothers, and a sprinkling of grandmothers. We have the census figures for that.

The forty men may be classified in the same way. The point is this: when one has subtracted from the membership of the average church all those who are not in so-called active life—that is women, children, old people—plus the number who do not have independent incomes, the actual active strength of the church is very much less than its active-membership figures would appear to indicate.

Probably twenty members of the average church are under twenty-one years of age, and another ten are retired from active duties of any sort. That leaves seventy potentially active people. But so far as active church work is concerned, it is an open secret that in our average church fully half of the membership is simply not there when it comes to responsibility. It does not even attend a Sunday service more often than once every other week. Your active list is therefore usually cut down to about a score of women and not more than a dozen men. For many churches this percentage even, is much too high. Try it out on the church which you know best. Can you count on twenty per cent. of the membership for active service?

THE definition of the average church will not be complete until you have studied a little the vocation of the people who comprise its membership. Until you know this you are not prepared even to estimate what the community has a right to expect from the church in leadership and the creation of public opinion. How do the twenty-eight men members of the church, who are in active life in the community, divide up as to occupations?

There is a myth abroad that the church is a rich man's institution, that it is owned by rich men, supported by rich men, and controlled in the interest of rich men. That's a joke. Taking churches as they come, you will have to search through a great many of them to find a man with an income of even fifty thousand dollars a year, and it would not take long to enumerate the churches in the entire country with the distinction of having a millionaire in the membership. Most church people are poor people, not poverty-stricken, but just ordinary, common poor folks, like you and me.

Nor is the church a professional man's institution. You will have to hunt through several churches, on the average, to find a man with a college or professional-school diploma. The sad truth of the matter is that an astonishingly large number of ministers do not themselves possess college diplomas.

The average church is just a cross-section of the average community. Probably at least eight of those twenty-eight men put on overalls when they work, and get their hands very dirty. Your other twenty male church-members are white-collar men. They work indoors—in stores, offices, shops, or similar sections of the American beehive. Perhaps a dozen men, all told, work for themselves;

[Continued on page 30]



HE WRENCHED THE STICK OUT OF MY HAND, AND DASHED ITS HEAVY-WEIGHTED HEAD INTO MY FACE

THE LOST LADY

By Melville Davisson Post

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HUBERT MATHEWS

IT was a remark of old Major Carrington that incited this adventure.

"It is some distance through the wood—is she quite safe?"

It was a mere reflection as he went out. It was very late. I do not know how the dinner, or rather the after-hours of it, had lengthened. It must have been the incomparable charm of the woman. She had come, this night, luminously, it seemed to us, through the haze that had been on her—the smoke haze of a strange, blighting fortune. The three of us had been carried along in it with no sense of time; my sister, the ancient Major Carrington and I.

He turned back in the road, his decayed voice whipped by the stimulus of her into a higher note:

"Suppose the village coachman should think her as lovely as we do—what!"

He laughed and turned heavily up the road a hundred yards or so to his cottage set in the pine wood. I stood in the road watching the wheels of the absurd village vehicle, the yellow cut-under, disappear. The old Major called back to me; his voice seemed detached, eerie with the thin laugh in it.

"I thought him a particularly villainous-looking creature!"

It was an absurd remark. The man was one of the natives of the island, and, besides, the innkeeper was a person of sound sense; he would know precisely about his driver.

I should not have gone on this adventure but for a further incident.

When I entered the house my sister was going up the stair, the butler was beyond in the drawing-room, and there was no other servant visible. She was on the first step and the elevation gave precisely the height that my sister ought to have received in the accident of birth. She would have been wonderful with those four inches added—lacking beauty, she had every other grace.

She spoke to me as I approached.

"Winthrop," she said, "what was in the package that Madame Barras carried away with her tonight?"

The query very greatly surprised me. I thought Madame Barras had carried this package away with her several evenings before when I had put her English bank-notes in my box at the local bank. My sister added the explanation which I should have been embarrassed to seek, at the moment.

"She asked me to put it somewhere, on Tuesday afternoon. . . . It was forgotten, I suppose. . . . I laid it in a drawer of the library-table. . . . What did it contain?"

I managed an evasive reply, for the discovery opened possibilities that disturbed me.

"Some certificates, I believe," I said.

My sister made a little pretended gesture of dismay. "I should have been more careful; such things are of value."

Of value indeed! The certificates in Madame Barras' package, that had lain about in the library-table, were gold certificates of the United States Treasury—ninety odd of them, each of a value of one thousand dollars! My sister went on:

"How oddly life has tossed her about. . . . She must have been a mere infant at Miss Page's. The attachment of incoming tots to the older girls was a custom. . . . I do not recall her. . . . There was always a string of mites with shiny pigtailed and big-eyed wistful faces. The older girls never thought very much about them. One has a swarm-memory, but individuals escape one. The older girl, in these schools, fancied herself immensely. The little satellite that attached itself, with its adoration, had no identity. It had a nickname, I think, or a number. . . . I have forgotten. We minimized these midgets out of everything that could distinguish them. . . . Fancy one of these turning up in Madame Barras and coming to me on the memory of it."

"It was extremely lucky for her," I said. "Imagine arriving from the interior of Brazil on the invitation of Mrs. Jordan to find that lady dead and buried; with no friend, until, by chance, one happened on your name in the social register, and ventured on a school attachment of which there might remain, perhaps, a memory only on the infant's side."

My sister went on up the stair.

"I am glad we happened to be here, and, especially, Winthrop, if you have been able to assist her. . . . She is charming."

Charming was the word descriptive of my sister, for it is a thing of manner from a nature elevated and noble, but it was not the word for Madame Barras. The woman was a lure. I mean the term in its large and catholic sense. I mean the bait of a great cosmic impulse—the most subtle and the most persistent of which one has any sense. The cunning intelligences of that impulse had decked her out with every attractiveness as though they had taken thought to confound all masculine resistance; to sweep into their service those refractory units that withheld themselves from the common purpose. She was lovely, as the aged Major Carrington had uttered it—great violet eyes in a delicate skin sown with gold flecks, a skin so delicate that one felt that a kiss would tear it!

I DO not know from what source I have that expression but it attaches itself, out of my memory of descriptive phrases, to Madame Barras. And it extends itself as wholly descriptive of her. You will say that the long and short of this is that I was in love with Madame Barras, but I point you a witness in Major Carrington.

He had the same impressions, and he had but one passion in his life, a distant worship of my sister that burned steadily even here at the end of life. During the few evenings that Madame Barras had been in to dinner with us, he sat in his chair beyond my sister in the drawing-room, perfect in his early-Victorian manner, while Madame Barras and I walked on the great terrace, or sat outside.

One had a magnificent sweep of the world, at night, from that terrace. It looked out over the forest of pines to the open sea.

Madame Barras confessed to the pull of this vista. She asked me at what direction the Atlantic entered, and when she knew, she kept it always in her sight.

It had a persisting fascination for her. At all times and in nearly any position, she was somehow sensible of this vista, she knew the lights almost immediately, and the

common small craft blinking about. Tonight she had sat for a long time in nearly utter silence here. There was a faint light on the open sea as she got up to take her leave of us; what would it be she wondered.

I replied that it was some small craft coming in.

"A fishing-boat?"

"Hardly that," I said, "from its lights and position it will be some swifter power-boat and, I should say, not precisely certain about the channel."

I have been drawn here into reminiscence that did not, at the time, detain me in the hall. What my sister had discovered to me, following Major Carrington's remark, left me distinctly uneasy. It was very nearly two miles to the village, the road was wholly forest and there would be no house on the way; for my father, with an utter disregard for cost, had sought the seclusion of a large acreage when he had built this absurdly elaborate villa on Mount Desert Island.

Besides I was in no mood for sleep.

And, over all probability, there might be some not entirely imaginary danger to Madame Barras. Not precisely the danger presented in Major Carrington's pleasantry, but the always possible danger to one who is carrying a sum of money about. It would be considered, in the world of criminal activities, a very large sum of money; and it had been lying here, as of no value, in a drawer of the library-table since the day on which the gold certificates had arrived on my cheque from the Boston bank.

Madame Barras had not taken the currency away as I imagined. It was extremely careless of her, but was it not an act in character?

What would such a woman know of practical concern? I spoke to the butler. He should not wait up, I would let myself in; and I went out.

I remember that I got a cap and a stick out of the rack; there was no element of selection in the cap, but there was a decided subconscious direction about the selection of the stick. It was a heavy blackthorn, with an iron ferrule and a silver weight set in the head; picked up by my father at some Irish fair—a weapon in fact.

It was not dark. It was one of those clear hard nights that are not uncommon on this island in midsummer; with a full moon, the road was visible even in the wood. I swung along it with no particular precaution; I was not expecting anything to happen, and, in fact, nothing did happen on the way into the village.

But in this attitude of confidence I failed to discover an event of this night that might have given the whole adventure a different ending.

There is a point near the village where a road enters our private one; skirts the border of the mountain, and, making a great turn, enters the village from the south. At this division of the road I heard distinctly a sound in the wood.

It was not a sound to incite inquiry. It was the sound of some considerable animal moving in the leaves, a few steps beyond the road. It did not impress me at the time; estrays were constantly at large in our forests in summer, and not infrequently a roaming buck from the near preserves. There was also here, in addition to the other roads, an abandoned winter wood-road that ran westward across the island to a small farming settlement. Doubtless I took

a slighter notice of the sound because estrays from the farmers' fields usually trespassed on us from this road.

At any rate I went on. I fear that I was very much engrossed with the memory of Madame Barras. Not wholly with the feminine lure of her, although as I have written she was the perfection of that lure. One passed women, at all milestones, on the way to age, and kept before them one's sound estimates of life, but before this woman one lost one's head, as though Nature, evaded heretofore, would not be denied. But the weird fortune that had attended her was in my mind.

Married to Señor Barras out of the door of a convent, carried to Rio de Janeiro to an unbearable life, escaping with a remnant of her inheritance in English bank-notes, she arrives here to visit the one, old, persisting friend, Mrs. Jordan, and finds her dead! And what seemed strange, incredible, beyond belief, was that this creature Barras had thought only of her fortune which he had depleted in two years to the something less than twenty thousand pounds which I had exchanged for her into our money; a mere fragment of her great inheritance.

I had listened to the story entranced with the alluring teller of it; wondering as I now wondered, on the road to the village, how anything pretending to be man could think of money when she was before his eye.

What could he buy with money that equaled her!

And yet this curious jackal had seen in her only the key to a strong-box. There was behind it, in explanation, shadowed out, the glamor of an empire that Señor Barras would set up with the millions in his country of revolutions, and the enthusiasms of a foolish mother.

And yet the jackal and this wreckage had not touched her. There was no stain, no crumpled leaf. She was a fresh wonder, even after this, out of a chrysalis. It was this amazing newness, this virginity of blossom from which one could not escape.

The word in my reflection brought me up. How had she escaped from Barras?

I had more than once in my reflections pivoted on the word.

The great hotel was very nearly deserted when I entered.

There was the glow of a cigar where some one smoked, at the end of the long porch. Within, there was only a sleepy clerk.

Madame Barras had not arrived. . . . he was quite sure; she had gone out to dinner somewhere and had not come in!

I was profoundly concerned. But I took a moment to reflect before deciding what to do.

I stepped outside and there, coming up from the shadow of the porch, I met Sir Henry Marquis.

It was chance at its extreme of favor. If I had been given the selection, in all the world, I should have asked for Sir Henry Marquis at that decisive moment.

The relief I felt made my words extravagant.

"Marquis!" I cried. "You here!" "Ah, Winthrop," he said, in his drawling Oxford voice, "what have you done with Madame Barras; I was waiting for her?"

I told him, in a word, how she had set out from my house—my concern—the walk down here and this result. I did not ask him at the moment how he happened to be here, or with a knowledge of our guest. I thought that Marquis was in Canada. But one does not, with success, inquire of a C. I. D. official even in his own country. One met him in the most unexpected places; unconcerned, and one would have said at leisure.

But he was concerned tonight. What I told brought him up. He stood for a moment silent. Then he said, softly, in order that the clerk behind us might not overhear. "Don't speak of it. I will get a light and go with you!"

He returned in a moment and we went out. He asked me about the road, was there only one way down; and I told him precisely. There was only the one road into the village and no way to miss it unless one turned into the public road at the point where it entered our private one along the mountain.

He pitched at once upon this point and we hurried back.

We had hardly a further word on the way. I was decidedly uneasy about Madame Barras by now, and Marquis' concern was hardly less evident. He raced along in his immense stride, and I had all I could manage to keep up.

It may seem strange that I should have brought such a man as Sir Henry Marquis into the search of this adventure with so little explanation of my guest or the affair. But, one must remember, Marquis was an old acquaintance frequently seen about in the world. To thus, on the spot so to speak, draft into my service the first gentleman I found, was precisely what anyone would have done. It was probable, after all, that there had been some reason why the cut-under had taken the other road, and Madame Barras quite all right.

It was better to make sure before one raised the village—and Marquis, markedly, was beyond any aid the village could have furnished. This course was strikingly justified by every after-event.

I have said that the night was not dark. The sky was hard with stars like a mosaic. This white moonlight entered through the tree-tops and in a measure illumined the road. We were easily able to see, when we reached the point, that the cut-under had turned out into the road circling the mountain to the west of the village. The track was so clearly visible in the light, that I must have observed it had I been thinking of the road instead of the one who had set out upon it.

I was going on quickly, when Marquis stopped. He was stooping over the track of the vehicle. He did not come on and I went back.

"What is it?" I said.

He answered, still stooping above the track.

"The cut-under stopped here."

"How do you know that?" I asked, for it seemed hardly possible to determine where a wheeled vehicle had stopped.

"It's quite clear," he replied. "The horse has moved about without going on."

I now saw it. The hoof-marks of the horse had displaced the dust where it had several times changed position.

AND that's not all," Marquis continued. "Something has happened to the cut-under here!"

I was now closely beside him.

"It was broken down, perhaps, or some accident to the harness?"

"No," he replied. "The wheel tracks are here broadened, as though they had skidded on a turn. This would mean little if the cut-under had been moving at the time. But it was not moving; the horse was standing. The cut-under had stopped."

He went on as though in a reflection to himself.

"The vehicle must have been violently thrown about here, by something."

I had a sudden inspiration.

"I see it!" I cried. "The horse took fright, stopped, and then bolted; there has been a runaway. That accounts for the turn out. Let's hurry!"

But Marquis detained me with a firm hand on my arm.

"No," he said, "the horse was not running when it turned out and it did not stop here in fright. The horse was entirely quiet here. The hoof-marks would show any alarm in the animal, and, moreover, if it had stopped in fright there would have been an inevitable recoil which would have thrown the wheels of the vehicle backward out of their track. No moving animal, man included, stopped by fright fails to register this recoil. We always look for it in evidences of violent assault. Footprints invariably show it, and one learns thereby, unerringly, the direction of the attack."

He rose, his hand still extended and upon my arm.

"There is only one possible explanation," he added. "Something happened in the cut-under to throw it violently about in the road, and it happened with the horse undis-

"No one attacked our guest, but someone, here at this precise point, did attack the driver of this vehicle."

"For God's sake," I cried, "let's hurry!"

He stepped back slowly to the edge of the road and the drawl in his voice lengthened.

"We do hurry," he said. "We hurry to the value of knowing that there was no accident here to the harness, no fright to the horse, no attack on the lady, and no change in the direction which the vehicle afterwards took. Suppose we had gone on, in a different form of hurry, ignorant of these facts?"

At this point I distinctly heard again the sound of a heavy animal in the wood. Marquis also heard it and he plunged into the thick bushes. Almost immediately we were at the spot, and before us some heavy object turned in the leaves.

Marquis whipped an electric-flash out of his pocket. The body of a man, tied at the hands and heels behind with a hitching-strap, and with a linen carriage lap-cloth wound around his head and knotted, lay there endeavoring to ease the rigor of his position by some movement.

We should now know, in a moment, what desperate thing had happened!

I cut the strap, while Marquis got the lap-cloth unwound from about the man's head. It was the driver of the cut-under. But we got no gain from his discovery. As soon as his face was clear, he tore out of our grasp and began to run.

He took the old road to the westward of the island, where perhaps he lived. We were wholly unable to stop him, and we got no reply to our shouted queries except his wild cry for help. He considered us of his assailants from which, by chance, he had escaped. It was folly to think of coming up with the man. He was set desperately for the westward of the island, and he would never stop until he reached it.

We turned back into the road.

Marquis' method now changed. He turned swiftly into the road along the mountain which the cut-under had taken after its capture.

I was at the extreme of a deadly anxiety about Madame Barras.

It seemed to me, now, certain that some gang of criminals having knowledge of the packet of money had waylaid the cut-under. Proud of my conclusion, I put the inquiry to Sir Henry as we hurried along. If we weren't too late!

He stopped suddenly like a man brought up at the point of a bayonet.

"My word!" He jerked the expression out through his tightened jaws. "Has she got ninety thousand dollars of your money?" And he set out again in his long stride. I explained briefly as I endeavored to keep his pace. It was her own money, not mine, but she did in fact have that large sum with her in the cut-under on this night. I gave him the story of the matter, briefly, for I had no breath to spare over it. And I asked him what he thought. Had a gang of thieves attacked the cut-under?

But he only repeated his expression.

"My word . . . You got her ninety thousand dollars and let her drive away with no eye on her!"

Such trust in the honesty of our fellow creatures! . . . My word!

I had to admit the deplorable negligence, but I had not thought of any peril, and I did not know that she carried the money with her until the conversation with my sister. There was some excuse for me. I could not remember a robbery on this island.

Marquis snapped his jaws.

"You'll remember this one!" he said.

It was a ridiculous remark. How could one ever forget if this incomparable creature were robbed and perhaps murdered. But were there not some extenuating circumstances in my favor. I presented them as we advanced; my sister and I lived in a rather protected atmosphere apart from all criminal activities, we could not foresee such a result. I had no knowledge of criminal methods.

"I can well believe it," was the only reply Marquis returned to me.

In addition to my extreme anxiety about Madame Barras I began now to realize a profound sense of responsibility; every one, it seemed, saw what I ought to have done, except myself. How had I managed to overlook it? It was clear to other men. Major Carrington had pointed it out to me as I was turning away; and now here Sir Henry Marquis was expressing in no uncertain words how negligent a creature he considered me—to permit my guest, a woman, to go alone, at night, with this large sum of money.

It was not a pleasant retrospect. Other men—the world—would scarcely hold me to a lesser negligence than Sir Henry Marquis!

I could not forbear, even in our haste, to seek some consolation.

"Do you think Madame Barras has been hurt?"

"Hurt!" he repeated. "How should Madame Barras be hurt?"

"In the robbery," I said.

"Robbery!" and he repeated that word. "There has been no robbery!"

I replied in some astonishment.

"Really Sir Henry! You but now assured me that I would remember this night's robbery."

The drawl got back into his voice.

"Ah, yes," he said, "quite so. You will remember it."

The man was clearly, it seemed to me, so engrossed with the mystery that it was idle to interrogate him. And he was walking with a devil's stride.

[Continued on page 33]



"SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO THE CUT-UNDER HERE!"

turbed and the vehicle standing still. The wheel tracks are widened only at one point, showing a transverse but no lateral movement of the vehicle."

"A struggle?" I cried. "Major Carrington was right, Madame Barras has been attacked by the driver!"

Marquis' hand held me firmly in the excitement of that realization. He was entirely composed. There was even a drawl in his voice as he answered me.

"Major Carrington, whoever he may be," he said, "is wrong; if we exclude a third party, it was Madame Barras who attacked the driver."

His fingers tightened under my obvious protest.

"It is quite certain," he continued. "Taking the position of the standing horse, it will be the front wheels of the cut-under that have made this widened track; the wheels under the driver's seat, and not the wheels under the guest seat, in the rear of the vehicle. There has been a violent struggle in this cut-under, but it was a struggle that took place wholly in the front of the vehicle."

He went on in his maddeningly imperturbable calm.



SIMMONS REMOVED HIS COAT, DISPLAYING A SHIRT STRIPED IN PINK AND BLUE. "I'LL SHOW YOU EVERYTHING," HE SAID. "IF I DO SAY SO, I'M A GOOD SPENDER"

THE EMBER

By Mildred Cram

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. H. WAINWRIGHT, JR.

CONNIE BIDDLE wasn't exactly young. Thirty-five is just beyond the age limit of the average heroine. At thirty-five a woman is either a full-blown rose or a violet pressed between the leaves of a volume of love poems. And Connie Biddle had been put away—not by men, nor circumstance, nor fate—but by life itself. It seems that Connie had walked down one side of the street while life—gay, generous, provocative—had passed up the other. The two had never met.

She was thirty-five, neatly plain, with a small waist, a pair of thin shoulders and one of those faces no one takes the trouble to remember. Had she been ugly there would have been more hope for her, since there is something discordant about striking plainness which intrigues the memory. Connie had pale blue eyes and pale pink cheeks and a cloud of pale gold hair. Behind this vaporous disguise there was no pallor whatever. Connie's heart was as crimson as yours or mine. She had colorful illusions about life. Could she have been taken out of her human shell, the soul of her would have been high heels, hoop earrings, rouge and a black beauty-patch.

Having missed life on that first youthful stroll down the broad highway, Connie Biddle became a ghost in a treadmill. For fifteen years—in fact, from her twentieth birthday—she had "taken care" of a rich old lady whose very breath of life depended upon Connie's ministrations.

No one knew just how old Mrs. Babcock was—ninety-five, perhaps. She was as withered as a peanut shell, as yellow as parchment, as waxen as a faded camellia. Nothing remained of her aristocratic beauty save her prominent, well-sculptured nose whose flaring nostrils shrieked breeding louder than words. In her sightless eyes there was not a gleam of humor. Only now and then some hidden spark glowed through the ashes of life—sultry, red-hot—and was gone. What she thought, not even Connie knew. She spoke in a high, thin whimper, like a child crying for the moon. She was as bald as an egg and as dry as a gourd.

When Connie put her foot on the treadmill, she was young and very eager. Twenty-five dollars a week, and board, bulked large in her imagination. She even found it in her heart to pray that Mrs. Babcock would never die. Mrs. Babcock, whose sense of grim humor was more tenacious than the hair on her head, did not intend to die until most of her sons and daughters, nieces and nephews, cousins and cousins-in-law had preceded her. Mrs. Babcock was uncommonly polite about stepping aside before the portal of the Unknown with a bow and a "You first, my dear." Those who waited upon Mrs. Babcock's shoes trod the hungry way to the tomb in their own foot-gear. And Mrs. Babcock lingered on, scarcely breathing, kept alive by some invisible ember, month after month, year after year. Thinking what? Hoping for what? Enjoying what?

Not even Connie Biddle knew. Connie, who had become a slave for twenty-five a week, and board.

"Awake, Mrs. Babcock?" And leaning over the yellow skull on the snowy pillows, Connie would listen for the faint breathing.

"Yes. Where's the hot-water bottle?" Stooping swiftly, Connie's capable fingers searched between the sheets for the slippery bag, captured it, brought it forth, wriggling and warm, like a pink jellyfish.

"Here it is, Mrs. Babcock. I'll fill it again." "You'd better; it's as cold as ice."

An eternal barricade of hot-water bags against the numb old feet; water-bags beneath her folded hands; water-bags on her knees. Connie at last became obsessed with the idea that without the bulwark of rubber cushions, Mrs. Babcock's life-spark would flicker and go out. Connie tended the filling of them as a vestal tends the sacred flame. She would walk to the corner to post a letter and come hurrying back, breathless for fear the mummy would have become a little heap of yellow cinders between the snowy sheets.

It wasn't exactly a hard job—Connie's treadmill. Other women have more grilling duties—children to wash and send to school, husbands to worry about, dish-washing, sweeping, rug-shaking, ironing, cooking over a hot range. Such labor is human. Children are as exciting as a five-reel film if they are one's own. And even husbands have possibilities—dramatically speaking. Connie would have been perfectly happy married to a boisterous drunk or a cheerful bully. She would have been blissfully satisfied as the head of a frame-house suburban household—clad in a gingham apron, a ruffled dusting-cap and sneakers—brushing down the porch steps, hanging out the clean clothes on one of those merry-go-rounds in the back-yard, baking pies and shelling peas in the shadow of the lattice on the kitchen stoop. That's what a nodding acquaintance with life leads to. Women like Connie Biddle should cross the street, buttonhole the preposterous male, and say: "See here. I want what you can give. I'm not afraid. Kiddies. Soap-suds. Rough hands. I'm ready." But Connie was too shadowy, externally speaking, to attract attention; too shy to get into life's way; too romantic to pursue love or to court happiness. So she starved in the midst of plenty.

Mrs. Babcock lived in an old-fashioned hotel on New York's East Side—a sandstone oasis in the sultry heart of the city. All about it the raucous tide of traffic tugged and surged, powerless to weaken the landmark's foundations. Within, an atmosphere of faded gentility, stiff lace curtains, thick carpets, ancient negro bell-boys, propriety, and the grave. It was said that, one by one, the old standbys were graciously dying off, and that when the last survivor had—politely speaking—gone on, the pretentious, towered pile would be torn down and a twenty-storied shaft of marble-and-brick would spring like a lily from the grave of forgotten magnificence. In the meantime, the conservative stockholders prayed and watched the *In Memoriam* column of the morning Times.

In the dining-rooms you might not smoke. Unsuspecting ladies who drifted in from Broadway to open jeweled cigarette-cases over their demi-tasse, were gently rebuked—and never came again.

"What is this, a boarding-school or an old ladies' home?" "Smoking is forbidden, madam."

"For the luva Mike. Come on over to the Admiral. That's human."

Furs, perfumes and plumes, the chastened ones drifted out, full of pity for the conventional and abuse for the head-waiter. The head-waiter, who had tasted of glory, turned his back. It was his duty to guide faded aristocracy down the length of that quiet dining-room, to seat rustling, silk-clad quality at its favorite table, to pay strict attention to wealthy dyspeptics' desire for "milk toast, a boiled egg and a baked apple, please."

There was no wild desire on the part of modern New York to break through the old hotel's revolving plate-glass doors. Traveling salesmen who ventured up to the desk were given an expert examination by clerks whose bump of *Who's Who* was visible to the naked eye. It was a very tired traveling salesman indeed, who waited for the ultimatum. Most of them, seizing their sample cases and bags, retreated on tiptoe, as one beats one's way down the echoing aisles of a church.

Connie Biddle's world was on the first floor—the parlor floor. Fifteen years ago, she had been thrilled by the magnificence of the parlors themselves—four rooms hung with red silk, carpeted in scarlet Wilton six inches thick, furnished with carved Italian oak, ebony, mahogany and plush. Connie's high-heeled soul expanded to the crimson glory of the velvet hangings, the knobby gilt fringes and white marble mantels. She had tiptoed through the breathless silence of those deserted rooms, fancying herself a duchess. Now and again she saw herself reflected in some huge mirror framed in coiling snakes of gold-leaf, Florentine style—herself, Connie Biddle, pink-and-white ghost whom no one ever remembered.

Mrs. Babcock's room was down one of the enormous halls—number two-thirty-five. Connie slept on a cot at the foot of the bed, in eternal vigilance. She had a closet to herself, a bureau and the use of the bath. Day was like day, and night like night. Trays. Mrs. Babcock's morning wash-up, a process not unlike the anointment of a queen long dead. The newspaper. The doctor. Afternoons spent in the hall, where there was, occasionally, a little "life." The maids passed with bunches of keys and arms full of clean towels. The porters used monstrous vacuum-cleaners. Bell-boys ambled by with tinkling pitchers of ice-water.

"Howdy, Miss Connie."

"Hello, Lincoln."

"How's Miss Babcock?"

"Asleep."

"It beats all how she do cling on."

"It certainly does."

This was the color of life. This was the sum total of experience—pain, joy, excitement, exaltation. Mrs. Babcock never went away during the winter, and unlike most old ladies of her kind, she had no passion for summer resorts. Once every day she was lifted from her bed to a chair by the window, where she sat in a patch of pale city sunshine for an hour or two, gazing with expressionless eyes at the frantic rush of traffic in the street below. Once a day Connie Biddle went for a walk—a pilgrimage performed without enthusiasm in the interest of health. Her mind was on the hot-water barricade. Even when she stopped to stare into a shop window at pink silk underwear or French hats, her vision was clogged with thermometers, medicine-bottles and knitted shawls. She was happier at her post just outside the door of two-thirty-five. There, the querulous voice could reach her.

CONNIE?"

"Yes'm!" Quick as a flash to the bedside.

"Connie, when did my daughter come in to see me?"

"About a month ago, the last time."

"H'mm. Has she telephoned lately?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, if she should, don't tell her I had a fever yesterday. I'm not dead yet."

"You'll outlive us all, Mrs. Babcock. Indeed, I'm sure you will."

"H'mm. Good girl, Connie."

Being good had not prevented Connie from being romantic. She had had her dreams of love. And dreams were an excellent substitute for the real thing—until she was thirty. She awoke one day to the bitter realization that she had no memories to weep over in the precious silence of the night. No memories to quicken her heart or to bridge the gaps between one duty and another. No one had ever been jealous of Connie, or afraid of her or suspicious of her

There is solace and satisfaction for some of us even in the drab fact that we are hated. Connie was denied this consolation. Once in her dim, shadowy youth a boy had made awkward love to her; they had danced together and Connie, conscious of his foolish whispering, had blushed and giggled. Afterward, she saw him bending over another girl, whispering—

Not exactly romance. But the apex of Connie's emotional experience. It might have been different had Connie possessed a sense of humor. As it was—

"Connie!"

"Yes'm."

"Come here. The telephone's ringing."

Connie lifted the receiver timidly. "It's your daughter, ma'am. It's Mrs. Stannard."

"I'll see her," Mrs. Babcock snapped.

Connie helped the old lady to sit up, built a wall of pillows to support the curved back and slipped a ridiculous lace bonnet over the polished, bald cranium. Thus bedecked, Mrs. Babcock looked like Vorick in a boudoir cap.

"First time in a month," she whispered, "first time in a month. Don't tell her about the fever."

"I won't," Connie promised.

Mrs. Stannard was a woman of fifty—upright, rustling. She swept into the room like a full-rigged ship sailing before the wind, and, with an unmistakable grimace, put her lips against the mummy's withered cheek. The contact kindled an ember in Mrs. Babcock's eyes.

"How are you, Julia?"

"I'm all right. It's the children—they keep me so fearfully busy. John's at Southampton and Ethel in Greenwich. I'm motoring up there today to bring her home. House-parties. I've wanted to see you, but I simply haven't had time."

Suddenly catching sight of that strange spark in her mother's eyes, Mrs. Stannard became voluble. "You mustn't blame me. You will stay in this hot, stuffy city all summer. I've always said that you ought to go out of town."

"Where?"

"Somewhere near. There are all sorts of places. Rye. Or Water Witch. We'd adore having you with us, but the children are so active."

Noisy. You know how it is with youth. I'd worry myself to death about you if I weren't sure that Connie does everything. You do watch out for Mother, don't you, Connie?"

Connie became visible long enough to whisper:

"I try, Mrs. Stannard."

"Connie's a good girl," Mrs. Babcock shrilled.

Mrs. Stannard, it seemed, had just "run in" for a moment. She smoothed her mother's pillows, adjusted the little knitted shawl, and stooped to brush the old cheeks with her unfeeling lips.

Then she swept out again with the air of one who has canceled a debt. Louder than words her graciousness said: "Well, that's over." And Connie Biddle saw and understood.

She closed the door upon Mrs. Stannard with a sharp slam. Her cheeks were faintly pink; her pale blue eyes held a hint of sparkle.

Mrs. Babcock, raising one palsied hand, jerked off the lacy cap. "Did you see that, Connie? Loves me, don't she? That's what happens to you when you lose all your hair and live longer than you have any right to. For goodness sake, take that cake of ice away from my feet."

Connie retrieved the pink and wriggling offender, carried it away to the bathroom, emptied it, squeezed and refilled it, wiping it dry on one of the hotel's enormous bath-towels. When she came back to the bedside, her fate awaited her—her fate, and, though she did not know it, her first memory.

Mrs. Babcock was leaning forward, and when Connie stooped to put the bag between the sheets, the old lady's fingers caught at her sleeve.

"Listen to me, Connie. You've been a good girl. I'm going to tell you something. I've left you five thousand dollars. Don't you let them get it away from you."

The room slanted dizzily under Connie's feet. Her heart contracted. She felt suddenly disembodied, astral. "Oh, Mrs. Babcock," she said, "you mustn't do that!"

"I've done it already. Did it five years ago."

Five years ago! Five years in which she might have dreamed!

"Oh, ma'am," she whispered, "it's too much."

"Don't you count on it. Put it out of your mind. You're better off with me alive than you would be with that five thousand."

"Oh, Mrs. Babcock!"

"I'm not dead yet. Stop crying. I want to sleep."

Connie Biddle did not know that Mrs. Babcock had trusted her to the supreme degree. She was the only

human creature who loved the yellow mummy out of simple affection, for the spark still burning there. Every one else, from the youngest grandchild to the oldest son, thought of Mrs. Babcock as one already dead but foolishly unburied.

Connie Biddle went out into the corridor and sat down with folded hands to contemplate her dream. Five thousand dollars. For her. With what she had saved . . .

The magnificent total took her breath away. In ten seconds she had clothed herself from head to foot in pink crêpe de Chine trimmed with real Val. In twenty seconds she had acquired a figure—full-breasted, flat-hipped, slimsy.

In thirty seconds she had met, loved and married a slim-waisted, light-footed, glittering young man with patent-leather hair. Ten seconds later she had renounced him for love of a tall blond with a Greek profile, the sort of hero who wears a dinner-jacket to breakfast. Connie herself, chameleon fashion, passed from raven beauty to Titian splendor, from slinking adventuress to shrinking debutante.

She became, at one bound, so to speak, the mother of ten children.

"Hello, Connie."

THE housekeeper paused by Connie's chair, her shrewd eyes noting that new radiance in Connie's face.

"What's up? Got a beau?"

The flush deepened. "Me? Don't be silly, Mrs. Egan."

"Well, something's the matter with you. You've got one of those full-moon expressions."

Cornered, Connie Biddle let the cat out of the bag.

"Not that I want Mrs. Babcock to die! I can't bear to think of it. I'm awful fond of her, Mrs. Egan. Honest. She's company. I don't know what I'd do if she was gone."

Mrs. Egan nodded and glanced away from Connie Biddle's burning cheeks. "Five thousand's a lot of money. But give me twenty-five a week, steady! Money's like water in a sieve."

Mrs. Egan was an amateur philosopher and a professional gossip. Connie Biddle's dream flew from floor to floor of the big hotel; it penetrated the kitchens, the clattering service-room, the carpeted dining-halls, the stuffy

Then one day life caught sight of her and, crossing the broad highway, spoke her name.

Mrs. Babcock's breakfast tray was brought to her door every morning by the assistant head-waiter himself—Simmons, the portly, middle-aged Englishman whose entire professional life had been spent within the sandstone walls of New York's oldest and most respectable hotel. He was as much a part of the scenery as the gilt pillars and the red-velvet hangings. He had hard-boiled eyes, an aquiline nose, an ingratiating smile, and an imposing voice of the organ-stop variety. He both terrorized and patronized the oldest inhabitants, who addressed him with conciliatory condescension as "Mr. Simmons," and who presented him every Christmas with black silk ties, tan gloves four sizes too small or too large, umbrellas, white waistcoats and half-lisle hose.

It was Simmons' privilege to scold old Colonel Waters whenever he came into the dining-room still wearing his red-morocco bedroom-slippers. It was Simmons' pleasure to listen to the Teasdale Twins' symptoms, morning and evening. The Teasdale Twins grew older and yellower year by year, but the symptoms were unvarying—headache for breakfast, slight chills for dinner. Simmons guarded Mr. Alexander's bottle of pills. He knew just when to grope under Mrs. Greeley's table for her black-velvet reticule, dropped from her fat and inadequate knees at ten-minute intervals. And Simmons it was who appeared at Mrs. Babcock's door, seven-thirty sharp, bearing on the palm of one hand a tray.

"Good morning, Mrs. Babcock. How are you today?"

"Not dead yet."

"That's very good."

"Is the coffee strong?"

"Excellent, Mrs. Babcock. I saw to it myself."

"Bring it over here."

"Very good, madam."

It was Simmons who got into the habit of lingering to talk to Connie. Briefly, at first. Quite as if there were nothing unusual in being conscious of Connie's existence. While he lingered, he stared at her, his hard-boiled eyes achieving a sort of ardor.

He had a way of looking at Connie's cloudy plainness which would have convinced an octogenarian spinster of her desirability.

"Nice hair you have, Miss Connie."

"Go on, Mr. Simmons."

Then in a whisper: "Mrs. Babcock's going to lose you some day."

"What do you mean, Mr. Simmons?"

"Some nice young fellow'll marry you. Mark my word."

Connie always shivered inwardly and went back to the bedside with flaming cheeks. Two weeks of this, and one morning Simmons caught her hand as he passed, giving her passive fingers a long, ardent pressure.

All that day Connie sat by the open window, knitting a shawl for Mrs. Babcock. Faint puffs of air stirred the lace curtains and touched Connie's cheeks like a dragon's fetid breath.

Yet there was a smile at the corners of her mouth, a certain look in her eyes, and her heart was beating, not with its usual placid regularity, but with delicious, erratic violence as if it would leap from her breast.

"Connie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Don't sigh like that!"

"Was I sighing?"

"Better get your hat and take a walk."

Connie obeyed. In the hall she encountered Simmons, Simmons the soft-footed, the magnificent. He put his hand on her arm and let his fingers travel slowly to her wrist.

"Don't, Mr. Simmons."

"Going out, Connie?"

"Yes."

"You don't mind my calling you Connie? You know, I like you when your cheeks are pink like that." He glanced quickly over his shoulder, then pinched her cheek between thumb and forefinger.

"Don't you like me a little bit, Connie?"

"Yes, Mr. Simmons."

"My name's George. I don't let people call me George. Not usual. But you— You can. See?"

"But I don't know you," whispered Connie the conventional, feeling the familiar world tip dizzily beneath her feet.

"It's a shame—a woman like you tied to that old fossil. You're a dandy, that's what you are. Regular dandy. I don't often take a fancy to a woman. And I see plenty of 'em. I've had chances to marry. Often. Girls with money. Funny, how some of 'em go crazy about me. I'm not much to look at, am I, Connie?"

Connie's eyes fluttered up to meet his. "I've always thought you were very handsome," she said.

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HE WHISPERED: "THREE-FIFTEEN. CORNER OF THIS STREET AND MADISON AVENUE." "I CAN'T," CONNIE GROANED. "I CAN'T, HONEST."

linen-closets. The hat-boys got it, the news-clerk, the porters, the elevator boys, the shambling slaves of the ice-water pitcher, the waiters, the chambermaids and the scrub-women. Even the swarthy Greek window-cleaners heard of it. Connie Biddle, the invisible, the drab, the commonplace, became all at once a person of importance.

Connie herself was supremely unconscious of all this. She applied herself with renewed passion to the guarding of that spark of life. Had its flickering out entailed the sacrifice of the vestal, she could have been no more devoted.

"You will!" Simmons assured her. "It's a shame—a woman like you tied to that old fossil. You're a dandy, that's what you are. Regular dandy. I don't often take a fancy to a woman. And I see plenty of 'em. I've had chances to marry. Often. Girls with money. Funny, how some of 'em go crazy about me. I'm not much to look at, am I, Connie?"

Connie's eyes fluttered up to meet his. "I've always thought you were very handsome," she said.

THE CRAZY GAMBLER PAUL

By Joseph Sapinsky

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES SARKA

OUR Washington Street, sir, is a bit of the Orient, sandwiched between two huge slices of your great American New York. One block to the East is your Greenwich Street, the noisy rumble of its elevated trains showing no respect for us even when we are at our prayers; another block farther East is your Broadway, its giant sky-scrapers so close, they seem almost to cast their shadows over us, and to shut out the blessed sun-warmth which we love so well. To the West is your impatient river, alive with tugboats, with fast-moving, somber ferries, and fringed with ugly piers—a chaos of bales, barrels and packing-cases—hideous in its shapelessness.

But here, in between, is our Washington Street, our Syria. Here, our boys and girls romp in the street; they bandy words as they have heard their elders do, in choice Arabic. On warm summer days, old Najib Haboush sits in front of his shop, his long beard flowing over his chest, solemnly puffing at his *nargillah*. You may go into the store of Saul Hayim, and while you are dickering, you may munch away on dried salted peas, pumpkin seeds, and gingered almonds. Then, at Paul Journ's import house there are rugs of beautiful and varied colors, wondrous laces, tapestries, and brocades so exquisite as to entice the last dollar from your pocket.

Paul Journ is my cousin. When you have time, some day, you shall come down and meet him. We, of Washington Street, are very proud of *Khawadja* Paul—Mister Paul as you Americans say. You, of America, have many fine, upstanding men, but none, I dare say, braver or more stalwart than Paul. His eyes and lips are laughing, and his cheeks are ruddy like those of a girl; but the strength of a bear is in his arms.

Once, I saw him take a thieving truck-man, a husky one, too, in his arms, and carry him a full block to the river, and douse the fellow until he cried for mercy. But so soft-hearted is our Paul, that when he found out how poor the beggar was, he gave him money; and for months he supported the truck-man's family.

Our Paul is a queer mixture of faults and virtues. Of course, now, he is a respected merchant, but it grieves me to say that until five or six years ago, he was just a wild and reckless gambler. None played with so little sense or restraint as he, and yet, with all his folly, always he seemed to win.

Don't think that he played with the little jackals and vultures down at Zaloom's coffee-house! No, our *Khawadja* Paul gambled with your rich New Yorkers up on Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets; for our Paul was what you call Americanized, and was as much at home among your tricks and customs as he was among his own.

It was to please his mother, *Cit* Farida, Mrs. Farida as you Americans say, that Paul gave up his gambling ways and settled down to business; for Paul loved his mother dearly, and in the wide, wide world, of her alone, was he afraid. How much he loved her you may understand, when I tell you that he let her select a wife for him and pledge his word, without his ever having seen the girl.

It is about this that I am going to tell you, although I must first let you know how *Khawadja* Paul came to buy the import business from *Khawadja* George Bonan.

Khawadja George we called The Tiger; he was shrewd and crafty; he had prospered greatly and was feared. However, one day, your great American Government caught The Tiger in a trap—for by false bills and other wiles, Bonan had been cheating the country of its import dues. When Bonan saw prison-bars before him, he caused it to be noised about that his place was for sale.

NOW when we Syrians bargain, we do not closet ourselves in private offices as you Americans do; we love the open market-places; there, where we have an audience, we dickering fervently and most earnestly. Bargaining is an art, and how can it be practised when there is none to stand by and admire? So to Zaloom's coffee-house there came two prospective buyers: Sumack, the cautious and persistent bargainer, and Sashou, the hypocrite. For two long days they bargained, until even the *towli* players wearied and begged them to close the deal.



"YOU'VE DECODED THIS CORRECTLY, CHILD? YOU'RE SURE THERE'S NO MISTAKE?"

On the second day *Khawadja* Paul wandered into the coffee-house to munch a *mamool* cake while he had his Turkish coffee. Our *Khawadja* Paul was a great favorite among the *towli* players and nothing would do but he must join their game, and the stakes were doubled in his honor. *Khawadja* Paul played, and while he did so, he could not fail to hear the bargaining that went on at his elbow. For fully an hour, Sumack had been dickering, and The Tiger was snarling in exasperation.

"Get you gone, Sumack! You would haggle with the devil for the ransom of your own soul! Life in prison will be sweet after the two days I have spent with you!"

Then came Sashou, who, with soft words, sympathized with Bonan in his unfortunate predicament, and, sweetly persuasive, offered a price so low that Bonan bowed in mock admiration.

"I have overreached and oppressed much in my time, but you, Sashou," he said, "are my instructor."

Paul's mind was not on the game, and he played like a donkey; yet, in spite of his lack of interest, he continued to win. So high did his stack of chips grow, that poor Nomi and Abib were in a cold sweat over what, to them, was an appalling loss. At length Bonan left the coffee-house. Then *Khawadja* Paul, of a sudden, stopped the game, mixed the chips, and dumped them over the heads of Nomi and Abib. And with his great voice, he laughed: "A lion does not steal tidbits from jackals!" Leaving the two little gamblers to rejoice over his generosity, he went over into Bonan's place.

I will take oath that until after he had sat down to the *towli* game, Paul had no idea of giving up his gaming or of buying out The Tiger; things that other men take weeks to think about, our Paul decides in minutes.

"Hark you, Bonan!" he said, "I will buy your place. But we will dick in English and trade quick, in the American fashion. Your stock is worth twenty-five thousand, your outstandings, ten; I will take the good-will for naught, and twenty per cent. off. Surely, that is the due of ready cash and a quick bargainer!"

The Tiger coolly surveyed Paul before he answered: "We know your jests, my young friend. A quick bargainer you are, as you have not taken stock, and have not gone over my books. But how about the ready cash?"

Now, one could see that Paul was in earnest. "Your question does you credit, you old tiger! I will give you one thousand now; the balance within twenty-four hours."

"Done!" cried the crafty Bonan, well satisfied with the price offered.

Paul wasted little time. "Draw the receipt, and here's the deposit. The rest within twenty-four hours, as I promised."

The paper was quickly drawn and signed, and Paul produced his money.

At that moment Bonan began to repent of his bargain, for through the window, he saw Sumack and Sashou vigorously nodding to him that he should delay the deal.

"Why such hurry, my young friend? Get all your money together, and tomorrow we will meet at Khouri's, the lawyer's. Then, when all money is paid, you will get a bill of sale."

But Paul was too smart for The Tiger. "No, we close the deal now or not at all; leave the paper with a stakeholder, who shall also hold my cash; if the balance is not forthcoming, my deposit will be forfeit."

Bonan gave a grudging assent.

Khawadja Paul quickly searched the faces of Bonan's men for one who would make a likely stakeholder; their faces were like that of their master, hard, shrewd and crafty. Outside the door, Paul saw Sumack and Sashou waiting. At last he spied Allya, one of Bonan's bookkeepers. Allya was then fifteen, and as timid as a mountain-deer. She was thin of face and chest; her legs were long and spindling, like a crane's, and she was as uncertain on them as a yearling calf. Although Paul had never seen her before, he gave her a swift appraising glance, and asked her name—and did she go to church? Pleased with her voice and answer, he said:

"Here, child, you shall hold the stakes. And hark you, Bonan, if you molest her, I swear in the name of *Miriam Athra*, I will break every bone in your body!"

Before the girl could voice a cry of protest, Paul had unclasped her fingers, thrust the bills and papers within them, and was gone.

Now, many of the cold, unsmiling American bankers who sit at mahogany desks behind glass partitions down on Wall Street had played poker with *Khawadja* Paul, and they knew his words were truthful. And so it was not many hours until Paul returned with the required money.

BUT no Allya was to be seen. The Tiger swore with many strong oaths that he did not know her whereabouts, which was indeed the truth, although Paul did not believe him at the time. Finally, after many hours' search, Paul found her in St. Joseph's, at the shrine of her patron saint, *Mar Marun*; here she had sought refuge to escape the importunities of Bonan.

Upon her return, Bonan knew that he was beaten. He accepted the money and gave Paul a bill of sale.

As Paul was leaving, The Tiger stayed him:

"*Khawadja* Paul, just one question! They call you a crazy gambler, and such you must be, since you bought my place without taking stock or examining books; yet very shrewdly have you guessed my price. How is it done, I ask you?"

Paul gave Bonan a resounding whack on the shoulder. Few men would have dared take such liberties with The Tiger.

"Sashou and Sumack are clever business men," he explained. "They had investigated. Did they not swear by *Infil*, the Holy Bible, that the place was worth only such and such? Did you not swear by the Four Ministering Spirits, that you would never take less than so and so? In the midst of liars the truth is found. I added your figures together and divided by three!"

So *Khawadja* Paul became a merchant, and gave up the cards and dice. He made many surprising changes in the place; and of all the force, he kept none but Allya. Though many doubters shook their heads, the business grew even larger than it had been in Bonan's day.

In 1914, Paul's gambling instinct again seized him; he would buy no more through the large commission houses; nothing would do but that he must go to Damascus and Aleppo and buy direct; so that he sailed away and left the place in my charge. He was gone but a few months when the Great War broke out; and the mighty stocks which he had gathered were tied up in the harbors at Beirut and Said.

Having nothing else to do, Paul must needs join the English to fight our hated enemies, the Turks. You may well guess that he fought with great valor and took many

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NINE MILES TO BALLYNURE

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT AMICK

GARRY MALONE sat on the edge of his bed in his stripped and untidy second-floor bedroom, his chin thrust into his taut fist, a tense and bitter line slashed deep about his ordinarily good-natured young mouth.

It was evening. And to Garry it should have been the evening of all evenings—the evening of his wedding-day!

Manifestly the youthful heart of Garry should have been treading wing-footed upon a stratum of primrose cloud, rather than glooming sullenly in the dusk of an airless and disordered chamber. Manifestly his spirit should have been steeped in a romantic delirium of happiness instead of floundering in misery as sodden and impenetrable as soured winter mud.

By all precedent, the hours before him—the nineteen hours and forty minutes, to be exact—which would elapse before he would make Juliet his own before a home-devised altar, lighted with two dozen cathedral candles, should have been filled with tedium intolerable. As a matter of fact those nineteen hours and forty minutes were to Garry Malone as so many fleeting chances for deliverance.

Not deliverance from Juliet—assuredly no! Juliet was so unbelievably sweet, so utterly adorable, that even the faintest thought of her moved Garry to want to kiss something—the back of his own hand if nothing more attractive proved available—in an excess of lovely worship. Not from Juliet, then, but from a calamity so appalling, so apparently inevitable, that the weight of it turned him cold and sick and caused him to hate several people with a fervor surprising even to himself.

Tomorrow was his wedding-day. His trunk was already packed. He had given up the little second-floor room. His wedding-suit, from which he had cautiously ripped all the price tags, lay sprawled funereally upon his bed. His suitcase was strapped and locked. Witness—was he not now wearing a shirt, sadly split down the back, which tomorrow he would bestow upon the janitor for a mop?

All things were ready. The flowers were ordered—white roses and lilies-of-the-valley for the bride, little stiff fragrant nosegays for the bridesmaids. The rector was Garry's best friend (his wife had made him a new linen surplice for this important occasion). The license sealed and solemn. The bride!

And Garry Malone owned three dollars and fourteen cents—almost enough to buy sufficient gas to run his little car out to Ballynure, Juliet's country home!

It was all Heywood's fault.

Sitting upon the edge of his bed with wrath bubbling like bitter yeast in his young soul, Garry hated the astute Heywood with a fervency and deadliness which, if it could have been projected through the hundred odd miles of intervening space, would have smitten that unsuspecting gentleman with such plagues and tortures that death would have been joy.

HEYWOOD owed Garry Malone two hundred and thirty dollars.

The debt was past due—many months past due. But Garry had not worried about that. He had counted on the Heywood account as a sort of cache, a honeymoon fund which he would leave untouched and which would come in mighty handy when the Reverend Billy finished the magic words and all Juliet's irrepressible young relatives pelted around with rice and confetti and stuff like that.

He had let Heywood alone all summer. He had not so much as annoyed the man with a statement. A week before he had gone to him, had explained the situation, and Heywood had promised faithfully that the commissions which Garry had earned on the sale of the old Patton property should be forthcoming in time. Plenty of time!

And now, here it was the eleventh hour, and Heywood was gone—irrevocably gone—gone to New York—gone without paying him!

It was his own fault of course! With the sagging of his spine, he ripped the dubious shirt some more. He ought to have dunned the old devil—dunned him every day! Any business man would have told him that if he'd had any sense, he would have had that money in the bank long ago, where he could put his hands on it. He was a fool! That was not the point, however. The point was—he was in, and how the deuce was he to get out! Undoubtedly he would have to spend the night and the next morning scratching the town over trying to borrow some money.

It was not going to be an easy thing—borrowing money. The town was small, and the people who had money to loan were keen to inquire whether or not you could induce some solid citizen to back up a note for you. And Garry had already borrowed to the limit of his credit and security

in order to buy the bungalow—that fairy, stucco-and-shingle dream with the beamed ceilings and the climbing rose and the little window where Juliet had decided that she would wave him good-by around the corner, of a morning!

Decidedly it was not going to be easy to raise any more money. But it had to be done. He could not look the Reverend Billy in the eye following that solemn prayer about Ruth and Boaz, and say, "Just charge it, old man—will you?"

Even the most modest walking-honeymoon could hardly be financed with three dollars and fourteen cents. "It's up to me, that's all!" mourned Garry, pulling his old coat on over the vagabond shirt, "but if that liar of a Heywood comes back here—"

He did not voice his threat. Instead he rose up wearily and pulled on his hat—the old hat he intended to wear later when he operated a lawn-mower in front of the bungalow.

his girls to marry young men who attended to business first and pleasure after. Mama sent her love and Juliet breathed such a bride-kiss over the nine miles of copper wire that Garry went out tingling into the lighted quiet of the small-town street, resolved to wring the price of a honeymoon out of some flint-fisted old tightwad or know the reason why!

There are many reasons why!

Before he had crawled wearily into his sagging bed at midnight, Garry was certain that he had heard them all—that he had even heard some brand-new and highly original reasons, all undoubtedly good ones, too—why nobody would lend him any money. There was no salving for his stinging spirit in the fact that the majority of the persons whom he had buttonholed insisted that they hadn't that much money, had no idea where they could get it, in fact would like to borrow a little for themselves. The number of the acutely poverty-stricken was increased by a score after he began his round, and the roll of the suspicious had mounted unpleasantly.

There was little sleep for him that night, though his sturdy young body was limp with weariness. Tired as he was, his brain kept grinding at his problem like a busy little mill. He saw himself chasing frantically about town all through the morning—saw the quizzical smiles of the hard-shelled bankers and loan sharks who would turn him down—saw himself being married in a sort of numb dream, with what remained of three dollars and fourteen cents in his pocket.

HE saw himself facing Juliet's father—that thin-lipped, austere person who chewed eternally upon an unlighted cigar and looked you over with eyes that pierced the bones like the rays of a Roentgen burner—heard his own weak and apologetic pipe and the resultant scorn of the grim and successful little man.

It would be a fine introduction to the family—to have to admit being stone-broke on his wedding-day! He thought about the other two sons-in-law: Durham, who was in brick and owned a sports-car and a kennel of bulldogs; Brooke, who practised dentistry and drove his four tow-headed kids around in a willow pony-cart. How would he stack up beside Durham and Brooke in the eyes of Papa, or of Juliet herself?

Juliet would have to know. Even though he did not tell her, Juliet would find out the miserable damning fact by that uncanny intuition which she had, coupled with an indefatigable gift for worming the truth out of a fellow! It was a pleasant prospect!

He found himself entertaining a faint hope that sudden and honorable death might overtake him before morning—that he might be dug out of the ruins of the boarding-house, burned beyond recognition but still respected by his bride's family—that his stiff body might be discovered by some early chambermaid and the state of his *ante mortem* finances overlooked! Anything was better than being married tomorrow—on three dollars and fourteen cents less the price of two gallons of gas.

It was growing grimly and mistily light when at last he turned over and sank further into the ungenerous surface of the bed. A swift and consoling inspiration had finally brought him brief slumber.

He would telegraph Heywood. He would burn the wires with a peremptory demand—collect!

If Heywood had merely forgotten, he would remind him. If Heywood had deliberately left him stuck, he would have the satisfaction of telling Heywood what he thought and of letting him pay for the information. Somebody in Heywood's office would

know where to locate that elusive and careless gentleman.

Several people, it developed, knew *exactly* where to locate Heywood. But the situation wasn't made any better when each of the four or five whom Garry consulted the next morning gave Heywood an entirely different address.

"A man's wife ought to have the right dope on him if anybody has," philosophized Garry as he scrawled a brief and forceful message directed to the New York number supplied by Mrs. Heywood.

Again he began his desperate round. He was to marry Juliet at five. He had eight hours—allowing an hour for the drive to Ballynure—eight hours in which to trust to some delivering miracle!

There was a possibility that Heywood might fail him. He dared not count on the man. So he began a sort of frantic canvass. Bankers looked him over briefly and gave him curt and crusty refusals. Young men—his friends—listened to his story with narrowed eyelids and probably thought him an improvident jackass. One man, upon whom Garry wasted a precious hour, did finally promise to get some money from his employer if

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IN HIS POCKET HE CARRIED THIRTY DOLLARS AND SIXTY-FIVE CENTS—A RIDICULOUS SUM FOR A PROSPECTIVE BRIDEGROOM

Juliet would be expecting him of course. There would be things to talk about, last-minute plans to make—plans which they had made a thousand times but which were forever new. Juliet's mother, who was dumpling and white-haired, would have ginger ale in the ice-box and plates of cakes with chocolate filling. Juliet's father, who was thin and silent and a bit difficult, would edge him into the library and gruffly produce some excellent cigars. If he did not come they would wonder, and Juliet would be hurt—but how could he drive nine miles to Ballynure and nine miles back—without money to buy gas?

He would have to telephone—that was all there was to it. He invented a dozen stories on the way to the drug store, but once inside the booth he was suddenly inspired to tell the truth. A man owed him some money and he had to stick around to collect it, he explained to the eager Juliet—of course they were going to need a lot of money. . . .

To his astonishment the explanation was highly satisfactory. It might be that Juliet herself was slightly weary—what with the everlasting round of parties and being fitted and writing thank-you letters for gifts and things like that. Even Papa included a message to the effect that he wanted

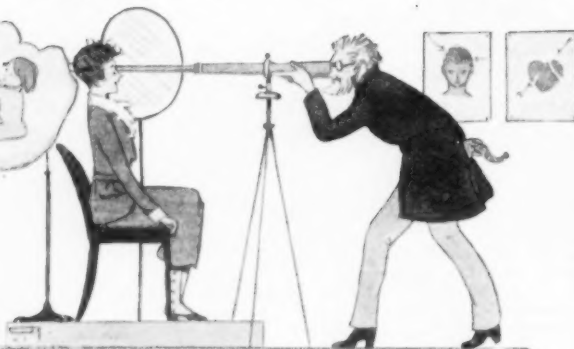
HOW WOMEN CHOOSE THEIR HUSBANDS

By Mary Alden Hopkins



Illustrations by
Frances Delahanty

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME, HAVE GONE TO THESE DOCTORS OF PSYCHOLOGY TO FIND OUT WHAT IS IN THEIR MINDS



WHAT type of man do you fall in love with? This was the unexpected question which I dropped into the midst of a small tea-party. The three women stopped their discussion of where-is-the-sugar and will-the-landlord-paint-without-raising-the-rent to consider this new problem. I was trying a mild sort of psychological experiment on them, for they were excellent material.

Nerissa, one of those slender, vibrant beings who must needs sleep deeply at night to recover the energy they lavish on the day, is usually engaged to be married, although she is now temporarily without acknowledged emotional entanglements. Claudia, more composed and assured, has been married a few years. Nina, affectionate and strongly maternal toward cats, men, puppies, and the rest of the world, is about to be married.

What I wanted to find out was this: Did the environments in which they spent the first five years of their lives still exert influence over their actions? Especially, were they as adults attracted toward the same sort of personalities that they admired as children?

Psychologists are telling us nowadays that a woman loves according to what is called an "action pattern" which is stamped upon her brain before she is five years old. A child's brain takes impressions like wax, they say, and holds them like granite. Action patterns for every phase of conduct in future years are impressed upon the child's memory by what goes on around it.

And these unseen guides never lose their force. A woman may follow her early love pattern all her life. On the other hand, if it disappoints her, she may violently discard it and shape her conduct in exactly the opposite fashion. But whether she follows it or discards it, she is unconscious of why she acts as she does. This unconsciousness is a dangerous thing, for how can one be sure of acting wisely when she is ignorant of the underlying motives which prompt her to act. And so I wondered: Would the answers of these three women bear out the theory?

Their nimble wits leaped at my question. Nerissa is an editor, Claudia a writer. Nina is both. They are accustomed to trailing ideas. With noses to the scent, they started like well-bred hunting dogs in quest of the answer.

Nerissa, cajoled by our flattering interest, allowed herself to be persuaded to confess the secrets of her heart. That is, she confessed those we already knew. Tea-party analysis of character cannot go very deep. But we got her engagements in sequence and viewed them as a whole.

"I don't always fall for the same type," she protested. "The first man I was engaged to was the intellectual type. He had a brain like a steam-engine! He was as handsome as a Greek God! I don't think I ever really loved him. I was just crazy about his intellect."

"The next one was just the opposite. He wasn't intellectual at all, but he had a wonderful spirit. I never knew such a good man. He was different from the first."

"Perhaps," I suggested, remembering how the theory ran, "since the first type disappointed you, you turned to exactly its opposite. You evidently didn't find the change beneficial; did you return to the first type?"

"Why, I suppose so," replied Nerissa. "The only man I was ever sorry I didn't marry was the cleverest man I ever knew."

NOW before we began this discussion, Nerissa had contributed two anecdotes to the conversation. They were good stories and each had borne on education or the lack of it. You notice that she appraised all three of the men according to their intellectual power or the lack of it.

When this was called to her attention and she was asked why she set such store by brains, she dove back into her childhood and came to the surface again with an explanation. (You will find that when an individual tries to discover the origin of his characteristics he instinctively goes as far back as he can remember.) Nerissa had never before realized her preoccupation with intellect, but this was her explanation of it now:

"My mother belonged to one of those 'First Families of Virginia' who can't forget that they are F. F. V.'s. She died before I can remember, but she couldn't have been like that herself, for she chose to marry my father who was short on family, but long on brains. He was the keenest man I ever knew. My relatives on my mother's side were always harping on birth, but his family had brains. This is the kind of man my mother preferred and that is the kind I prefer."

For one who had never before practised the fascinating game of uncovering unconscious motives, Nerissa was doing well. Even this very slight and superficial examination of her love-affairs showed that she was forever trying to find in other men, that quality which she so admired in her father; although she had once fled from the search, temporarily and unsuccessfully, to exactly the opposite type.

Taking the risk of generalizing from this insufficient data, one can say that very probably she had broken the engagements because she had no real emotional interest in the men themselves—only an interest in that one trait, handed down to her from the love pattern of her childhood. Had she married on this basis she would probably have been bitterly disappointed and miserably unhappy. You can't marry a brain alone. You have to take the rest of the personality. And Nerissa's problem is to interest herself in a complete man and not in one phase of personality.

Claudia is different, for she is not only married, but happily so. She doesn't announce it; she doesn't have to. Her composed manner and easy friendliness, the spirit of her conversation, all tell of a nature that goes out in love to the world. Her contribution to the discussion is of value. Being married, she can't admit that she has been in love more than once. Perhaps she hasn't.

"I married a man who is like my father in many ways," she said. "They both left school early to go to work in order to support their families. Both assumed these responsibilities young, and both continued to carry them. You can depend upon them absolutely. They will always take care of the people dependent upon them."

Claudia has chosen a man like her father, but she has successfully transferred her interest from the father to the husband. She accepts in him not only those traits which were her father's but also those which are peculiarly his own. Two patterns were stamped upon her child brain; one was a writing pattern which she took from a famous aunt as well as from her mother. The other was love for the kind of man who can be trusted to carry responsibilities. Her energy, following the combined patterns of love and work, determined her life.

Nina, the affianced, veered away from the soul-stuff. But her slighter contribution shows an early influence.

"Why did you choose a man with yellow hair?" I asked. "That's a silly question," was the answer. "I couldn't possibly marry a man with any other kind. Why, my favorite book as a child had a picture of the loveliest little girl with long yellow curls. I knew then that my children were going to look just like that picture. So my husband had to have yellow hair. Mine is dark, you see."

Nina has had some practise in digging out unconscious motives, and doubtless she herself knows the more fundamental relation of her love pattern to her early surroundings, but she wasn't telling us.

Even this superficial conversation with the three women showed that each of them was in adulthood profoundly influenced by the impressions she had received in childhood. Each was unconsciously following a pattern which up to that time had been buried from sight.

This discovery that one's actions are influenced by the forgotten experiences of early childhood was made by Sigmund Freud some twenty-five years ago. He uncovered the fact while working on the cause of nervous breakdown. We all know that people in a highly nervous state do inexplicable things. But when Freud uncovered the causes, buried in what children call the "forgettery," he found that these seemingly absurd actions were the logical result of past experiences, hopes, disappointments, loves, hates, ambitions and desires. Apparently everything that you have done or have wanted to do in the past unites to decide what you shall do in the present. The psychologists phrase this theory in words so long, that by the time you have looked up the end of the sentence in the dictionary, you have forgotten the first of it; but what they mean is simply that the child is mother of the woman.

For a long time Dr. Sigmund Freud and the other psychoanalysts—some of whom are now almost as famous as their leader—spent all their time on people so ill-adjusted to life as to be called "abnormal." Then they turned their learned attention to plain, every-day sort of folk. They found that there is no line of absolute division between normal and abnormal. They tell us that we are all made after the same model, though some get ahead of the herd, some stray off to the side, and some trail far behind. We all have our little queerinesses, though most of us do not get found out!

Hundreds of people, just like you and me, have gone to these doctors of psychology during the past few years, to find out what

is in their minds besides the conscious thoughts on top. All sorts of forgotten treasures and rubbish are turned out in the housecleaning. The treasures are polished up and brought into daily use, while the rubbish is thrown out. The result is increased happiness and energy. Out of all this research in the minds of men, women and children, psychoanalysts have drawn the conclusion that normal emotional development goes on something like this:

A new baby loves himself, himself alone. He loves his pink toes, his waving arms, and his tummy full of warm milk. Soon his personality grows large enough to take in an outside personality. He discovers his mother. The warm safety of her arms and her quick response to his needs make her most lovable. Sometimes, the child puts a nurse, or an aunt, or some other woman-member of the family in this place of affection; but usually it is the mother.

Father is discovered later and is more difficult. He is less manageable and sometimes distinctly annoying. Father has been, you see, accustomed to having his own way, and is apt to cling to a few of his rights. He has escaped the nine months intensive training which has reduced the mother to abject submission.

This relation of child, mother, and father is said to be of profound influence over the baby's entire life. The parents are both the heredity and the environment of the helpless little creature. Their tremendous personalities loom over him. From them he receives the pattern of his life. The pattern of harmonious love between the father and mother is, according to this theory, the richest inheritance that parents can bestow upon their offspring.

AS the child grows older, the psychologists find that his love capacity increases. The ever-enlarging emotional life takes in brothers, sisters, grandparents, playmates, schoolmates and teachers. Love and hate are mingled in these relations and in all emotional relations throughout life.

His emotional relations gradually detach themselves from the family to occupy themselves with people outside. First the playmate, then the schoolmate, then the friend, is of great importance. Finally, the sweetheart. Personal emotion travels a long journey in its progress from the first cradle-bound interests to the responsibility of forming a new home. The searching heart goes further and further afield until it becomes absorbed in a stranger who stands wholly outside the family circle. The mate is chosen. Then a new family group is formed. This has been the objective of the entire journey.

Psychologists find that the mate chosen very frequently has a physical resemblance to the lover's family. Hold this suggestion in mind the next time you are shown a family photograph album and see if you can trace likeness. Men are said to marry women resembling their mothers or their sisters; while women marry men resembling their fathers or brothers. Almost every one can think of clannish families famous for marrying their own relatives, who of course are close to the original family circle.

This theory explains the action of a man whose wife died when they had been married only a few years. He took

(Continued on page 69)



"I MARRIED A MAN WHO IS LIKE MY FATHER. YOU CAN DEPEND UPON BOTH OF THEM ABSOLUTELY"



Scene in Campbell's kitchens, famous for their immaculate cleanliness and the employment of conscientious care and skill.



More than just "soup" It's Campbell's

The most intelligent and careful housewife has not the facilities to produce such vegetable soup as Campbell's.

We have an advantage at every point.

The pick of high-grade materials comes to us because of our extensive buying.

All ingredients are especially selected for this use.

The cooking is timed and regulated by clock and thermometer for each ingredient, to insure the utmost in tenderness and flavor.

The fifteen different vegetables, fine herbs, wholesome cereals and hearty meat stock supply the nutritive elements most useful in building up body tissue and energy.

Daintily prepared by experts in every department, hermetically sealed until you open it, this nourishing soup comes to your table as fresh and fine-flavored as if you had just picked the vegetables from a garden of your own.

And you save needless worry and expense.

"Delicious vegetables, these
Rich meaty broth as well
And macaroni A. B. C's
To add their magic spell
O, scrumptious food
How wondrous good
My tongue can never tell"

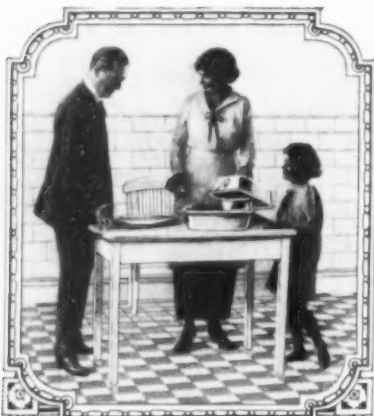


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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



You can prepare an entire meal in a "Wear-Ever" Double Roaster, in oven or over one burner on top of stove—all at one time—a delicious roast, baked potatoes, macaroni, and even a dessert such as baked apples or rice pudding.

YOU will be prouder of your kitchen than ever before if you equip it with a set of bright, silver-like "Wear-Ever" aluminum cooking utensils.

"Wear-Ever" utensils give to the kitchen a modern atmosphere in keeping with the beautiful furnishings of the other rooms of the home.



"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils



"Wear-Ever" utensils are made from hard, thick sheet aluminum without joints or seams in which particles of food can lodge. Cannot rust—cannot chip—are pure and safe.

Food always seems to taste better when prepared in "Wear-Ever" utensils because they are so cleanly.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever".

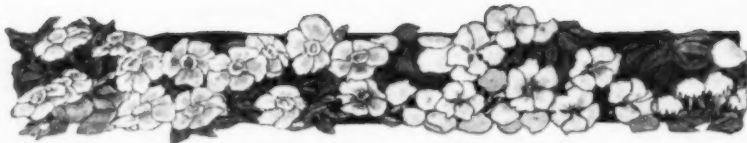
Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are sold by leading Department, Hardware and Housefurnishing stores.

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
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Fine Furniture in the living room—In the kitchen—"Wear-Ever"



Summer-time is Rose Time

By F. F. Rockwell

WHETHER one intends to set out a garden of roses or to plant only a few bushes, the first step should be to determine the type of rose which will be best adapted to the purpose in hand. There are three main groups: the bush rose, the climbing rose, and the shrubbery or hedge rose.

Take, for instance, the garden roses. The three most important types here are the *hybrid perpetuals*, the *hybrid teas*, and the *teas*. The *hybrid perpetuals*—usually abbreviated in the catalogs as *H. P.'s*—flower profusely in June; and some varieties of them even in the fall. They are, however, strong, robust growers, and very hardy, succeeding where other kinds are likely to be winter-killed.

The *hybrid teas*—designated as *H. T.'s*—are, in all but the coldest sections, the most satisfactory garden roses. They flower freely from May to July, and, to a less extent, throughout the summer under favorable conditions. The *hybrid teas* combine the hardiness of the *hybrid perpetuals* with the free and continuous flowering and sweet-scented characteristics of the *teas*.

The *teas*, as a class, are more tender and more fragile than the other two. They are not, in general, satisfactory for outdoor growing in the northern and mid-northern states.

There is a fourth class which has come into increasing favor of late, known as the *dwarf polyanthus*, or *baby ramblers*. From June until frost they are in continuous bloom. The flowers are small, and grow in clusters like those of the universally-known *crimson rambler*, and *Dorothy Perkins*. For low beds, planting against the house, mix-

vary, yellow; Mme. Second Weber, salmon pink; Otto Von Bismarck, silver pink; Mrs. Aaron Ward, deep golden orange; Robert Huey, bright red; White Killarney, pure white; Caroline Testout, bright rose; Sunburst, yellow; Mme. Edouard Herriot, (Daily Mail) coral red; Chateau de Clos Vougeot, bright crimson.

TEAS.—Maman Cochet, deep pink; Papa Gontier, dark crimson; Safrano, saffron yellow; Perle des Jardins, deep yellow; Souvenir de Pierre Nott, very deep yellow; Etrole de Lyon, soft yellow; White Maman Cochet, pure white; Harry Kirk, deep sulphur yellow; Molly Sharmon Crawford, white; W. R. Smith, ivory white, traced with pink.

DWARF POLYANTHUS, or BABY RAMBLERS.—Baby Crimson Rambler (Mme. Norbert Lavesseur); Anchen Muller, brilliant rose; Mrs. Cutbush (Baby Lady Gay); Katherine Zeimet, pure white; Louise Walter (Baby Tausendschon); Jessie, bright red; Orleans, red with white center; Phyllis, cerise pink.

CLIMBING ROSES

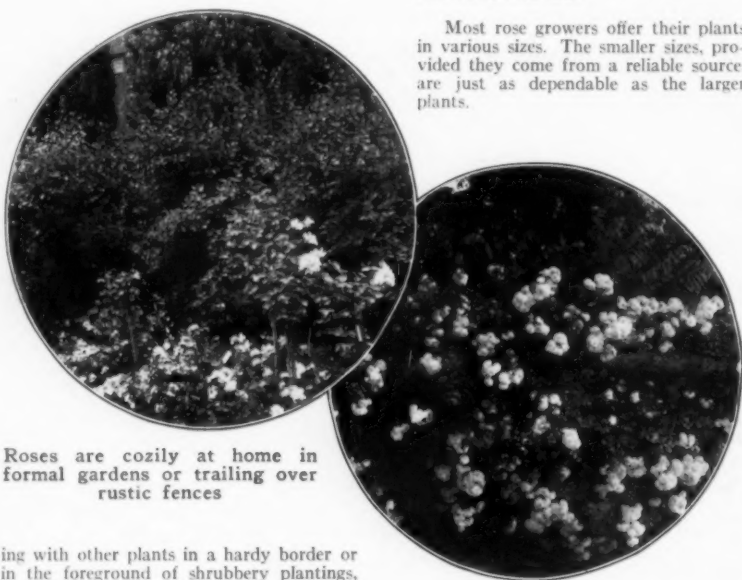
RAMBLERS AND WICHURANIANA CLIMBERS.—Excelsa, the most satisfactory of the crimson ramblers; Flower of Fairfield, the so-called "ever-blooming," crimson rambler; Dorothy Perkins, beautiful light pink, one of the best; Lady Gay, white; Dorothy Perkins, pure white; Mrs. M. H. Walsh, pure white; Hiawatha, brilliant crimson; Shower of Gold, and Aviator Bleriot, both yellow. Also these large single flowers, with white centers, very attractive: Delight, bright carmine; Hiawatha, brilliant crimson.

THE NEWER CLIMBING, AND SEMI-CLIMBING ROSES (good for cutting).—Dr. W. Van Fleet, soft pink; Silver Moon, a rich silvery white; Christine Wright, delicate pink; Thousand Beauties (Tausendschon), light pink, changing to dark, giving the effect of several varieties on the same bush; and in addition to these climbing forms of American Beauty, Grus an Teplitz, Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, Caroline Testout, Richmond, and White Maman Cochet.

HEDGE OR SHRUBBERY ROSES

Rugosa Alba, pure white; Sir Thomas Lipton, pure white; Conrad Von Mevius, silver; Nova Zembla, white, pink; and Blanc de Coubert, pure white, extra large.

Most rose growers offer their plants in various sizes. The smaller sizes, provided they come from a reliable source, are just as dependable as the larger plants.



Roses are cozily at home in formal gardens or trailing over rustic fences

ing with other plants in a hardy border or in the foreground of shrubbery plantings, they are quite ideal.

Among the second classification of roses, namely the climbing species, perhaps the best known are the ramblers. They are effective for covering arches or training over old stumps and walls. Hybrids of the *Wichurianas* also belong to this class. Some of these are climbing, and others semi-climbing, or "pillar" in type.

Among the hedge and shrubbery roses the *Rugosas* take first place. These are perhaps the hardiest of all roses, being not only safe from winter-killing in the most severe climates, but practically proof against insects or diseases during the summer.

Another type that is useful for tall hedges or for individual tall bushes, or pillars, is the *hybrid sweetbrier* (Lord Penzance's hybrids).

With all these types to select from you must know what kinds of rose you may have in the variety you select. The following varieties are among the choicest:

BUSH ROSES

HYBRID PERPETUALS.—General Jacqueminot, brilliant scarlet; Frau Karl Druschki, pure white; Magna Charta, bright pink; Mrs. John Laing, soft pink; Ulrich Brunner, bright cherry red; Paul Neyron, dark rose; Baron de Bonstetten, dark crimson; Clio, pinkish white; Gloire de Chedane Guinotseu, bright red; George Arends, pink.

HYBRID TEAS.—Grus an Teplitz, brilliant red; General McArthur, vivid crimson scarlet; La France, a clear, satiny pink; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, white, tinted lemon; Killarney, brilliant pink; Lyon, deep coral pink; Melody, yellow; Mme. Ra-

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Nourishing Desserts

A GROWN-UP'S as well as a child's dessert should be more than just something sweet to top off the meal; it should be a wholesome and nourishing dish which rounds out and perfects the luncheon or dinner.

For instance, a good nourishing dessert which I have found to be a general favorite with all the family is Chocolate Blanc Mange. It is a favorite with the housewife, too, because it does not have to be cooked over the fire, and it is so easily and quickly made.

A woman recently wrote me that this is now her husband's favorite dessert because it is so smooth and creamy and is always just right. He was very fond of Chocolate Blanc Mange, but every time she made it of corn starch, he complained that it was lumpy and not smooth. A friend told her about my recipe; she tried it and it was a revelation to her. Now her husband praises it and complains because she does not serve it oftener—especially when they have company.



CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup cold water
1 pint of milk
1/2 cupful of sugar
1/2 teaspoonful of salt
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
1 square chocolate or 4 tablespoonfuls of cocoa
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Scald milk and add sugar, grated chocolate or cocoa and salt. When well blended, add the soaked gelatine and flavoring; pour into a wet mold or individual custard cups and chill. Serve with milk, cream or custard sauce.

Not only does Knox Sparkling Gelatine make many delicious desserts which require practically no cooking at all—but being unflavored, it will blend with meats, fish, cheese, vegetables and fruits to make many different kinds of meat and fish loaves, cheese, vegetable and fruit salads—each adding an appetizing, luxurious touch to the meal—although in reality they are most inexpensive.

Besides being a pure, super-refined gelatine, Knox Gelatine is a favorite with housekeepers because of its economy. One package of Knox Gelatine goes four times as far as the ready-prepared packages, and serves four times as many people. Flavored packages serve only six people and do for only one meal, while one package of Knox will make twenty-four individual helpings and serves a family of six with a tempting dessert or salad for four different meals. That is why experts call Knox the "4-to-1" gelatine—because it goes four times as far as the flavored packages, besides having four times as many uses.

SPECIAL HOME SERVICE

If you are interested in other "Nourishing Desserts" and salads, write for my recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," enclosing a 2c stamp and giving your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
108 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife





Each has a preference

But everyone votes for some Puffed Grain

The three Puffed Grains differ vastly in flavor, so each has its own adherents. And each is best fitted for some way of serving.

Some vote for Puffed Wheat, some Puffed Rice, some Corn Puffs. Some like one best in the morning and another one at night.

Foods shot from guns

Millions of steam explosions

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. Corn Puffs are pellets of corn hearts puffed.

We seal the grains in guns, then revolve them for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. Thus the bit of moisture in each food cell is changed to super-heated steam.

Then the guns are shot. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel—one for each food cell. The grains are puffed to airy bubbles, thin, crisp, flimsy, toasted.

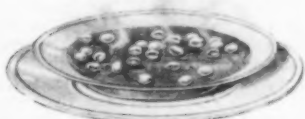
Thus every food cell is blasted. Every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

This is the process invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson for making whole grains wholly digestible. It supplies to people the best-cooked cereals in existence.



Use like nut meats

In home candy making and as garnish on ice cream. Crisp and lightly butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.



Serve in soups

Puffed Grains form thin, crisp, toasted wafers. Each, with its distinct flavor, fits a different soup.

Thin flimsy bubbles

Eight times normal size

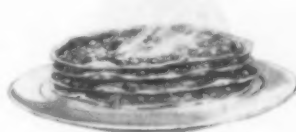
The grains come out like bubbles, fragile and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

The fearful heat gives them a nut-like taste. So the taste resembles toasted nut meats.

The grains crush at a touch, and melt into savory granules. They seem like tidbits—like food confections—almost too good to eat.

Yet they are scientific foods. Two supply whole grain nutrition. All are fitted to digest, as grain foods never were before. All are ideal foods for any hour, at meals or between them.

Don't serve for breakfasts only. Serve in milk for luncheons or for suppers. Mix in every dish of fruit. Douse with butter and let children eat them dry. The more they eat in place of lesser foods the better.



For pancakes Puffed Rice Flour

Now ground Puffed Rice is included in an ideal pancake mixture. It is called Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives them a nutty taste. They seem to be flavored with nut meats. The flour is self-raising—try it. You never tasted pancakes half so good.

**Puffed
Wheat**

**Puffed
Rice**

**Corn
Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



Mothers—

Waist Union Suits

are the most comfortable summer undergarments for your children.

Pants, waist and shirt are all in one simple suit.

They afford comfort which cannot be had in three separate garments—simplify dressing and laundering and save Mother mending time.

Made to stand the wear and tear of active, growing children. Buttons stay on, buttonholes will not tear out. Summer styles include knee length, sleeveless garments in light, cool, airy cloth and knit fabrics for warm weather comfort. "The wear is always there."

M GARMENTS
The Perfect Underwear for Children

Other "M" Garments for summer comfort are "M" Infant Shirts, "M" Diaper Supporting Bands, "M" Knit Waists and "M" Cloth Waists.

Look for the red "M" in the wreath, when you shop for Children's underwear. It's a certainty of satisfaction.

Minneapolis Knitting Works
Minneapolis, Minn.



Every Mother—Every Baby



A SUITCASE ALL TO HIMSELF, SO THAT MOTHER CAN FIND HIS THINGS IN A JIFFY

The Traveling Baby

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

Photo by Wanamaker Studio

JUST at this time, with the beginning of summer, many families are picking out their vacation places, and mothers are wondering what kind of holiday will be best for the little children, and how the youngsters can be adjusted to traveling or living in strange surroundings. For the baby, the question of traveling is particularly important. If not breast fed, the problem of the milk supply becomes an insistent one and, in addition, there is always the question of clothes, clean water, changes of temperature and proper sanitary and hygienic surroundings which must be considered. Such points are also important for the little child, but this month's talk has to do mainly with the baby, and whether or not he should leave home.

Sometimes it is necessary for even the youngest baby to travel, as in the case when the summer conditions around the baby's home are unhealthy. When this occurs, the hazards of travel are less than those of hot weather in the wrong surroundings. But if the home is comfortable and the summer temperature moderate, it is probable that such a home is the best place for the young baby under six months of age. After that, the baby should be taken away for the summer with little difficulty, provided certain suggestions are followed, and even the tiniest baby can travel with perfect safety if the mother knows how to care for him during this time.

SANITARY CONDITIONS

In selecting a place for the baby to spend his vacation, there are several things which must be remembered: first, that the water supply must be pure; second, where the baby is bottle fed, that the milk supply has been inspected carefully and is safe. It is important, also, where children are concerned, that the proper disposal of sewage be considered. Flush water closets in the house are always preferable, but if outdoor privies must be used, they should be of one of the modern sanitary forms and carefully screened. If there are many flies or mosquitoes, it is important to see that the windows and porches are screened against them. As an added precaution, cover the baby's crib with mosquito-netting.

The plainest of clothes, and those most easily washable, should be provided for the children—rompers for the one- and two-year-olds are ideal, while for the small baby I should advise the simplest muslin dresses, and underclothing consisting of Gertrude petticoat and diaper.

Before starting on the journey, everything should be in readiness. There should be a definite place for the baby belongings, so that the mother can obtain anything she wants at a moment's notice. Food is the most important consideration for the baby's journey. For

bottle feeding a definite plan must be carried out to insure proper feeding on the trip. If the journey is of not more than twenty-four hours' duration, the feedings for one day may be prepared at home in advance.

KEEPING THE MILK

In order that the milk may keep with as little ice as possible, all that is used for this particular day's feeding should be boiled. This may be done after the bottles have been filled. They should be placed upright in a saucepan filled with water which reaches to the neck of the bottle. The water should be allowed to boil for about one hour. The bottles should then be placed in cool water which must be changed until the milk is distinctly cold. Complete cooling may be effected later by placing the bottles in a pail of cracked ice.

Small portable refrigerators made like a basket, lined with zinc, are a great convenience for carrying the filled milk bottles. They may be purchased at little cost, but if not available, a home-made substitute is easily devised. This consists of two tin pails, one small enough to fit inside the other, with a space of one to one and a half inches on the sides. This space should be filled with sawdust. The bottles should be placed in the inner pail and packed around with cracked ice. A cover should be placed first on the inner pail and another on the outer one and the whole placed in a flannel cover.

When the time comes for feeding the baby, if possible the porter should supply warm water, but it is well to have some preparation for this made in advance. A limited amount of very hot water can be carried in a vacuum bottle. This can be poured into a bowl and the baby's bottle heated in that way. Or a small portable stove, such as those which burn solid alcohol, may be taken along. Warm milk should never be carried in a vacuum bottle. It spoils very rapidly and becomes unfit for the baby.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MILK

When the baby is fed on cow's milk, it will be found necessary to change the kind of milk upon arrival at the end of the journey, therefore the change may just as well be made before starting. For this purpose, nothing is better than the use of some standard brand of powdered milk. Most of these brands come already modified, so that the only thing necessary is to add additional warm water.

If the baby does well on this powdered milk, and they usually do, this method of

feeding may be continued throughout the journey and during the vacation. If it seems to disagree with the baby for any length of time, effort should be made to obtain perfectly fresh milk from a mixed herd rather than securing the milk of one cow. If there is any question whatever as to the purity of the milk supply, it should be boiled before being used for the baby.

The next important preparation for the journey is with regard to the diapers. A rubber-lined bag should be provided to hold the diapers, as they cannot, of course, be washed during the journey. A sufficient supply of clean ones should be on hand. It is well to provide a number of pads about six inches square, made of old linen, muslin or cotton. These should be placed in the center of the diaper so that they will absorb all the body discharges. They can then be wrapped in old newspaper and thrown away. Soiled diapers can be put into the bag.

TRAVELING CLOTHES FOR THE YOUNGEST

A third important point concerns the proper clothing for traveling. Nearly all cars, particularly Pullmans, are much overheated. The indoor clothing of the baby or little child, therefore, should be of the lightest possible type, of washable material. Heavier coats and caps can be taken along for use when necessary.

The baby should have all clean clothes when starting on the trip, and a second complete outfit ready to be put on just before the journey is finished. If the weather is very hot, all the indoor clothing the baby needs is a shirt, diaper and thin muslin slip. For older children chambray or cotton rompers are advised.

In traveling with children from one to three years old, a luncheon of simple and suitable food should be carried along. One of the reasons why children are so frequently upset in traveling is because of the irregularity of their feeding hours and the type of food they receive. There is always a strong temptation on the journey to give the child something which will quiet it and keep it entertained. When this takes the form of food, there are very apt to be disastrous consequences.

Under no circumstances should the mother allow anyone but herself to handle the baby when traveling. Kind-hearted traveling companions will often offer to take care of the baby. This care usually consists in dancing the baby up and down and over-exciting and over-stimulating it. The possibility of upsetting the digestion and injuring the general health of a tiny baby, even within so short a period, is so great that one cannot be too careful.

During the vacation there must be no laxity in the regularity of the baby's life. The mother should also live in the simplest, most regular manner possible.

OTHER questions about keeping baby healthy, happy and normal will be gladly answered by Dr. Baker. Address Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 W. 37th St., New York City.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S
Baby Welfare Department

Helping Baby Over the SummerCrisis

EVERY mother knows that the first summer is the most critical for babies. The mortality runs higher then than at any other time. The chief reason is intestinal poisoning—known as summer complaint, diarrhoea, and colic.

Our best summer advice—and it is advice we have constantly given to mothers for over thirty years—is to consult a physician at the first sign of illness.

Feeding Very Important

Since most infantile deaths are due to digestive diseases, proper feeding is of first importance.



Feed your baby at the breast if possible. Mothers who do this will find encouragement in the fact that breast-fed babies rarely suffer from "summer complaint."

If your baby is a bottle-fed baby order your milk from the cleanest dairy you can find. Babies should have at least one-fourth less food in summer and more water, boiled and then cooled. When baby cries it is often for drink rather than milk. Water is essential to perspiration and this in turn, on hot days, makes the skin a "cooling system" for the whole body. This is particularly important because overheat and fretting invite indigestion and summer complaint.

About Bathing

Coolness suggests plenty of bathing—a cleansing bath before breakfast and two or three additional sponge baths on especially hot days. After the bath pat the skin gently with Johnson's Baby Powder. It is made for babies and never causes irritation.



In case of prickly heat a cupful of starch or a half-cup of soda to a gallon of water makes a very soothing bath water. Cleansing the skin with sweet oil and absorbent cotton is also effective. But whichever method you use be sure to follow the bath with a thick dusting of Johnson's Baby Powder. Johnson's instantly takes the sting from the worst form of diaper rash, teething rash and fiery itchings.

There are many other things we would like to tell you about baby—suggestions for sleep and clothing—if space would only allow us.

We suggest that you write the

Baby Welfare Department

which we have organized to supplement our "first aid" and other welfare work.



This bureau places the facilities of the scientific investigators in our extensive laboratories at your service—issues practical, plainly-written literature which concerns the best the world knows about health and life, yet offers no medical advice and recommends no medicines. The literature will, we feel, be helpful to you. The coupon below places you on the mailing list.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON
BABY WELFARE DEPARTMENT
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Sirs—Please put my name on your mailing list for information you will send about hygiene in the household and the care of babies.

I have () boys, aged _____

I have () girls, aged _____

Name _____

Street _____

City and State _____



Keep baby's summer "cooling system" working

Do you think a baby's skin is simply a soft protective covering for tender nerves and flesh? It is very much more than that.

Baby's skin is really a *cooling system*. You know what that means. If the cooling system should stop working, where would the tiny engine be?

If baby's skin is to act properly, keeping the temperature low and even, on hot days, it needs a beneficial powder—not an ordinary grown-folk's talcum that may clog the pores and hamper the cooling action.

Johnson's Baby Powder is made especially to lubricate and help baby's silk-spun skin—to relieve itching and fiery irritations—to keep the cooling system working.



Johnson's BABY POWDER

"BEST FOR BABY—BEST FOR YOU"

is the powder you want for baby. It's the powder physicians and nurses have used for over thirty years to help babies over the long summer crisis. Made by the world's largest makers of surgical dressings—and intended for every baby, every day.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

To be a pharmacist in time of need—what opportunity for personal service could be greater? To accurately prepare prescriptions of importance—to patiently and scientifically attend, day after day, the testing of health articles for future sale—this is a druggist's life-service—a community service that deserves your fullest patronage.



SILKS, SATINS, LACE—Kept dainty and new through the longest vacationing

MADAME has given instructions to pack only the finest, the filmiest. The silk and valenciennes underthings and the sheerest of the stockings. The georgette frocks with their extravagantly simple air. Two favorite negliges and the loveliest of the blouses.

Always Madame refuses to be bothered with the great number of her possessions—only the most adored. For with Lux these few can be kept so fresh, so exquisite.

At the first speck of dinginess in filet collar or cuff, Marie tosses the beloved one into a big bowlful of Lux suds. The foamy bubbles cover it. The rich



lather presses through and through it. Every tiny thread is searched out and cleansed snowy white.

In half an hour the pretty thing will be bright and sweet and summery again, looking as calmly new as if it had just

come out of the specialty shop's tissue wrappings!

The old way of washing was so heartless. Many a fragile blouse has Madame wept over in the old days—actually scrubbed to death! But the Lux way is so different. It is so gentle and so careful with her fine things.

There's never a bit of pasty cake soap to stick to the silk thread and be ironed into it! Never a thought of a cruel rub! The pure suds just whisk the dirt away and leave the fabric whole and new, the color clear. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux always ready for Madame. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

How to launder silks

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down in the rich lather. Squeeze the suds through it—do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Roll in a towel. When nearly dry press with a warm iron. Jersey silk and georgette crepe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron.

LUX



If you are not sure a color is fast

If possible, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs try to set it, as follows: For brown and black and pink use two cups of salt to a gallon of cold water. For blue use half a cup of vinegar. For lavender, use one tablespoonful of sugar of lead. Soak for half an hour and then rinse thoroughly before washing. Colors must be set before each washing.



I sit at home alone night after night and watch the moon

The House the Girls Built

By Mary Gordon Page

THE desire for a fuller life; the longing for more happiness than falls to one's share; the ache to escape from the dull routine into an hour of gaiety after which the routine would become tolerable again—these moods inevitably come to every girl. And so most of the girls who read this page will see themselves in the writer of this letter which traveled across the continent to find me in the hill-top house:

"DEAR MARY PAGE:

"I am half afraid you will laugh at me and my petty problem, but to me it is very real. Though I am seventeen years old and a senior in high school, I am still rather a little girl. My problem is this: What can I do to have good times? I am an ordinary, rather homely girl; am neither very stupid nor very brilliant, but have just an ordinary amount of intelligence. My clothes are ordinary. I am not one of the best-dressed girls in school; neither am I one of the poorest.

"I had my first three years of high school in a far eastern little town, so everything here is new and strange. But we have been living here several months now, and still I sit at home night after night with nothing to do—and such heavenly moonlight nights they are! And it isn't because we are new here that I don't have good times. It has always been that way. Truly, I can't remember ever having a really glorious time since I was so little that I thought a dish of ice-cream or a view of a circus parade was the greatest fun in life.

"Please don't misunderstand me and think me a foolish girl who expects nothing from life but good times. I'm not, and I don't, but I'm human and must have something to do except study, study, study."

There was more to the letter, giving me a picture of her life. Then, near the end:

"The chief amusement here is dancing. I can dance. At least I could if I ever had a chance to go to a party.

(There you have the whole trouble in a nut shell. It's boys, mostly.)"

SMALL danger of this seeming a petty, or merely a little-girl problem. The person who felt that would have had very little experience or capability of experience in life. And while it may be, as she says, "boys mostly," it is, too, much more than that. It is a very real human need. Of course she must have something besides "study, study, study."

Most of us go through life with just the equipment this girl describes: ordinary, rather homely; not very stupid and not very brilliant; not the best dressed nor the poorest in our group. And our problem is to turn these things to account, to win the best possible amount of happiness. Yet, after all, "win" is not the word. I should have said "make," for we make our own happiness. All that anyone else can give us is the occasion; it is our own reaction, the rebound of our spirits which makes the occasion meaningful to us. And even the occasion we must sometimes provide. I remember once hearing a bit of life-wisdom from a country philosopher who sat on a cracker-box beside a rusty stove, and talked to a group of discouraged men. "What fun we has," he said impressively though ungrammatically, "we makes ourselves."

Only, we don't want it that way. We want our good times to come freely, lavishly, as they seem to come to others. There is a kind of injustice, of partiality of Nature, that gives one person the ability to make friends easily, to attract, and denies it to another who is, in essentials, just as lovable, just as worthy of friendship. If we have that ability, we are fortunate. If we have not, then we must win our friends slowly, and we must have our good times through our interests and enthusiasms. There is no other way.

The letter from the unhappy little high-school senior makes me think of a friend who had a succession of similar moods when she was about seventeen, for that is the time we feel such things most poignantly. "I certainly am not pretty," she told herself, after a longer look in the glass than she had ever taken. "And I am not any too attractive; certainly have none of that compelling charm that girls in stories have. Very well, I must get what I want from life by my brains." And she set about cultivating her mind. Not that she was bookish or over-studious, but she took an intellectual interest in all things. Also, she began her life work, or preparation for it, which was writing. It would be hard now to find a happier, gayer or more successful woman.

And then, one must learn to play. One should play as hard as when one was a little girl with a jumping rope. If you have an opportunity, learn to play tennis, or swim or row. Go tramping through the woods, or over the prairies or along the beach. A new road is a wonderful thing to explore, an old one a fine thing to renew friendship with.

And all this works straight back to the good times with others, the companionship

which is one of our greatest needs. Friendship is probably not the result of a reasonless attraction, however much it may seem to be so. We love because of the qualities of warmth and bright-

ness the other brings into our life, and are loved for the same reason. None can give this brightness so well as she whose life is full of interests and enthusiasms.

Even the "mostly boys" part of the problem may be solved by the development of the real play spirit which results in the making of good times for oneself, instead of waiting for them to be made by others. The girl whose spirits are high, who has the fine qualities which make for gaiety, will find many others, both boys and girls, who are eager to come close, and enjoy the color and the glow of these qualities.

And the practical means of going about it? Play. If you have brothers and sisters, start having good times among yourselves, and soon your house will be a little social center for the boys and girls of the neighborhood. If there is a piano, or a talking machine, there can be impromptu dances, and anyway you can sing, whether you have good voices or not.

Above all else, for the sake of the present and the future, open as many doors of interest as you can. Rouse as many enthusiasms within yourself, for these are the avenues of joy all through life.

The world is full of beautiful highways to walk; but we must find them for ourselves.



Keep your skin fine in texture

"A skin like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

If your skin is beginning to lose its fineness of texture, you can arrest this tendency by giving it every night this special treatment:

Just before you go to bed, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until your face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing your face with a piece of ice.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25 cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.



An oily skin and shiny nose can be corrected. In the booklet of treatments around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, learn how to overcome this condition.

A sample cake of soap, the booklet of famous treatments, and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

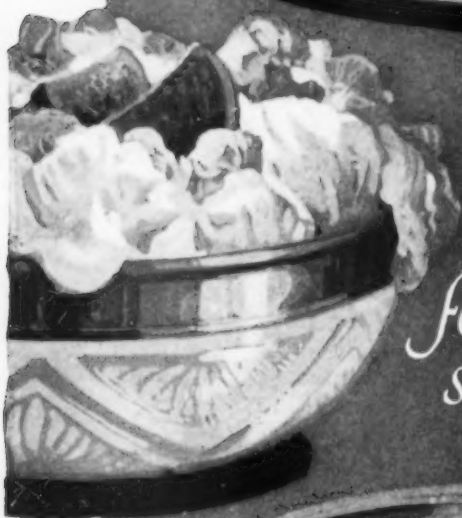
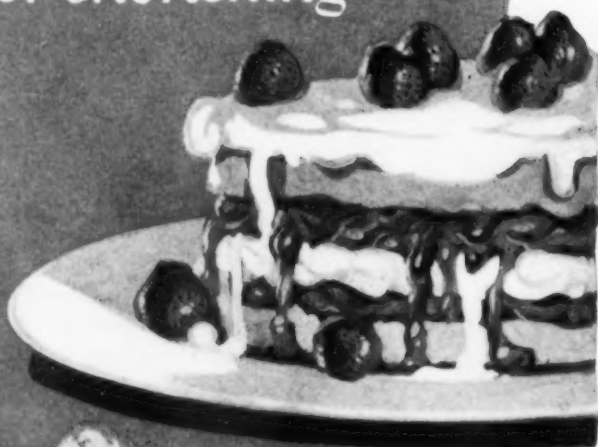
For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or 10 days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love To Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1506 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1506 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

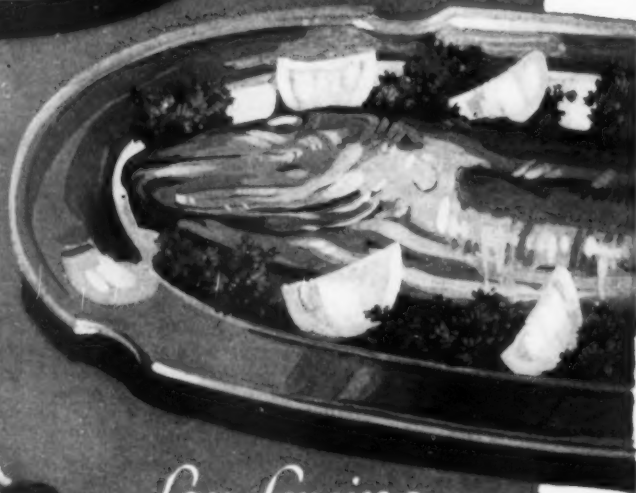


MAZOLA

for shortening



for salads



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Once you try
Mazola you will
never go back
to lard or but-
ter for cooking
-or olive oil for
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A book worth while writing for. The new Corn Products Cook Book contains 64 pages of practical and tested recipes by leading cooks. Write us for it today. Corn Products Refining Company. P. O. Box 161, New York City.



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

AN EXCELLENT CLEANER FOR WHITE SHOES. Mix a tablespoonful of ordinary laundry starch with an ounce of water; make rather a thin paste and apply as you would any other cleanser, allowing the shoes to dry thoroughly before wearing.—A. K. C., New York City.

AN ATTRACTIVE HAMMOCK can be made from an old rag rug. Turn the ends back for about six inches and stitch them on the sewing-machine. Slip pieces of broomstick through the hem thus made. Use ordinary clothes line for the ropes. The rug should not be less than twenty-seven by twenty-seven inches to start with.

WHEN PROTECTING ICE from the air to keep it from melting, do not use newspaper as this rapidly softens to pulp. Wrap the ice in the wax paper which you take from loaves of bread. This will resist the moisture and the ice will keep longer.—M. M.

FRESH MINT CAN BE PRESERVED for future use if, when gathering leaves, they are dipped in a thick sirup made of sugar and water. After removing from the sirup plunge them in granulated sugar and place on greased paper to harden.—E. H., Sarcocixie, Missouri.

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED A TEASPOON for hulling strawberries? It is a much quicker way than using a knife or a strawberry huller, as a dozen berries may be hulled before emptying the bowl of the spoon.—E. E. G., Tyrrell, Ohio.

IF WHITE CANVAS PUMPS CUT INTO THE INSTEP, try making a small slit in the front which will make the vamp a little shorter and broader. This slit can easily be covered up by a small buckle or bow.—M. O'C., Brooklyn, New York.

TO RID THE KITCHEN OR PANTRY OF ANTS a successful and yet perfectly harmless way is to sprinkle a little ground cinnamon in whatever part of the room they are most bothersome.—B. L., Port Hope, Ontario, Canada.

RANCID BUTTER may be used for cooking, if it is heated to the boiling point and boiled slowly for six or eight minutes.—M. E. M., Harrisburg, North Carolina.

PACKING A FRESHLY FROSTED CAKE for a picnic lunch is sometimes difficult. Just insert five or six toothpicks in the top of the cake and thus prevent the waxed paper from coming in contact with the frosting.—Mrs. K., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

SALAD PARCELS, requiring neither forks nor plates, are a pleasant addition to the outdoor luncheon. At serving time, wrap each portion of salad bundle-wise in a large lettuce leaf and secure with wooden toothpicks.—Mrs. R. E. E., Omaha, Nebraska.

CARNATION OR PEONY FLOWERED POPPIES will bloom again and yet again if blossom is not allowed to wither but kept pinched back at stem.—Mrs. J. B., Lexington, Indiana.

UNCLE SAM'S CORRESPONDENCE COURSE

Health Almanac for 1920

THE Health Almanac for 1920" is the title of an interesting booklet issued by the U. S. Public Health Service. Besides containing a table of sun and moon movements and other almanac information, it contains a wealth of information about health, the prevention of disease and Government activities generally. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy of this booklet for you on receipt of a stamp.

Feeding the Child

CHILDREN'S food must contain plenty of the right sort of material to regulate the body and promote health and growth. This leaflet, which is issued by the Children's Bureau, will prove very interesting to mothers of young children in solving their food problems. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy for you.

What Growing Children Need

THIS little folder which is issued by the Children's Bureau deals with the necessities of growing children. It outlines proper living conditions, health and personal habits, recreation and companionship, education, and moral training. Write to our Washington Bureau for it.

Potato Culture

"POTATO CULTURE" is the title of a booklet issued by the Bureau of Plant Industry. It deals with the preparation of the soil, varieties, seed cutting, planting,

cultivation, crop rotation, harvesting, storing and marketing the crop. A copy may be obtained by asking for F. B. 953, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Increasing the Potato Crop

IT is estimated that the potato crop of the country is reduced each year more than 100,000,000 bushels as the result of injury by insects and disease. A copy of a booklet, giving directions for controlling all of the common potato diseases and insects, may be obtained by asking for F. B. 868, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Propagating Plants

THIS booklet, which is issued by the Bureau of Plant Industry, deals with the propagation of all kinds of plants by the use of roots, seeds and cuttings, and also by budding and grafting. A copy may be obtained by asking for F. B. 157, addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Controlling Weeds

THE importance of keeping weeds in subjection cannot be emphasized too strongly. This booklet tells of the damage done, how to control annual and biennial weeds and prevent weed seeds from being brought onto your premises. A copy may be obtained from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 660.

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government health and garden booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described above; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.



The Vision of Youth

On the threshold of womanhood, filled with school or college ideals, youth sees a world of joy, of conquest, and success.

But it often fails to recognize the homely requisites that go to make success, chief of which is cleanliness. A clear, radiant skin, glowing with health, carries its possessor far towards the desired goal.

Resinol Soap has already been adopted by many of the mothers and business women of tomorrow because of its purity and its rich lather which refreshes the skin while cleansing it. Excellent for the bath and shampoo.



At all druggists and
toilet goods counters

RESINOL CHEMICAL COMPANY . . . BALTIMORE, MD.

Resinol Soap



43% Goes for Food

Statistics say that the average laboring man spends 43 per cent of his income for food.

And still millions go underfed.

Yet the average family needs 10,000 calories per day. And 10,000 calories in Quaker Oats cost only 55 cents.

Some Foods \$7.00 Daily

In other foods 10,000 calories cost up to ten times Quaker Oats. It would cost about \$7 daily to feed a family on chops or eggs.

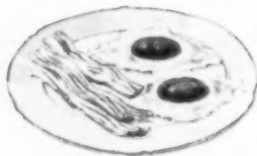
Here is the cost of 10,000 calories—the average family's daily food need—in some prime foods, based on prices at this writing:

Cost of 10,000 Calories

In Quaker Oats . . . \$0.55	In Hen's Eggs . . . \$ 7.00
In Average Meats . . . 4.50	In Young Chicken . . . 16.60
In Average Fish . . . 5.00	In Vegetables \$1.10 to 7.50



1c per Dish for Quaker Oats



15c for This

Cost of Servings

The cost of average servings is about as follows:

Dish Quaker Oats . . . 1c	Two Eggs 10c
4 Ounces Meat 8c	White Fish 8c
One Chop 12c	Cup of Custard 4c

The points to consider are these:

Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calory value, average ten times Quaker Oats in cost.

An average serving costs from 8 to 12 times a dish of Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890, and eggs 635.

The oat is the supreme food—the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. It is the vim-food, the food for growth, which everybody needs.

Think what it adds to a breakfast, and what it saves for costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

With That Exquisite Flavor

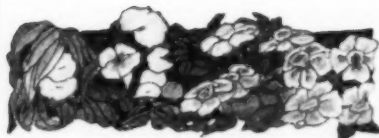
This premier brand is flaked but ten pounds from a bushel. It from queen grains only—just the multiplies oat food delights with rich, plump, flavory oats. We get out any extra cost.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

(5342)



The Ember

[Continued from page 13]

"That's a good girl." He pinched her cheek again. "I know a dandy when I see one. You do like me a little, don't you, Connie? Think of me sometimes, don't you?"

"Often."

"I'll take you out some day. Like the movies?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, we'll go. I'm pretty busy. A man like me has lots of friends. You know how it is. But I'll take you out— How about Coney Island? Ever been to Luna Park?"

"I couldn't—I couldn't, Mr. Simmons."

"Couldn't go? Why not?"

"Mrs. Babcock—"

Simmons lifted his broad, black brows. "You mean you wouldn't leave her for half a day?"

"How could I? You see there's the water-bottles and the tonic and her dinner and the heart medicine—"

"You're a slave," said Simmons contemptuously. "A slave to her. Her! What's she? Half the time she don't know who's talkin' to her. You come to Luna Park with me on Saturday and I'll show you a few things."

"Thank you. I—I couldn't."

"Listen. I don't ask every girl. This is particular with me. We'll take the four-o'clock boat down and come back at midnight. Your old lady won't know the difference. If she did— Well, she couldn't do much, could she?"

Connie glanced beyond him. At the far end of the red-carpeted corridor she saw Lincoln ambulating toward them with a pitcher of tinkling ice-water. "I'll tell you in the morning," she gasped, and escaping from Simmons' insinuating fingers, ran back to number two-thirty-five.

"Aren't you going out, Connie?"

"It's terrible hot, Mrs. Babcock."

Then for three days Simmons laid siege. He knew the miracle he had wrought. Flattered, he perceived that the curtain which had been drawn over Connie Biddle's soul lifted in his presence disclosing the potential hoop earrings, high heels and audacious smile. She glowed visibly when he whispered to her: "Now, remember—Saturday." There were dreams in her eyes, where for thirty-five years there had been nothing but emptiness. That Simmons was heavy of jowl and smooth of tongue meant nothing to Connie Biddle—he was a symbol.

She lay awake far into the sultry, breathless nights, sick with apprehension. What was she going to do about Saturday? What was she going to do? If she refused to go with him, he might despise her. She remembered the look in his eyes, the veiled threat, when he said, "Don't forget. We'll take the four o'clock. Be ready."

She thought of asking the housekeeper to stay with Mrs. Babcock. Impossible. Mrs. Egan would never understand about the heart medicine. She might gossip. She might mention that five thousand. She might tell Mrs. Babcock about Simmons.

Saturday dawned, red-hot, ominous. The city quivered in heat fumes; the asphalt pavements steamed, melted, became thick as mud; the sky was like a leaden shield, the sun implacable, brazen, withering. Connie dressed listlessly, appalled by the whiteness of her face reflected in the mirror. When Simmons came with the breakfast tray she opened the door to him as Tarpia might have swung back the gates of Rome to the smooth-tongued enemy. If Simmons saw, he gave no sign. While he poured the coffee and whisked off the covers with a dignified flourish, he whispered: "Three-fifteen. Corner of this street and Madison Avenue."

"I can't," Connie groaned. "I can't. Honest."

"Nonsense." He glanced at the bed, where Mrs. Babcock lay against the pillows, eyes closed, mouth slightly open, hands crossed, lifeless as a waxen effigy by Madame Tussaud. "She won't know you're gone. You better not disappoint me. I like women with spirit."

"I'll come," she gasped.

Simmons, letting his eyes soften, put his hand briefly on her arm.

Mrs. Babcock was not interested in breakfast. She waved Connie away and closed her eyes again. The breath came short and faint between her parted lips. Once her eyes opened and Connie saw the sultry glow of that mysterious ember. "I think I've got a fever," she said. "Don't tell Julia." Connie, trembling, placed the thermometer in the old lady's mouth.

[Continued on page 28]



It Improves Canned Foods

THE new book "Seasoning Suggestions" tells how canned foods acquire a new zest, an additional piquancy, a rare savor when improved with Lea & Perrins Sauce—a spoonful or so of which gives canned meats, soup, fish and vegetables the real "chef" touch.

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE

The only original Worcestershire

"Seasoning Suggestions" gives the secret of adding Lea & Perrins Sauce in the cooking, as well as on the table. Try Lea & Perrins with creamed meat dishes, fish dressings, patties and croquettes, and you will marvel at the delightful result.

You must ask for Lea & Perrins if you want genuine Worcestershire Sauce. Lea & Perrins Sauce is the only original Worcestershire. The Lea & Perrins signature on the bottle is your guarantee.

Write for

"Seasoning Suggestions"

This book represents an entirely new idea—No matter how many other cook books you have, you must have "Seasoning Suggestions," a revelation in the preparation of appetizers, entrees, roasts, chafing dish specialties, salads, soups, gravies, dressings. There are about 150 recipes for old dishes improved, and many entirely new dishes. Free upon request.

Lea & Perrins
243 West Street, New York



The footwear that American women have wished for

A wide variety of models in trim, stylish shoes—so reasonable you can afford a pair for practically every gown

THE shoes you have been waiting for. Fashionable footwear with all the newest lines, in the season's most popular fabric.

Models that are just right for every kind of wear—that are appropriate with practically every gown—and so inexpensive you can afford as many as you need.

Keds are made of finely woven canvas. The shapes are always right. The models are planned by expert designers who are well in touch with style tendencies for the coming season. There are shoes with half Louis heels, with military heels, with flat heels, and outing shoes with no heels at all. They fit snugly but are so flexible and light that they are most comfortable even in hot weather. The sport shoes are ideal for any kind of exercise—allowing the foot full freedom with just the right support.

This year the new models in Keds include shoes that are made just like leather shoes—welt construction soles, firmly boxed toes and the reinforcements that give the shoe body. It means a more formal, dignified shoe—a shoe that has the style of the most expensive leather shoes.

There are numerous pumps and oxfords and

high shoes—suitable for street costume or the fluffiest of your frocks. There are very smart sport shoes—both high and low—trim enough for the dressiest tea at the Country Club. And then there are the heel-less tennis shoes, always so satisfactory for knock-about wear. Many women have found them wonderfully comfortable for house shoes. There are also shoes for men and boys for sport wear and for every day.

The children's Keds are made on the wide lasts that allow proper foot freedom. They are light and cool and give just the right protection for little feet.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. All the resources and experience of this company have been used in perfecting a line of stylish, practical shoes for all the family.

You will find Keds at every good shoe dealer's. Ask to see the various models. Notice how wonderfully light and comfortable they are—how trim your foot appears. Look at the models for the rest of the family. The name Keds is always a safeguard—on the sole of the shoe.

For men and women, \$1.50 to \$6.00
For children 1.15 to 4.50



A STREET SHOE WITH THE NEWEST LINES

A full eight inches high for the new short skirts, these Keds have either a military heel or a half-Louis heel.



TO WEAR WITH THE FLUFFIEST FROCK

A trim little oxford with either a French or a military heel—graceful vamp—slender lines. These Keds have welt construction soles and firm inner supports.



THE MOST POPULAR SPORT SHOES THE COUNTRY OVER

These shoes are being worn at all the fashionable resorts. Snugly fitting ankle, light and springy.



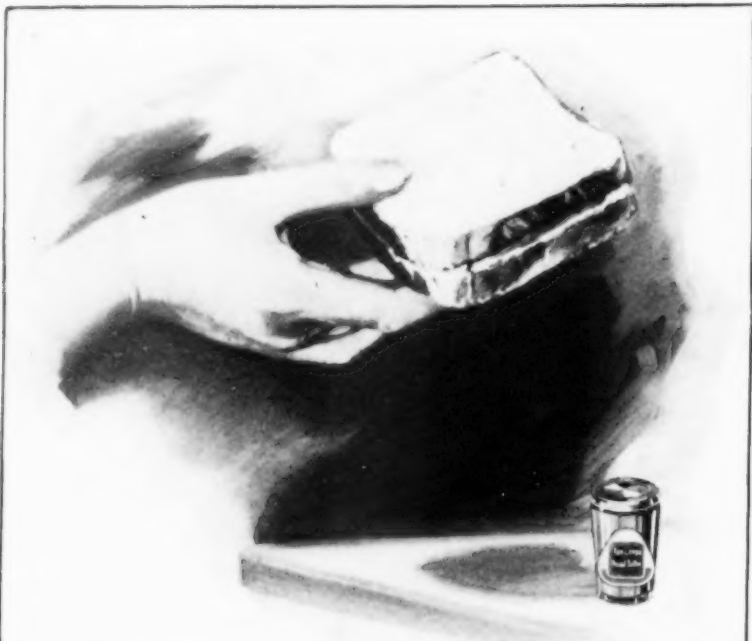
United States Rubber Company

Keds



FOR TWINKLING LITTLE FEET

Either in all white or in brown with smooth rubber sole to match. A full width model for growing feet. May be had with a welt construction sole. A similar Keds model has a corrugated sole and pump bow. In women's and misses' sizes also.



Peanut Butter

Made twice as delightful

The Van Camp experts, college trained, decided to create a new-grade peanut butter. They had made many delights for men and women—this was for boys and girls.



After school

Have peanut butter sandwiches for the boys and girls. Spread them thick, for peanuts are nutritious. Think of bread and peanuts blended! That's one thing you missed when a child.

It took two years

They studied peanuts. One variety yields the richest butter, but others excel in flavor. After many tests they made a blend which was both rich and delicious. And that blend is always followed.

By other tests they learned when roasting brought the flavor to its peak. And they stop the roasting at that point by a sudden draft.

They found that the nut hearts gave a bitter tinge. So these germs are all removed. They found that the skins only muddled the butter, so they are taken off.

They found that air affected the flavor, so the jars are now sealed in a vacuum.

Now it is ready

Now your grocer has it—this supreme grade—Van Camp's Peanut Butter. It costs no more than many lesser grades.

One jar will convince you that you should always get it.

Then remember, please, that every Van Camp product is perfected in a like way. We make nothing in the ordinary qualities. Highly trained experts have spent years on each Van Camp creation.

VAN CAMP'S

Peanut Butter



Other Van Camp Products Include

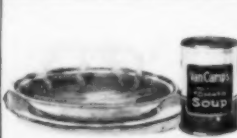
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Pork and Beans
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

A dish we originated, and the finest Pork and Beans one ever tasted.



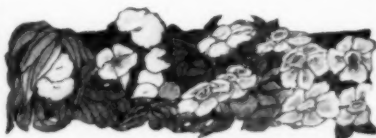
Van Camp's Tomato Soup

Based on a famous French recipe, but perfected by countless tests.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe made with the finest ingredients.



The Ember

[Continued from page 26]

where it sagged like a ribald cigarette. Fever, right enough. Connie reached instinctively for the telephone. She ought to call Doctor Stoddard. What if he should tell her

"Don't you worry," she said, putting the thin glass-tube back into its case, "you haven't any fever. It's just the heat."

All day she staggered under the weight of that lie. She brushed and pressed her best silk dress and sewed in a fresh collar. She twisted the fine, yellow strands of her hair into tissue-paper curlers and made a new ribbon bow for her ugly little hat. A thousand times she paused before the mirror to stare at herself with haggard, unfamiliar eyes.

At three o'clock she bent over Mrs. Babcock and looked at the withered face. Asleep? Unconscious? She didn't know. The old lady's cheeks were cool. No fever, then.

"What'll I do?" Connie whimpered. "Oh, God, what'll I do? He's waiting for me. What'll I do?"

She put a glass of milk on a table by the bed; filled the water-bottles again; measured the heart medicine and placed the dose within easy reach; she adjusted the pillows and smoothed the sheets. Then she pinned the ugly hat to her frizzed pompadour and tiptoed out of the room. Her heart was beating to suffocation; her lips trembled. Until she saw Simmons' portly figure she intended to tell him that she could not go; the sight of him—suave, elegant, slightly contemptuous—silenced her.

"Well, little girl—"

"Mr. Simmons."

"Not Mr. Simmons. I'm George now." He took her arm, his warm fingers cupping her elbow.

The Coney Island boat was crowded to suffocation. Simmons placed camp-chairs for himself and Connie on the shady side of the deck, which later proved to be the sunny side as the top-heavy steamer edged her way into the harbor and turned right about face. Sky and water blazed like a globe of molten metal. The wind scorched. The red-hot sun whirled like a gaudy pin-wheel in the sultry vapors which hung above the crowded roofs and towers of the city. Languid gulls wheeled and dipped in the excursion-steamer's dirty wake. Along the narrow decks fat women and pale girls in wilted summer finery fanned themselves and gossiped in strident voices. Children howled. Men in shirt-sleeves, with their straw hats tipped far back, abandoned themselves to the occasion with a sort of ostentatious luxury.

"Fine, isn't it?" Simmons demanded, slipping his arm around Connie's shoulders. "Wonderful."

"A girl like you ought to see a little of life. It's a pity I didn't find you before. If I do say it, I know the ropes." His arm tightened. "Like me a little, Connie?"

Connie Biddle's cheeks flamed, but some obscure feminine impulse, some hereditary memory made her yield ever so slightly to the pressure. "You're an awful old flatterer," she said. Her eyes were on the city's gilded pinnacles crowned with plumes of steam. Her thoughts were in room number two-thirty-five. Her heart was heavy, actually, uncomfortably heavy with pain. But she smiled a twisted little smile and snuggled her thin shoulder into Simmons' hand and said what was expected of her: "I like you a whole lot."

To herself she cried: "What's the difference? This is my first chance for a good time. Other women go out. I've never had anything. Never anything!"

Luna Park gulped them at twilight. Connie saw the fabulous glitter of jeweled palaces, towers spangled with electric bulbs, search-lights sweeping the sultry sky, the blaze and glare and dazzle of an artificial paradise. The air was thick with circus odors—sawdust, animals, cheap perfumes, hot-dogs and cigarettes. The crowd swayed back and forth before the gaudy booths, listened half-heartedly to the bawling of nasal barkers, drifted in and out of the side-shows, danced in the stifling pavilions to the tune of canned jazz. Babies wailed. Overhead, strung like a bead on a writhing trestle, a loaded aerial railway-car leaped and roared and fell and whirled. Huge, leisurely wheels revolved against the somber stars. Shrieking men and women bounced in a whirligig, like corn in a popper.

Connie clung to Simmons' arm, terrified by the press of life.

They had dinner in a restaurant which was supposed to resemble the sewers of

[Continued on page 37]



Here is new joy in Coffee. Just put a little powder in the cup, and add boiling water.

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE

A pure refined soluble Coffee. With Faust Instant you have no pots—no waste—no grounds—no cooking. Faust Instant is more convenient, more economical and is made of the highest quality coffee.

Tea, too—Faust Instant offers the same advantages, delicious taste without waste, cheap to serve, delectable to drink. You'll never appreciate the goodness of Soluble Coffee or Tea until you have tried Faust Instant.

COFFEE	TEA	EACH
30-cup cans	100-cup cans	\$0.45
60-cup cans	200-cup cans	.85
120-cup cans	400-cup cans	1.60

If your dealer hasn't received his supply send for trial order today.

DEALERS Supplied by Jobbers. JOBBERS Write Us.

C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.
The World-Famous Faust Coffee and Tea
Department 75 ST. LOUIS, MO.

Makers of Faust Chili Powder, the Seasoning
par excellence for soups, salads, meats.
At Dealers, 15c. By Mail, 20c.



How to Cut Living Costs

Write for this book today. It will help you reduce kitchen expenses, save fuel, use cheaper meats, have more delicious meals, successfully can fruits, vegetables and meats when cheapest for out-of-season use. Tells all about *Conservo*, the device which cans 14 quart jars at once or cooks an entire meal over one burner. Address Dept. 68.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., TOLEDO, OHIO

PRICE'S VANILLA

"Look for the little Tropikid on the label"—it stands for the pure juice of finest vanilla beans, aged in wood to bring out the full flavor. Price's is just right in strength. For cakes, puddings, candies, custards, etc.



Price
Flavoring
Extract Co.
In Business
67 Years
Chicago
U.S.A.

Columbia Grafonola

"Now we can dance"

In thousands of pleasant vacation places this happy scene is repeated year after year.

With this Vacation Model Columbia Grafonola you can dance to the very last note of every record. It is equipped with the Columbia Non-Set Automatic Stop, which operates on any record, long or short. Nothing to move or set or measure. Just put on your record and the Grafonola plays and stops itself.

Sweet and clear of tone, light, compact, and easily carried, this wonderful little Grafonola is a never-tiring entertainer for vacation days.

Columbia Grafonolas: Standard Models up to \$300. Period Designs up to \$2100.

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York
Canadian Factory: Toronto





The End Of Old-Style Baked Beans



Culinary Experts

Only scientific cooks—men with college training—could prepare such a dish as Van Camp's.

Only the finest kitchen, modernly equipped, could bake it.



How They Differ

Van Camp's are mealy, mellow, whole.

Not a bean is crisped or broken.

The baked-in sauce gives delightful tang and zest.

One taste of Van Camp's means the end of beans baked in old-time ways.

Not only of home-baked, but of other beans without this quality and zest. You should prove that, and at once.

The Van Camp Way

Beans are analyzed here before we start to cook.

The boiling water is freed from minerals. Hard water makes skins tough.

They are baked in modern steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat, so every atom is fitted to digest.

They are baked in sealed containers so the flavor can't escape.

They are baked without crisping, without bursting the beans. So the beans come out mellow and whole.

They are baked with a sauce such as no one else has made. Every granule shares its tang and zest.

Taste and Decide

Taste Van Camp's—every grocer has them. Compare them with the beans you know.

Beans have meat's nutrition. Everybody likes Van Camp's. In this ready-baked form they are ever at your call.

It means much to know what Baked Beans stand supreme.

Don't be content with a lesser dish when this dish awaits you. Learn how people like Van Camp's.

VAN CAMP'S

Pork and Beans

Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's
Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe brought to perfection by our scientific cooks.



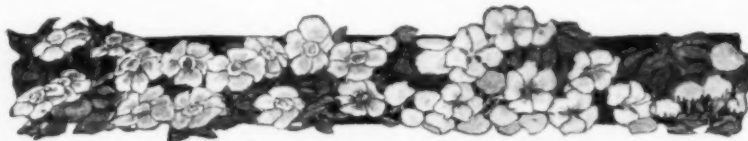
Van Camp's
Spaghetti

The prize Italian recipe, made with such ingredients as Naples never used.



Van Camp's
Peanut Butter

Made of nuts so blended, so toasted as to give a most delightful flavor.



The Crazy Gambler Paul

(Continued from page 14)

chances. Though he was severely wounded, his gambler's luck was with him. He recovered to fight again; and then came the leg wound—one knee was stiffened so that he could fight no more.

Next, this creature of impulse wrote to his mother that she should choose him a bride; that he was tired of adventure and ready for marriage—little realizing that marriage is in itself, a most perilous adventure. You would think it strange, that one so shrewd in many things, should let another, even his own parent, make a so important choice for him. But Paul knew nothing of women or their ways; and with all his smartness in some things, on the woman subject he remained a donkey.

It did not take *Cit Farida* long to make her choice; she negotiated with *The Tiger* for his daughter, *Cit Zeahna*. Far be it from me to say anything against *Farida*, nor could I, at that time, find fault with her selection; for *Zeahna* was a comely and buxom girl, but overgiven, I think, to eating sweets.

I suspect that *Cit Farida* was influenced by fear of *Bonan*. He had managed, by lawyer's ways, to escape the clutch of the Government; he had moved to Boston and here had waxed even more prosperous than before. *The Tiger*, for some time, had been casting covetous and hungry eyes upon Paul's growing import business. *Cit Farida* thought it best that there should be no feud in Washington Street. She wrote Paul nothing of this, but only of the many charms of *Cit Zeahna*, and so he readily gave his consent.

Paul returned about a year ago. *St. Joseph's* and *St. George's* were decorated in honor of the occasion; old *Haboush*, who for twenty years regularly had taken an afternoon nap, foreswore it in honor of the occasion; all the little urchins on the street had their faces nicely washed; *Father Dawod* led the procession to the pier, followed by *Cit Farida*, *Khawadja Bonan*, and *Cit Zeahna*, the bride-to-be, while I followed with *Allya*, who had grown to be quite a young lady. I shall not forget the great shout that went up when *Khawadja Paul* came bustling down the gang-plank.

It was indeed a joyous day, marred only by one foolish blunder; for Paul, after kissing his mother, turned to *Allya* who was standing by, and gave her two resounding kisses, one on each cheek. Now, of course, *Allya* was nineteen, and had changed beyond all recognition. As you say in English, the ugly duckling had become a swan. She was tall and straight like the Cilician fir; her eyes were like twin doves; there were gentle waves in

her blue-black hair, and her neck and face were of the ivory hue of our Lebanon mountains.

You must remember that Paul never had seen *Cit Zeahna*. Of course, *Cit Farida* was quite put out at this. Paul quickly noted his error. With great aptness he repeated an old Syrian proverb, *Those already of the household must not be forgotten for the incoming bride*. And so, with great vigor, he made recompense for his mistake.

Then there were weeks of great festivities and merry-making in Washington Street, for none are better known there than *Khawadja Paul* and *Khawadja George*.

A custom among us is for the bridegroom's parents to prepare the wedding-feast. *Cit Farida* had no knack for things such as this, and to *Allya* was assigned the task. It was indeed amusing to see the pleasure she got out of it. You would have thought that she was preparing for her own nuptial day; her master, she said, must have a beautiful wedding. The services were to be at *St. Joseph's*, and then there was to be a great feast at *Cit Farida's* home.

Cit Farida interfered at times. *Allya*, though a very quiet girl and not much given to arguing, is a very resolute one, and in the end she had her way; so when the *Cit* wished *St. Joseph's* decorated with flags and bunting and *Kelly's* band to furnish the music, and the dinner to be prepared by a caterer, poor *Allya* was heartbroken. She would have purple rhododendrons such as grow in Lebanon—and other flowers whose names I do not know—in the church, and old *Haboush* should play upon his *ood*. She needed no caterer; she would prepare the wedding-feast—dainty dishes, all Syrian—with her own hands.

But *Cit Farida* rebelled. "There will be *Khawadja Paul's* American friends. They will think we are ignorant, and know nothing of what is right."

"Ah, but all will be sweet and dainty and beautiful; and is it not better, beloved mistress, that we should do it in our own way, and do it well, than that we should do it in the American way, and do it ill?"

Fortunately for *Allya*, *Khawadja Paul* entered in time to hear her protest. It was rare indeed that he opposed his mother, but he did this time. Paul is all sympathy when he is with women or children, or persons weaker than himself; though not so considerate as he might be, I grant you, when he deals with me or other men.

"Right you are, little *Allya*," he assured her. "None shall hinder you, not

(Continued on page 66)

The Church in Our Town

(Continued from page 9)

the others work for an employer. About the same number own their own homes.

One more fact, at least, you must have in order to make a definition of the average church. What kind of a minister does it have? While exact facts are lacking, we do know that in this year of grace there are only six states in the United States in which the average salary for ministers is over one thousand dollars. The state with the highest average is no state at all—the District of Columbia, where the figures are \$1,768. The average for the entire country is \$937. The average laborer's salary in the woolen industry is some thirty dollars a year more than in the Protestant ministry.

The average church-member pays for the entire support of his church—which includes many things besides salary—exactly two cents and seven mills per day!

The people of the United States cannot expect more from the Christian ministry than they put into it. While the per capita wealth of the nation has risen from \$870 in 1880 to \$2,404 in 1917, the annual giving of Methodist Episcopal church-members for ministerial support—to take a fair example for which accurate figures are available—ranged upward from \$4.25 a year, to the not very much larger sum of \$5.30. Here it stands today.

To put it a little crudely, the average Methodist church-member can expect from his minister just \$5.30 worth a year, and some churches can expect even less.

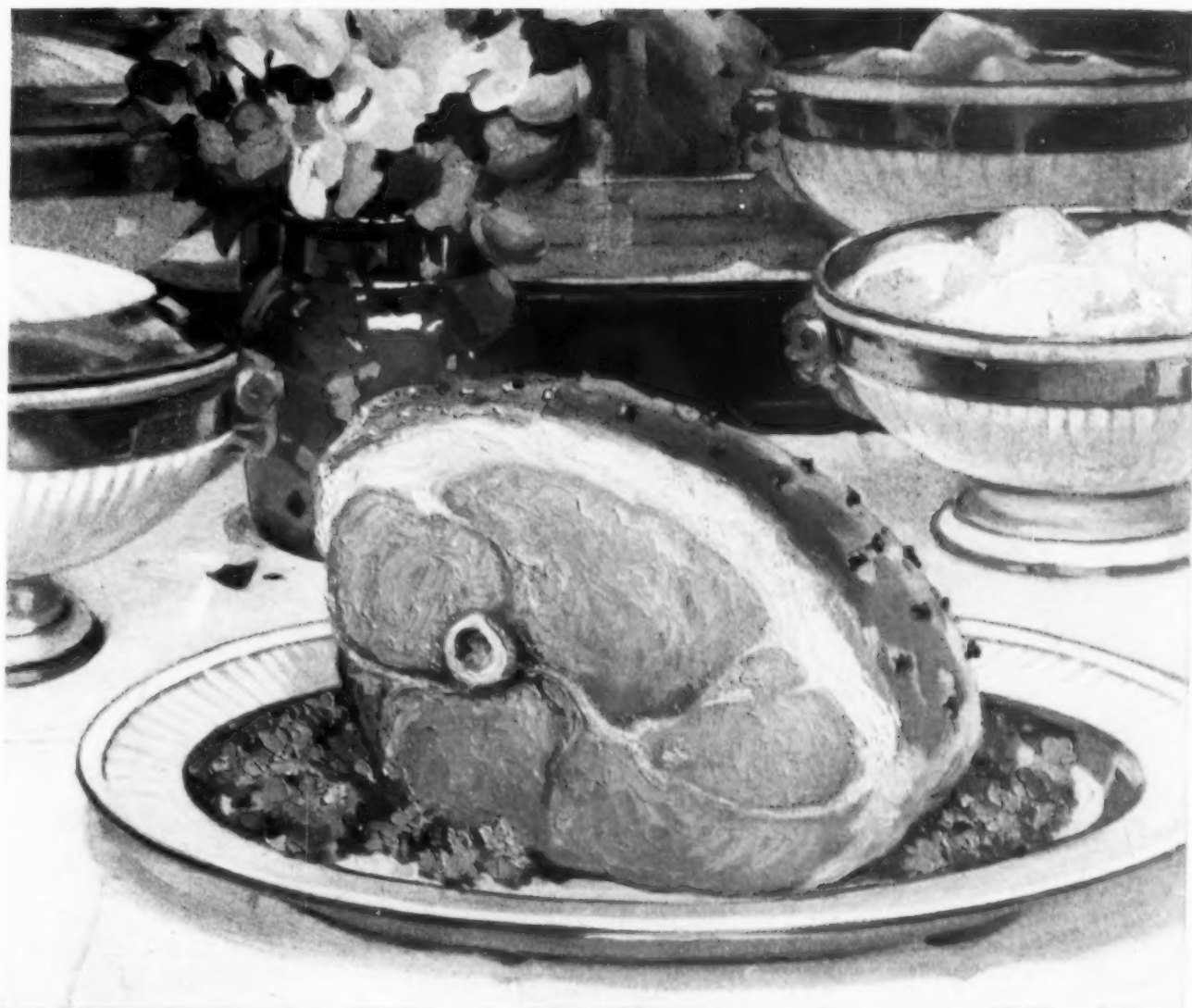
It is so easy to criticize the church. We wish that our church, or the church in our town, were actually the body of

Christ, His physical presence: seeing, hearing, teaching, saving as He did; but it isn't. Nevertheless it is one institution in our community which is open, day after day, week after week, and year after year, constantly appealing to awakened conscience, and calling people onward to their better selves. It may not be all that we wish it to be, but we have to admit that it is the cheapest investment for moral sanitation which the American people make.

When you come to think about the matter, you discover that the Church is only what you and a few more like you make it. The Church won't be any different until you are different.

The truth is that the Church is sailing today against the tide, and the tide is so strong that many a church is making little or no headway. Indeed, not a few are drifting with the tide, seeking popularity rather than leadership, seeking for privileges where they should be fighting for rights, and not remembering whose eyes and ears and voice the Church ought to be. One of the most shameful confessions which we, the American people, have to make is that we have allowed our churches to be so much like ourselves.

These are days for sober thinking, for self-examination. The spirit of Christ is not to be marked by stained-glass windows, glistening communion services or thick cushions. Days of rich living, of luxury, have never been days of high thinking or of fine aspiration. If the Church declines to pay the price which it costs to be the body of Christ in our town, then Christ will find another dwelling-place.



Baked ham, new potatoes, and peas— what more could hungry mortal ask!

The rarest of all rare June days can be made perfect by something especially good when luncheon or dinner time comes around.

And can you think of anything better than baked ham, hot or cold, with little new potatoes and green peas in cream?

Particularly if the ham has that rich, fine flavor characteristic of Swift's Premium.

Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. No need to parboil it and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you
buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



*Makes Your Hair
Look Its Best*

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, luster, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant. Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

**WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
SHAMPOO**

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp nor make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

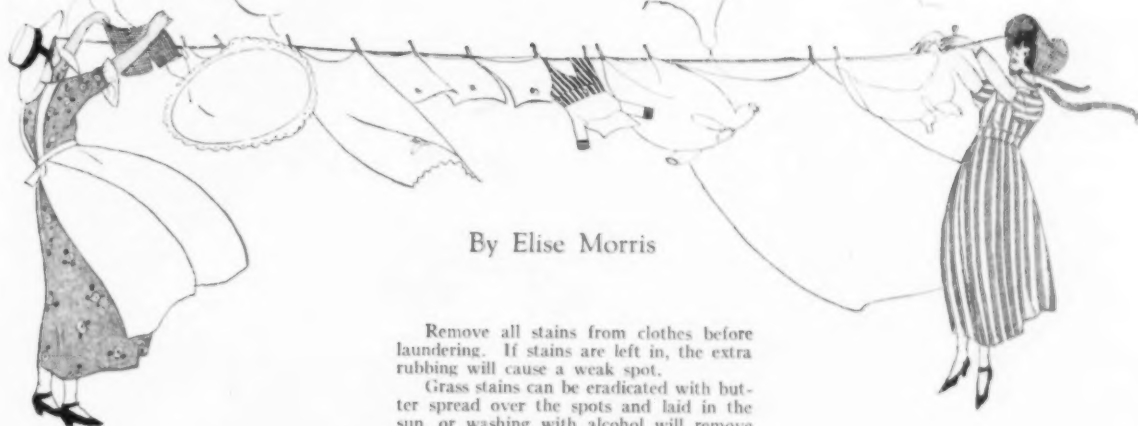
Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio.



EACH BOTTLE
NOW PACKED
IN A CARTON

Making Wash-Day a Holiday



By Elise Morris

WITH the return of the season for wash clothes, the average mother of many children raises her voice in protest:

"Oh, why, when cotton is so high, does the laundress fade and wear out Freddy's rompers and Mary's gingham frocks so?"

Possibly a recent investigation made by the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, at Pittsburgh, on behalf of a national laundry association, may help to solve some of these every-day laundry problems. In the experiments, it was found that the family clothes-line was responsible for much of the wear and tear of clothes. According to the report, we get only fifty per cent of the value of clothes in wearing. The other fifty per cent is consumed in the washing and drying methods commonly employed. In fact, a large part is consumed by exposure to the air, drying on clothes-lines being particularly injurious to textiles.

Without being worn, a collar may be laundered from thirty-five to forty times. With ordinary wear, the same article will stand twenty trips to the laundry. This statement gives a fair idea of how much of your clothes is lost by use, and how much by washing.

To illustrate further this point, a test was made on one linen handkerchief. The handkerchief was wetted and hung up in the wind to dry. The operation was repeated eighteen times and then the tensile strength was tested. It was found that the bit of linen showed a loss of 4.35 per cent of its original strength. The flapping on the line was responsible for a large percentage of the loss in this case, as it has a stretching effect on the fibers of the material.

The two points the housekeeper can deduce from these scientific experiments are—do not send clothes to the wash so often and do not dry them in the wind.

Possibly the French mother has long ago discovered just why clothes wear out; that is why the little children of that nation are so frequently clothed in black. The choice of this color is due to a national sense of economy. When I realize that many of our youngsters soil two and three light-colored garments a day, I wonder why we have not done something about the matter before.

First of all, before a garment has been worn, set the color, whether it has been sold as fast color or not. A simple method of setting colors in wash material is to soak the material, or garment, in two gallons of soft water, to which a teacup of turpentine has been added. Wring out, and dry in the house where the process will be slow. A garment in which the color is set will stay clean longer than a faded one.

Remove all stains from clothes before laundering. If stains are left in, the extra rubbing will cause a weak spot.

Grass stains can be eradicated with butter spread over the spots and laid in the sun, or washing with alcohol will remove them. Fruit stains can be taken out with the juice of a ripe tomato. To remove tar stains, saturate the spot with turpentine, keeping another cloth underneath the smeared area to absorb the stain. Paint stains, though hard and dry, can be done away with by using equal parts of ammonia and turpentine. Saturate the spot three times with the liquid, rubbing it hard, then wash out with warm soap suds.

To put an end to ink stains, cover them with lemon juice and salt and place in the sunshine. If the ink is set, it may be necessary to repeat the process several times.

Many heavy stains, such as iodine, can be removed by stretching the garment over a deep bowl and pouring boiling water through the spot.

Traces of mildew will yield to plain buttermilk where chemicals will not touch them. There is always danger of fading the color by using citric or oxalic acid on blue fabrics. Soak the mildewed spot well with buttermilk and allow it to stand for twelve hours in a dark place. Rinse in clear warm water and the mildew will disappear rapidly.

ALUM water, two ounces to the tub, sets purple, lavender and green. Gray, black, and dark blues are improved by being soaked in a strong salt solution.

Mysterious iron-rust stains are caused by bluing. The bluing contains iron, and the soda and potash in the soap left in the garment, coming in contact with the bluing, leaves a rust stain unless the clothing is well rinsed before dipping in the bluing. See that the bluing used contains no iron, as no matter how well the clothes are rinsed, there is danger of these marks. Rust stains, if not removed, ruin the texture of the cloth.

Lemon juice will take rust stains out, but be sure to soak the garment afterward in a weak solution of household ammonia if there is danger of damaging the color.

Too hot an iron fades delicate colors more quickly than sun or incorrect washing. Iron colored cotton materials as dry as they can be handled so as to shorten the time necessary for ironing. If articles

are ironed wet, the long continued heat necessary to dry them will be injurious.

Use wooden hangers to dry union suits, one-piece dresses, or articles the shape of which you wish to preserve. Hang the wooden hangers on a line in a dry place, but not in the wind. Never hang up woolen articles; dry them flat in a shady place.

MUCH wear will be saved your sheets, table-cloths and bedspreads by folding them hem to hem, and fastening double to the line. Use plenty of clothespins so that there will be no slack. If these large articles are dried without wringing, they will be longer lived, as the process of twisting the cloth to remove the water injures it. An unwrung bedspread dries in shape and is far easier to iron.

Stocking feet, stained from the leather lining of shoes, will wear better if washed in tablespoonful borax to a quart of water.

Borax water is also the best method of preventing white silk and white wool garments from turning yellow.

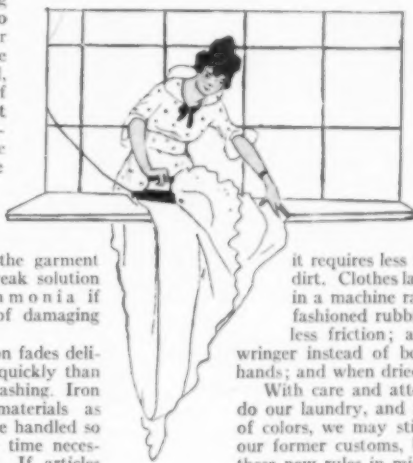
Any delicate colored article washed in bran water will come out like new. To make the bran water, put two cups of stable bran in a thin muslin bag and allow for the swelling of the bran in water. Put this in five quarts of water and simmer on the back of the stove until the water is quite thick. Remove the bran and wash the article. Use no soap, rinse, and iron when almost dry.

When using soap-powder, see that all the powder has dissolved before putting in

any clothes. Nothing yellows clothes so much as too much soap-powder. Never sprinkle clothes with soap-powder. If you do, small breaks will shortly begin to appear in the threads of your garments.

If possible, use soft water to wash with, as, of course, it requires less rubbing to remove the dirt. Clothes last longer when washed in a machine rather than on the old-fashioned rubbing-board, for there is less friction; also if put through a wringer instead of being twisted with the hands; and when dried in a close dry room.

With care and attention to the way we do our laundry, and a little wiser selection of colors, we may still adhere to many of our former customs, but it is well to bear these new rules in mind.



The Family Bulletin Board

By Laura Kent Mason

OUR family has a bulletin board. It is an old picture frame, the glass of which broke by accident. Now, instead of the glass, there is a piece of heavy green felt, backed by cardboard. The frame is a narrow black one and is inconspicuous. It is hung quite firmly, with two nails, close against the wall, in our upper hall.

Of course a small family doesn't need bulletins. But, in a large family, it is quite a relief to know that, if you write a thing and pin it on the board, everyone in the family will read it.

Our bulletin board has a variety of purposes, but it is more a family newspaper than anything else. For example, if a letter comes which all the family would

like to read, it is pinned on the bulletin board. Each one who wants to, takes it off, reads it, puts it back again. There is no necessity of saying "Where's the letter from Aunt Julia?" or "You didn't tell me Mr. Robbins wrote to you."

Sunday tea at our house is rather a flexible meal. But, since even simple Sunday teas cost money, there must be some way of knowing who is to be at home. So, a sheet in one corner of the board is marked "Sunday Tea." It goes up Thursday morning. Each member of the family puts his name down if he is to be at home and under it "two guests," if he plans to invite people.

Lost and Borrowed signs are frequent. Notices about library books overdue, about

things to be sent away, often save trouble and expense. Sometimes, too, there is a family vote on such an important household subject as the meat for Sunday dinner, or attendance at a lecture.

Such notices as "Rainy. Must wear rubbers" can't be ignored if the board announces it. "Martha says dinner must be on time—all ready to eat at 6:30"—saves disputes and disappointments.

Today, the bulletin board contains two tickets for a musicale, a notice about keeping the bath-rooms tidier, a warning that on Wednesday evening a certain club is to meet in the dining-room—non-members not invited—a handkerchief, uninitialed, and a bill from the florist with several small items underlined.



June is the Bride's Month

by long tradition. What care she bestows on her trousseau—her gown, her veil, her shoes, her hair!

But after all, it is the ungloved hand with its ring finger that is the most important. See her, as she stands like a queen, to receive the homage of her friends! It is the new-ringed hand their eyes rest upon! Not only for this "day of days" but for every day, the use of

HYGLO Manicure Preparations

will make the hands beautiful.

The HYGLO Complete Manicure Outfit costs only \$1.50. It contains full size packages of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, HYGLO Nail Polish in cake form, HYGLO Nail Polish Paste (Pink), HYGLO Nail White, with a flexible nail file, emery board, orange stick and cotton. These and other HYGLO preparations, including rouges, powders, lip stick and mascara, may be had separately at 25c., 35c., 50c. and 65c. each.

Trial samples of HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, and HYGLO Nail Powder, emery board, orange stick and cotton will be sent you on receipt of 10c. in coin. This Outfit \$1.50

GRAF BROS., Inc. (Established 1873)

119 West 24th St. New York

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc. Selling Agents

171 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10 McCaul Street Toronto, Canada



New 35¢ Size



Write for "L'art de la Toilette" to

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO. NEW YORK



Cuticura For Baby's Itchy Skin

All druggists. Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ and 50¢, Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura," Dept. D, Boston.

See the difference in ten days

This ten-day test has shown to millions what Pepsodent can do.

The results are too clear to be doubted. They are felt and seen.

Those results show film removal. They mean that the great tooth destroyer is being effectively combated.



When the film goes

Teeth will glisten—smiles will multiply

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Why teeth grow dingy

You can feel on your teeth a viscous film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Often it forms film-coats on the surface of the teeth. In spots it becomes the basis of tartar.

That film is what discolours—not the teeth. Even a thin coat may dim the luster of the whitest teeth.

* * * * *

That film is now known as the great tooth destroyer. Most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So film, which mars the beauty, also wrecks the teeth.

Brushing is inadequate

The old ways of brushing failed to end this film. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, until very few escaped them.

When you visit a dentist he removes the fixed film, but that is periodic. In the months between it may do a ceaseless damage. The need is for a daily film combatant, and dentists long have known it.

Dental science has now met this need. Able authorities have subjected the

method to careful clinical tests. Years of use have amply proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. The new-day tooth paste also meets two other great dental requirements. So it is now regarded as the ideal application.



You see them everywhere

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in this new way. You see them everywhere—teeth that glisten. Ask your friends about them. You will probably find that those envied teeth are brushed in this new way daily. The cloudy film-coat is combated, just as you can do.

Sent to all who ask

The object now is to quickly bring this method into general use. A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. Millions

of people are thus learning what Pepsodent can do. In this way, and through dentists, the use of the product is fast spreading the world over.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so that active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent embodies two other factors now regarded as essential. It omits common ingredients which are now disapproved. Thus it combines in one tooth paste the results of much late dental research.

Benefits seen quickly

The results of Pepsodent are quick and apparent. To those who make this ten-day test they need no argument. A little book explains the reason for them.

This is to offer and to urge that test. Learn what Pepsodent means in your family. Not in pretty teeth alone, but in cleaner, safer teeth.

Learn what clean teeth really mean and you will always want them. There are few things more important.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 446, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....
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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

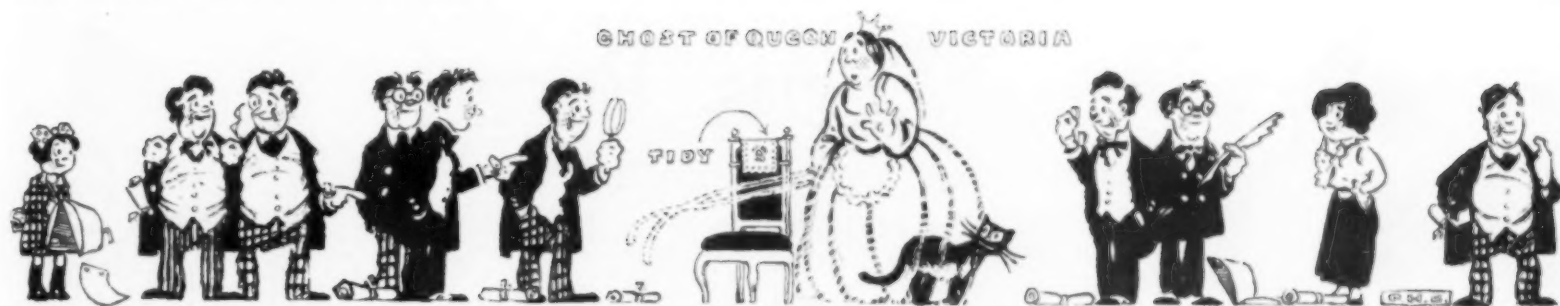
Lest you forget

Cut out this coupon now and mail it for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. You will know in 10 days what is best.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere, and supplied by druggists in large tubes.



THE SAME OPENWORK LACE EFFECT THAT HAS BEEN THE BUTT OF THE HUMORIST EVER SINCE WE AWOKE FROM OUR "MID-VICTORIAN" SLEEP

TIDIES AND TIDIERS

By Grace H. Sherwood

THE other day, as I was hurrying along Charles Street, I saw in the window of an interior decorator, the most conservative, correct, impossible-to-be-mistaken decorator we have, on the back of a highly carved and comfortable chair, a "Tidy!" There it hung, as true to type as the tidies on the backs of our damask parlor "set" when I was a child; the same openwork lace effect that has been the butt of the humorist and that has sharpened the satirist's pen ever since we awoke from the sleep which we refer to, wittingly, as "mid-Victorian." It has come back! The decorators have brought it back!

But they can not bring back the things for which it stands. Recall the parlors of that tidy period, long, stately rooms with high and molded ceilings, where the light of day, or as much of it as could penetrate under low-drawn shades, shone through ornate tambour-work curtains starched within an inch of their lives and spreading their fan-like trains out upon the Brussels carpet for a space of at least three feet around each window; shone upon a chiseled white marble mantel with a French clock under glass exactly in the middle of it and two figures, not under glass, at either end of it, and two vases, precisely alike, between the clock and the figurines, and lighted up the dog (or was it a lion?) in the rug that lay at the foot of the mantel before the Fireplace Heater.

Think of the carved and tufted chairs, each with its tidy and its station on the floor, and the oval marble-top table, upon which were stations also, one for the stereoscope, one for the plush album, one for the "Golden Treasury of English Verse." And the What-not in the corner loaded up with every meaningless, wobbled piece of bisque one could lay her hands on.

Do you know what they stood for? I will tell you. Startling and paradoxical as it sounds, they stood for the freedom of man. Not mankind in a generic sense, but man, as distinguished from his wife. You don't believe me? I will prove it to you.

You want to interrupt me right here, I know. You want to cry out, "Stuff and rubbish! Father hardly dared to put his foot into the parlor in those days. He would no more have presumed to carry a cigar into it than he would have presumed to carry one into church. He never lolled on one chair with his feet on another in it during his whole life; while look what the modern man does nowadays in the best room. And the modern woman has had to get used to it! You can't prove it to us!"

MAYBE Father didn't dare put his foot into the parlor after supper unless there was company. A lot he cared! He didn't dare put his foot in the kitchen either. Ha, ha! I suspect Father of having carefully roped off these two forbidden zones himself, at the very beginning of things, balancing them against each other to keep the womenfolk hoodwinked. It was a clever idea and it worked! It made him appear circumscribed, domesticated, managed. But did it? Tell me, for I have been trying and

trying to remember, but to save my life I can not, what became of Father after supper in the evening while the dishes were still to be washed and the baby put to bed?

He didn't go into the parlor, we know, but neither did he go out, because, later on, after the chores were done, he always turned up wearing still his black velvet house slippers. But where was he during that clattery, soapsudsy interlude after supper? I haven't an idea. He just disappeared, for a while, till it was all over. And the funny thing about it was, that everybody expected him to disappear that way. It was his sacred right. I had the kindest, the most loving, the most thoughtful father that ever lived, but never did I see him with a dish towel in his hand. And if you are honest, you will admit that you never saw yours with one either.

Au contraire, what did you do last evening, when dinner was over, Mr. Modern Man? You needn't answer. I read the embarrassment in your face. Only tell me one thing. Would you have dared to disappear? For a while, I mean, as Father used to do? I will answer for you. You would not!

But there are twenty years stretching between what Father did about the dishes and what you do, and let us see if we can find out when the change came about and how.

I thought the disappearing habit common to the male species and ineradicable; but a dozen years ago, when I became a bride, I found out with a shock that women, that is to say, wives, had begun a campaign against it.

We had as guests, one night, an editor and his wife, older in matrimony than we were by a half dozen years or so. I might as well confess that, at that time, a cigar in the parlor still made me shiver, so deep and lasting were the effects of my early training, and I dare say I was not as cordial toward the after-dinner smoke in my best room as I ought to have been, as the other half of me, the male half, undoubtedly was. But the editor carried it off beautifully. "I taught my wife this," he said, pointing to the spirals of smoke ascending ceilingward. "She didn't like it at first, my smoking in the living-room, but now that she's used to it, she lets me smoke all over the house. Makes a man feel good, too."

I thought it sounded rather swaggery and blustery, myself, as if the editor was not just the wisest friend for a beginning husband to be bringing home, and dismissed it from my mind. It was upstairs, afterward, while I was showing Mrs. Editor my bridey things that I got the shock which first opened my eyes.

"I do let Ned smoke all over the house," she explained, referring to the episode downstairs: "But why shouldn't I? He helps me with the dishes when the cook is out or when we haven't any, and with the children. A man has to have some comforts if he's to do tiresome things like washing dishes and buttoning up rompers!"

IT was the first gun that I had heard fired of the campaign. Until I heard that speech I did not know that men could wash dishes, so perfectly had the males of our household obeyed the law of the forbidden zones!

But the subject intrigued me at once. I began to collect data upon it from that moment and I have been collecting it ever since. I have become quite proficient in it as, for instance, when it is Will Tucker who takes little Billy up to the bathroom to wash his hands before dinner, I put down in my mental note-book, "Mr. Tucker gives a hand with the children."

Some men help me by dragging their chains in public. I once saw, on a summer Sunday morning, two tailor-cut young men walking side by side along North Avenue, each engaged in sprightly conversation, with each indifferent, apparently, to the stares of passers-by, and each pushing a perambulator! But I did not know these men. It may be that they were professional nursemaids of a new and rare type, and so do not prove anything. But I do not need to drag them in. I have amazing things enough to set down.

One lawyer I know, cleans the chicken. Another, an auto salesman, cuts up the vegetables! Quite a number of our friends use the "swing" system, putting the children to bed one night while wife does the dishes, and the next night, doing the dishes while wife does the children.

And all of them, at least all who smoke, do so all over the house and put their feet up on chairs if they feel like it, and, to quote themselves, "Do what they darn please." And they have banished the folderols from the parlor, banished the parlor itself, turned it into a living-room and have smoking-sets to match its furniture. The only parlor extant in our circle is in the home of a man who goes out five nights a week, right after supper, and without his wife. I can testify to that in court. Also, I know positively, that his wife won't let him smoke in the parlor. Doesn't that prove something?

But I began my proof with a visitor. Suppose I end it with one. The other night, another editor came to dinner, an editor of a different vintage, one who had been young enough to go to war, still young enough to be unmarried. He came to dinner, as I said, and I skimmed on the dishes. Everybody skimps dishes nowadays. Maybe it is the high cost of dishes or the high cost of soap, but I think it's something deeper. Anyhow, I served something with a plate or two less than it ought to have had and, as I served it, I

said, smiling ingratiatingly at my guest, "We know better, but we don't like to wash dishes."

The editor smiled back at me, but his answer was for the other half of me, the male half.

"Your wife uses the 'We,' and not as if it were an editorial 'we,'" he remarked, shrewdly.

The other half of me, the male half, burst into long pent-up speech.

"She does not intend it as an editorial 'we,'" he cried. "Not by a long sight! I know as much about washing dishes as she does. All I need is a little ruffle around my waist to turn me into a regular Gold Dust twin! Why, I help with everything!"

"Why not?" the young editor asked, unexpectedly and disconcertingly. "I help, at home. Mother raised us that way. We could have all the fun we wanted, have the whole gang in and do pretty much as we pleased, just so we helped her clean up afterward."

There! You have heard it, the last gun of the campaign! It has spread until it has reached the mothers, and it is all over!

BUT why do I continue, hypocritically, to use the third person? This morning I dusted the living-room mantel myself and I was aghast at the number of ash trays I had to lift in order to dust it. They had been accumulating while I had been collecting my data and I find one can accumulate a good many ash trays in a dozen years! So I will be honest, and use, henceforth, the first person plural, neither the editorial nor the conjugal but the collective, the feminine "we."

Men, we have borrowed your own tactics and, to borrow your own, favorite phrase, "put it over on you." We have stood, smiling, at the wide-flung portals of our erstwhile parlors with an ash tray in one hand and a dish towel in the other, and so eager have you been for the open door that you have taken them both with equal gratitude!

We have bought you the roomy Morris chair that you hardly dared expect, and the roomy checked apron that you surely did not expect both on the same shopping trip, and we have patted you into the pair of them with little pats of impartial admiration and you never sensed the connection.

We have encouraged you to lay big, mussy fires on the hearths of our very best rooms and, ere you could touch a match to them, we have called in honeyed tones from above, whither we had retreated with the children, "Dear, I forgot to put out the gas under the dish water!" Then, after a pause, "Oh! If you would! That would be lovely! Then we can both enjoy the fire together!"

And we have remained discreetly upstairs, overseeing the nightly tooth-brushing slowly, snickering to ourselves every time a plate clanked into the dish drainer below, knowing that you did not, that you never would suspect the deceit.

To sum it up, we have made you comfortable and set you to work!



WE HAVE PATTED YOU INTO THE APRON AND THE MORRIS CHAIR WITH LITTLE PATS OF IMPARTIAL ADMIRATION

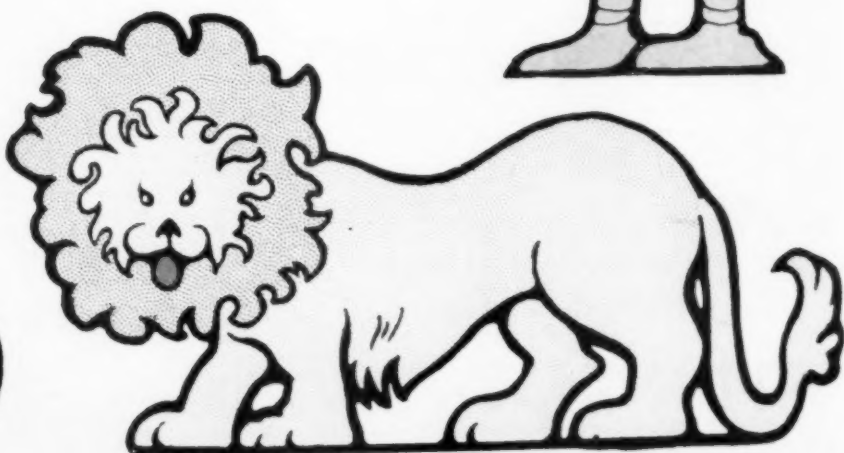
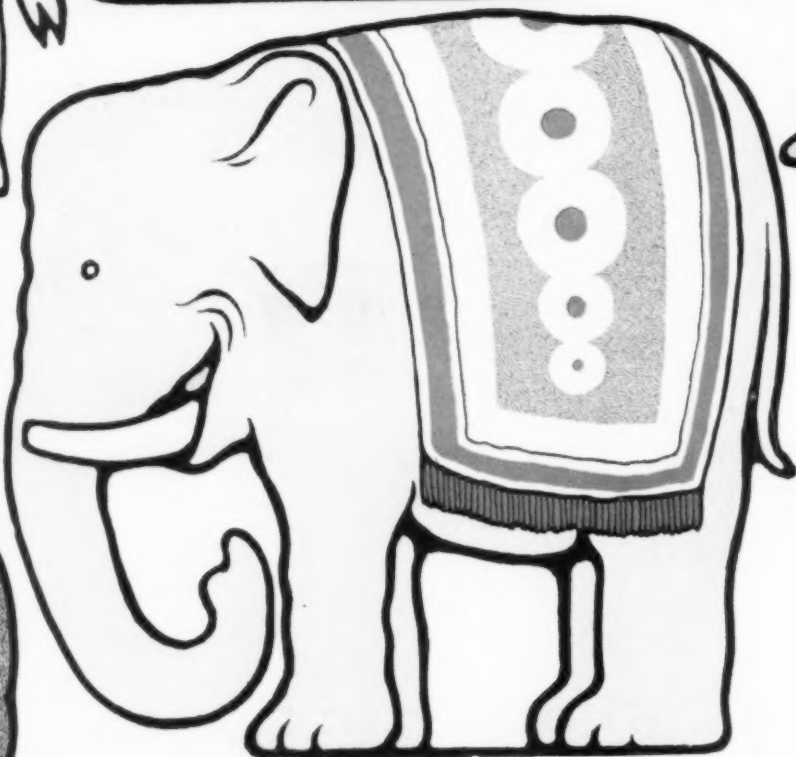
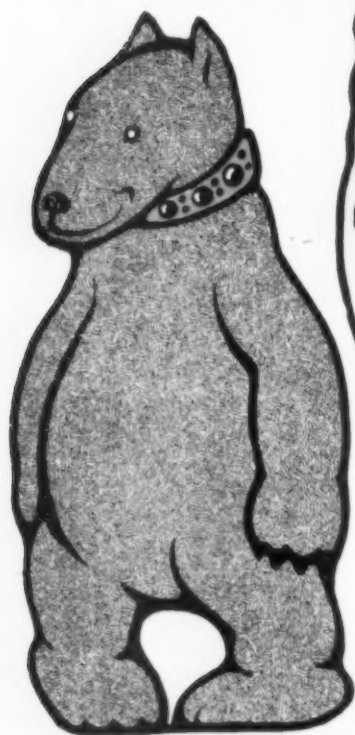
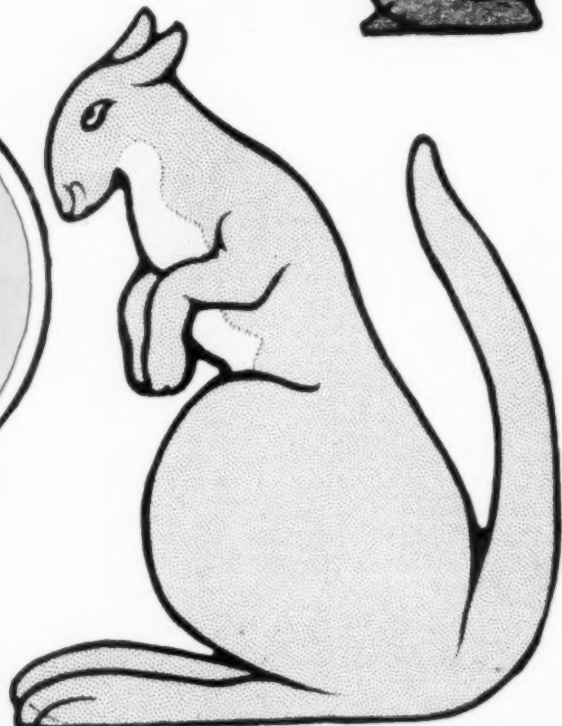
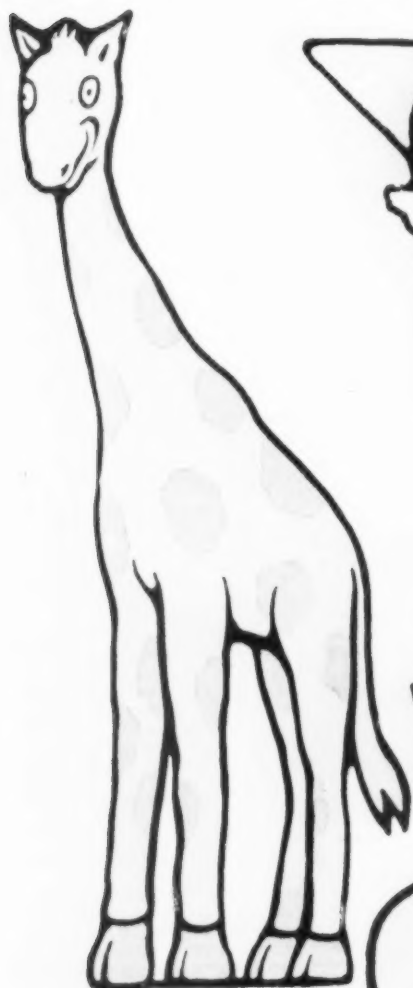
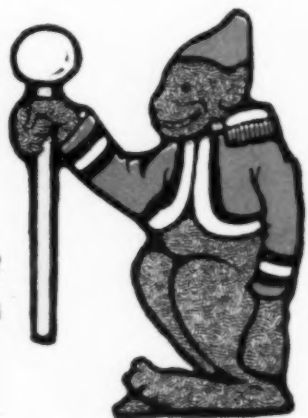


"ALL I NEED IS A LITTLE RUFFLE AROUND MY WAIST TO TURN ME INTO A REGULAR GOLD DUST TWIN!"

The Circus Parade

BY BARBARA HALE

For directions, see page 68





Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

Start to-night—after two or three applications you will see results. After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c
Stillman's Rouge - 25c
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY
Dept. 4. Aurora, Illinois



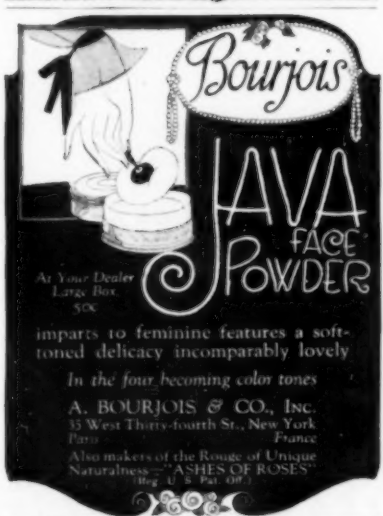
Retain the glowing tints and satin softness of youth's fair skin. Protecting, wholesome, clinging

Freeman's FACE POWDER

has been in favor for 40 years.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

The Freeman
Perfume
Company
Dept. 59
Cin. O.



imparts to feminine features a soft-toned delicacy incomparably lovely

In the four becoming color tones

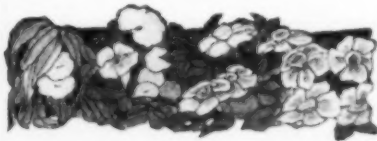
A. BOURJOIS & CO., INC.
33 West Thirty-fourth St., New York
Paris, France

Also makers of the Rouge of Unique Naturalness—"ASHES OF ROSES"

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Boque, 9017 Bayme Building, Indianapolis



The Ember

(Continued from page 28)

Paris or the cave of Alberic—blue stalactites dripped from the papier-mâché roof, blue electric lights, cunningly hidden in bowers of imitation moss, blanched the waiters and painted a terrible pallor upon the faces of the guests. Dispirited, Connie drooped above a plate of pale-blue spaghetti.

"Cut out thinking of the old lady," Simmons warned her. "I like cheerful faces around me."

Later, they drifted with the mob up and down the alleyways of pleasure. Simmons removed his coat, displaying a shirt striped in pink and blue. "I'll show you everything," he said. "If I do say so, I'm a good spender."

He was. They saw the tragic, weary, bitterly jaunty freaks. They stared at the Lilliputians, while Simmons sharpened his wit against Baron Thumb's acid tongue. They shot the chutes. Connie's fingers were sticky from much fumbling in a box of molasses pop-corn. Her ugly hat was over one eye. Strands of frizzled yellow hair, frizzled no longer, hung over her ears. The pain in her heart was like a ten-pound weight—she bent forward a little beneath the dragging ache of it. Outwardly she smiled. There were spots of color on her cheeks. Her eyes were wide and bright.

"I think we better go home," she said. "Nonsense. We're going to the beach."

They left the crowded boardwalk and stepped into the cool sand, picking their way between recumbent figures down to the water's edge. For the first time in her life, Connie heard the hiss of little waves against a sandy beach. There was a breath of fresh air, erratic, delicious, like a cool hand laid upon tired eyes. Above them the arch of the sky was spangled with stars. Low on the horizon sultry heat-lightning flickered like prairie-fire.

"Isn't it beautiful?" Connie sat down beside Simmons. She took off her ugly little hat and let the breeze stir her hair. Her head went down on Simmons' shoulder and rested there.

"Penny for your thoughts," Simmons said, putting a finger under her chin.

"I was thinking about life. I've always wondered what it was like. Now I know."

"You're a funny one. Funny ideas you've got. Stick to me and you'll learn a lot of things."

"You're awful kind, Mr. Simmons."

"Mr. Simmons!"

"George."

"That's better." He drew a deep breath and exhaled it again luxuriously.

"I know a thing or two. I know who I like. You, for instance. Knew it the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Ten years ago?"

He spread out his fingers, he squeezed Connie's thin waist. "I don't make up my mind that quick. Cautious, that's me. I've been watchin' you."

Connie shivered. Between her and the somber stars there came a sudden, sharp vision—a handful of dust on a white coverlet. What time was it? What was she doing? How could she ever explain? How could she return at all?

"It's getting late," she whispered. "We better go."

Simmons frowned. "What's eating you? Aren't you having a good time?"

"Oh, yes."

"Lots of girls 'd be glad to be in your place."

She let her head fall again to his shoulder. "It isn't right," she said.

"Look here. You act like a funeral. Don't you like me?"

"Oh, I do."

"Well, no one 'd know it."

For an hour they sat by the whispering sea, dumb after the tragic manner of their kind. To Connie, it seemed that the familiar world had ceased to rotate. If this were destiny, it wore a strange face. If this were the dim temple where other women walked with accustomed feet, she, Connie Biddle, had entered too late. She had no coquetry. She had no weapons. She had no words.

Simmons had. Bending over Connie Biddle he kissed her. "When the old lady dies," he said, "we'll take that five thousand of yours and open a restaurant. Swell place. Marble-top tables. Sort of arbor; grapes with lights in 'em. I like class. I've got my eye on a place in Forty-fourth Street near Sixth. Simmons' Chop-house. How does that strike you?"

Connie sat up straight with a start that freed her of Simmons' supporting arm.

(Continued on page 44)

Two-Minute Oats

An Instant
Hot Oat Dish

Already 3-Hour
Cooked

Free
A Trial Breakfast
Send Coupon

Oatmeal Without Waiting Hot—Super-Cooked

At last we've solved the problem of a ready-cooked oat food.

We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

We cook it as no home can cook it—so it easily digests.

Then we evaporate it.

That's the secret. In this dry, condensed form all the flavory freshness keeps.

You simply stir it in boiling water. Within two minutes it absorbs the water. One cup swells to five cups of delicious oatmeal.

You serve it steaming hot—super-cooked—in half the time it takes to boil eggs.

And it is just as fresh, just as flavory as the moment it came from our cooker.

A Flavor That Delights

Two-Minute Oats, in addition, has a new, exquisite flavor. This comes from the high-heat cooking.

Never was the oat dish made so enticing.

So it means a quick oatmeal, cooked as it should be.

It means that oats—the food of foods—can be served for hurried breakfasts.

It means that this vim-food—the food for growth—need never be omitted.

And it means a new delight in oatmeal.

You have waited years for such a dish. Start now to enjoy it.

Two-Minute Oats is entirely new in form and flavor. The product is controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.



For the Man

Who likes oatmeal and needs it. Yet breakfast must be hurried. Here is the finest oat dish ever tasted, and it's ready before the coffee.



For the Boy

Who needs oats—the supreme food. Now no day need start without them. And now they are doubly delicious.

The Quaker Oats Company

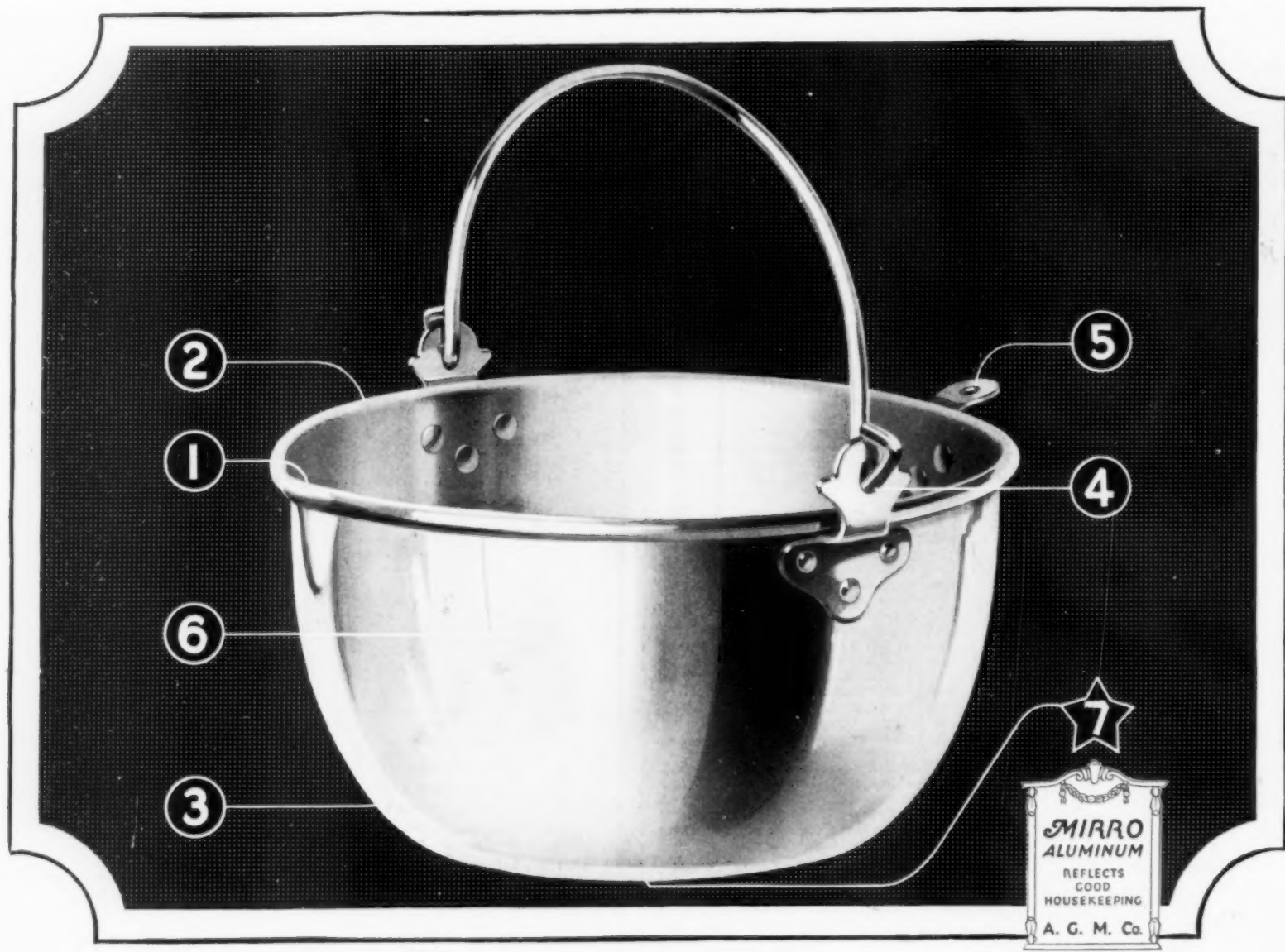
Breakfast With Us

Mail this coupon for a six-dish package. See now what it means to you. Your grocer has the regular packages.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

6-Dish Package Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1755 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me a 6-Dish Package of Two-Minute Oats free.



Mirro Reduces Kitchen Expense

IT is in the test of time that Mirro Aluminum most strongly proves its worth. Built for beauty, convenience and durability, it serves with unimpaired efficiency for many, many years.

This long service makes Mirro an unusually economical purchase. When you buy this Mirro Aluminum Preserving Kettle, for instance, you buy a kettle which lasts a lifetime. It will not need replacing.

And it makes for further saving by its thrifty use of fuel. "Diminish the gas by almost half" is the Mirro rule in these preserving days.

Like all Mirro utensils, it has conveniences which you do not find in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) Well-formed, easy-pouring lip. (2)

Solid, tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevice. (3) Smooth, rounded corners—easily cleaned.

(4) Handle ears permit handle to be moved to any one of three different positions without coming in contact with sides of the utensil.

(5) Tilting handle with eye for hanging.

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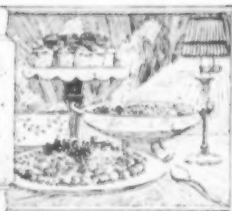
MIRRO ALUMINUM

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THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



A Festival of Strawberries

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery, Columbia University

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

WHAT is so sweet (or profitable) as a strawberry festival in June? Like roses festive strawberries are best in the sunny out-of-doors. But, of course, there must be some convenient hall or basement near by in case of rain. However, June usually comes dressed in party clothes. One may almost count on her appearing in a moon-glow, star-spangled evening dress or a sunset afternoon frock.

If you will set the hour from five until seven-thirty you may be sure of daylight even if your town does not have daylight-saving. Place the tables, if possible, under the trees and pitch a big tent for the serving. It would be well to have two or three tables which will seat six or eight and the rest small ones for cosy twos or four-somes. Set them with paper or oilcloth doilies to save the laundry and use paper napkins of a good quality. Dainty paper lace doilies or table cloths cost very little.

Dress the waitresses in green cambric frocks and urge each to wear a cap made in the shape of a strawberry hull. Red aprons shaped like berries and dotted with yellow French knots are an attractive finish to the costume. Build a booth where jams and preserves of strawberries can be sold, and even the berries themselves packed in boxes and their own pretty green leaves. These can be easily carried home by the patrons. Strawberry punch may be sold at this booth if not served at the tables.

LET the main course of the supper consist of cold meats, potato chips or salad. Always have coffee for one beverage. Let the first course be cocktail or strawberries *au naturel* served from a large basket passed by the waitress. Choose the largest berries for this and serve with the hulls on. Place powdered sugar on the tables and let the guests dip the berries into it.

There should be some kind of simple sandwich. Brown bread with cream cheese

Wash, hull and slightly crush the berries. Mix the sugar, salt and flour; fill the pastry crusts with fruit and the sugar mixture in layers, allowing about 1 cup of the sugar mixture to a pie. Be sure if an upper crust is made that sufficient holes are in the crust to allow the steam to escape. If the berries are not juicy, less flour should be used.

The filling is better if made an hour ahead of time and allowed to stand.

cover with the fruit as for the small cake. The round cakes should be cut pie-shape and the square ones in pieces about 4 by 3 inches. The layers may be spread with butter if a richer cake is desired.

BERRIES FOR THE SHORTCAKE

Wash, hull and cut the large berries. Sweeten to taste and if possible slightly warm but do not cook them. They should stand in the sugar long enough

if desired. This will be a very rich serving with the cream.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE

10 tablespoonfuls granulated gelatine
6 cupfuls sugar
Whites of 12 eggs
2 cupfuls boiling water

1 quart whipped cream
2 cupfuls cold water
9 cupfuls strawberry juice and pulp
Juice of two lemons

Soak the gelatine in cold water; add the boiling water and the fruit juice. When it hardens like thick cream, beat the whites of the eggs stiff and beat them into the mixture, then fold in the whipped cream. Chill. A custard may be made of the yolks of the eggs to serve on the charlotte, but it is prettier served with a crushed-fruit sauce or whipped cream. Garnish with large, whole berries.

STRAWBERRY WHIP

Whites 4 eggs
4 cupfuls powdered sugar
4 cupfuls berries

Beat the whites of the eggs with a wire whisk until they are frothy; sift in the sugar gradually, beating all the time. Crush the berries and beat into the sugar and egg.

This may be served with a garnish of lady-fingers or sponge cake and is often served with a custard made from the yolks of the eggs.

STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM

6 cupfuls crushed fruit
4 cupfuls sugar
2 quarts cream
Juice of 1 lemon

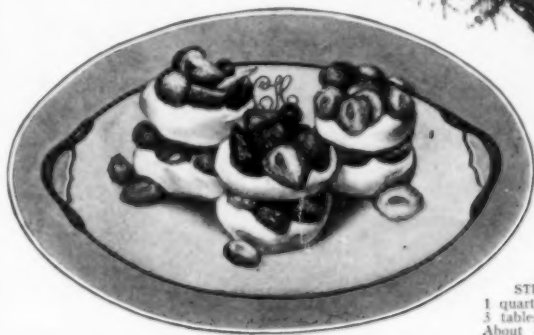
Stir the sugar into the berries and let them stand for an hour; add the lemon-juice and the cream and freeze.

OLD-FASHIONED STRAWBERRY JAM

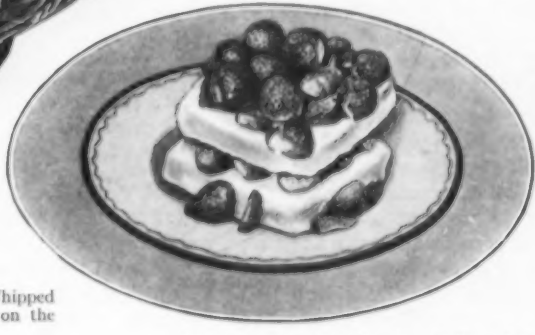
To every pound of berries, washed and hulled, take $\frac{3}{4}$ pound of sugar. Place a layer of the berries, slightly crushed, in a porcelain kettle and add a layer of sugar, continuing until the entire amount is used.



Strawberries *au naturel* served from a basket



Flaky crusts and luscious berries



Ice-cream-strawberry sandwich

STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL
1 quart berries
3 tablespoonfuls lemon-juice
About $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful sugar

for it to dissolve. Whipped cream may be served on the shortcake.

STRAWBERRY ICE

4 quarts water
6 cupfuls sugar
8 cupfuls strawberry juice and pulp
5 tablespoonfuls lemon-juice

Boil the sugar and water together 15 minutes, cool, add the fruit juice and freeze.

STRAWBERRY JELLY

$\frac{1}{4}$ cupful granulated gelatine
3 cupfuls cold water
2 quarts boiling water

6 cupfuls sugar
 $\frac{2}{3}$ quarts strawberry juice and pulp
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful lemon-juice

Soak the gelatine in the cold water; add the boiling water. Then put in the sugar and lastly the fruit juice. Mold in deep molds or in large shallow molds and cut when hard into pieces for serving.

Serve with whipped cream.

STRAWBERRY SANDWICH

Make a plain vanilla ice-cream and freeze in bricks or round molds like half-pound baking-powder tins. Have ready strawberries crushed and sweetened. Cut two slices of the ice-cream, put the strawberries in as a filling and over the top. Whipped cream may be added last,

Wash and hull the berries; cut the large ones in two, add the lemon juice and sugar. Cut the marshmallows in small pieces and add to the fruit; chill. Serve with several large berries on the top. The amount of sugar must be determined by the acidity of the fruit. Do not make a cocktail too sweet. For a plain cocktail the marshmallows may be omitted.

SHORTCAKE

3 quarts flour
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls milk
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls shortening

2 tablespoonfuls salt
8 tablespoonfuls baking-powder

Sift the dry ingredients and cut in the shortening; add the milk slowly, mixing with a knife. Put on a floured board and roll out about 1 inch thick with a rolling-pin. Cut into large biscuit with a cutter and bake in a hot oven or spread the dough in a round or square pan and bake. If the biscuit or individual shortcake is made, split open with a fork, fill with the berries, invert the top of the biscuit on the filling and cover with berries. For the large cakes, split, fill with the berries, invert the top and

and lettuce is a good choice.

If strawberry ice-cream or ice is chosen for the menu, have sponge-cake, lady-fingers or macaroons for the cake. Never serve a rich cake for this kind of a supper.

If tea is served, place a slice of strawberry on each slice of lemon when you put it in the cup. If lemonade is on the menu, have many slices of berries in the glass.

There are any number of delectable concoctions. Here are just a few particularly tempting ones:

Strawberry cocktail, strawberry jelly, strawberry charlotte, ice-cream, ice or sherbet, punch, strawberry pie with or without an upper crust, strawberry tarts, strawberry sandwich (for dessert); and of course no festival is complete without a real old-fashioned strawberry shortcake all heaped with whipped cream.

The following recipes, except the last five, are for large quantities and will, for the most part, serve fifty persons:

PASTRY FOR PIES

3 quarts flour
4 teaspoonfuls salt
3 cupfuls shortening

Ice-water to make a stiff dough

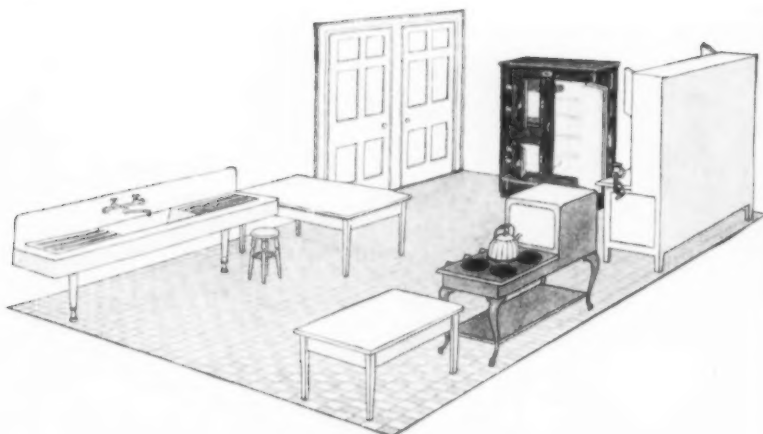
Sift the salt and flour; add the fat by chopping it in. Be careful in adding the water that dough does not get too moist; have it just so that it can be handled. This amount will make eight large pies. Bake low in the oven so as to bake the lower crust thoroughly.

STRAWBERRY FILLING

6 quarts berries
1 teaspoonful salt

4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sugar
1 cupful flour

EVERY season brings a fresh entertainment problem to the hostess who wants her parties to be distinctive. McCall's Service Department has a new booklet called "Entertaining All the Year Round" which is chock full of original and clever suggestions. Price, ten cents. Order from Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.



An Investment that Pays 100 per cent in Kitchen Convenience

THE adage, "A woman's work is never done," is now, thank goodness, almost obsolete. Domestic science with the aid of labor saving devices is liberating women from the bondage of the kitchen.

No one thing will subtract more from your kitchen work or add more to the pleasure of keeping house than a

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The Leonard Cleanable is scientific in every least detail. Between the warm outside air and the cold inside air are ten walls of insulating substances. These will not break down in a lifetime of common sense use.

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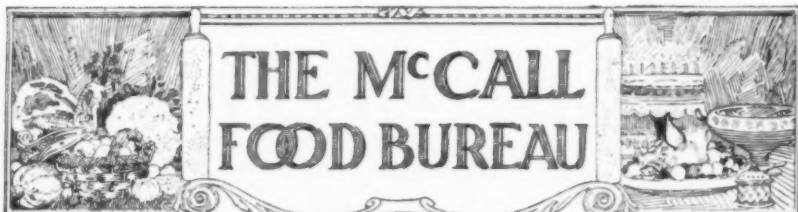
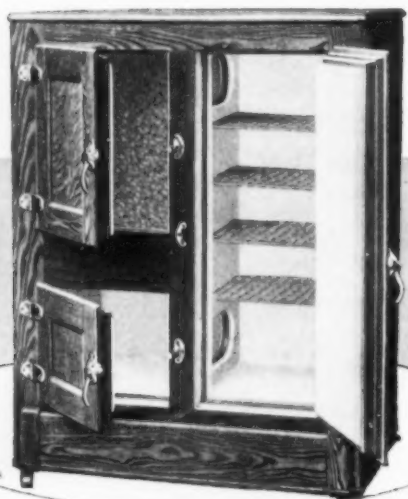
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a
Clean
China
Dish"



Guests to Dinner

And Not a Maid to Help You

By Lilian M. Gunn

ONE of the chief joys of life is hospitality, not just the kind that goes with an evening call or a card party, but the generous sort that involves giving your friends a real dinner of delicious home-cooked foods prepared in your own kitchen.

In the old days, when the servant class was not yet extinct, entertaining was more a matter of household diplomacy than of manual labor. Now the head of the housekeeping is in the same diversified and highly responsible position as W. S. Gilbert's nautical hero:

*I am a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy Brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite
And the crew of the captain's gig.*

But she need not despair. Everybody else is in the same fix, and her entertaining is expected to be simple. Much of the old formality has been eliminated, without any loss of charm or leisureliness either.

For instance, doilies, table runners and lunch cloths are being used to make the laundry work easier, as well as to save the expense of the white damask cloths.

THE NEW RULES

Having everything done ahead of time and leaving the irreducible minimum

The tray in readiness for serving coffee



Rice pudding with nuts, prepared in advance



Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

of things to be done at the last minute are the two seemingly contradictory requirements of the servantless dinner. The table can be set immediately after lunch so as to leave the whole afternoon for the other preparations.

Freshness and daintiness give charm to the modern dinner without any assistance from elaborate decorations. Just flowers and candles, perhaps colored ones, will give the festive touch.

As for the menu, it consists of dishes that may be prepared in advance and left a little while to keep cool—or warm—without destroying their flavor. The first course may be on the table when the guests arrive, provided it is a fruit cocktail, or oysters or clams on the half shell. It won't hurt these to wait patiently on the table while Madame greets the arrivals.

A roast is a good choice for the second course but have the gravy made and keeping hot in a double boiler; or else have a sauce such as mint or caper ready. If the green vegetable is peas, beans, asparagus or sprouts, it may be kept hot over hot water until the psychological moment. The best kind of potatoes would be those in a baking-dish or casserole. The accompanying jelly or pickles may be already in place on the table, or on the side table.

bered that the food should be removed first, then the soiled plates. A strong, good-sized tray is a great help. Try to bring the food for the next course as you remove the first, to save steps and time. A rolling table is useful at this stage.

Keep in the kitchen a large gingham apron with sleeves, as easily accessible as a fireman's boots and helmet. The pretty gown underneath runs no risks and is ready at a second's notice, for one's official appearance.

DINNER MENU 1

Fruit Cocktail	
Roast Lamb with Mint Sauce	Peas
Franconia Potatoes	Crisped Crackers
Asparagus Salad	Coconut Pie
Coffee	Bonbons

DINNER MENU 2

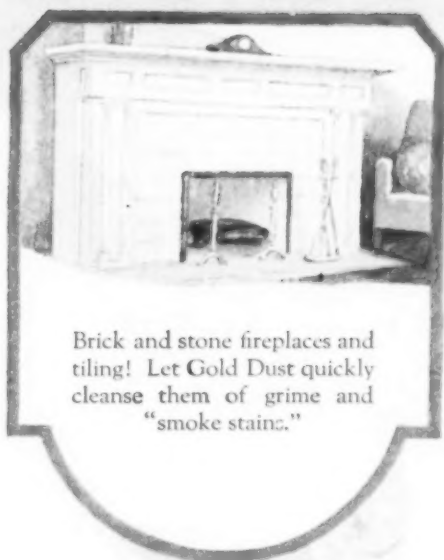
Clams or Oysters on the Half Shell	
Saltines	Brown Gravy
Roast Chicken	String Beans or Sprouts
Sweet Potatoes in Casserole	Cheese Straws
Cherry Salad	Chocolate Bavarian Cream Sponge Cake
Coffee	Mints

LUNCHEON MENU

Whole Strawberries	Powdered Sugar
Molded Salmon	
Creamed Potatoes	Peas
Lettuce Sandwiches	Spanish Cream
Stuffed Dates	Chocolate

Our Service Department has prepared "A Book for the Bride." It answers all those difficult little questions of etiquette which confront the bride and bridegroom, their parents, the attendants, and the guests. To obtain a copy, write, enclosing ten cents, to Service Dept., McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

GOLD DUST



Woodwork — Spotless — Like New!

OF course when you clean your woodwork you want a cleanser that contains *soap*—a good deal of soap. And you want, too, something which will remove soil and dirt without much rubbing. You want a quick, thorough cleansing agent—and yet a gentle, velvety cleansing agent, *without a particle of grit*—like Gold Dust. Follow this simple Gold Dust recipe. Learn for yourself how quickly—how cleansingly—soapy Gold Dust takes care of your very best woodwork:

Dissolve a tablespoonful of Gold Dust in a little *hot* water. Add this soapy Gold Dust mixture to a pail of *warm* water. Dip a soft, clean cloth in this water. Then lightly rub the surface to be cleaned. *Rinse* with clear, warm water. Then finish with soft, dry cloth. For unpainted floors, porches, etc., use a scrubbing brush or mop.

Now notice that fresh, clean smell! And see how spotless and new the woodwork looks!

Without real Gold Dust you can't get Gold Dust results. Look for the Twins—and look for the words "Gold Dust" on the package.

ECONOMICAL! 5 cents

Let the Gold Dust



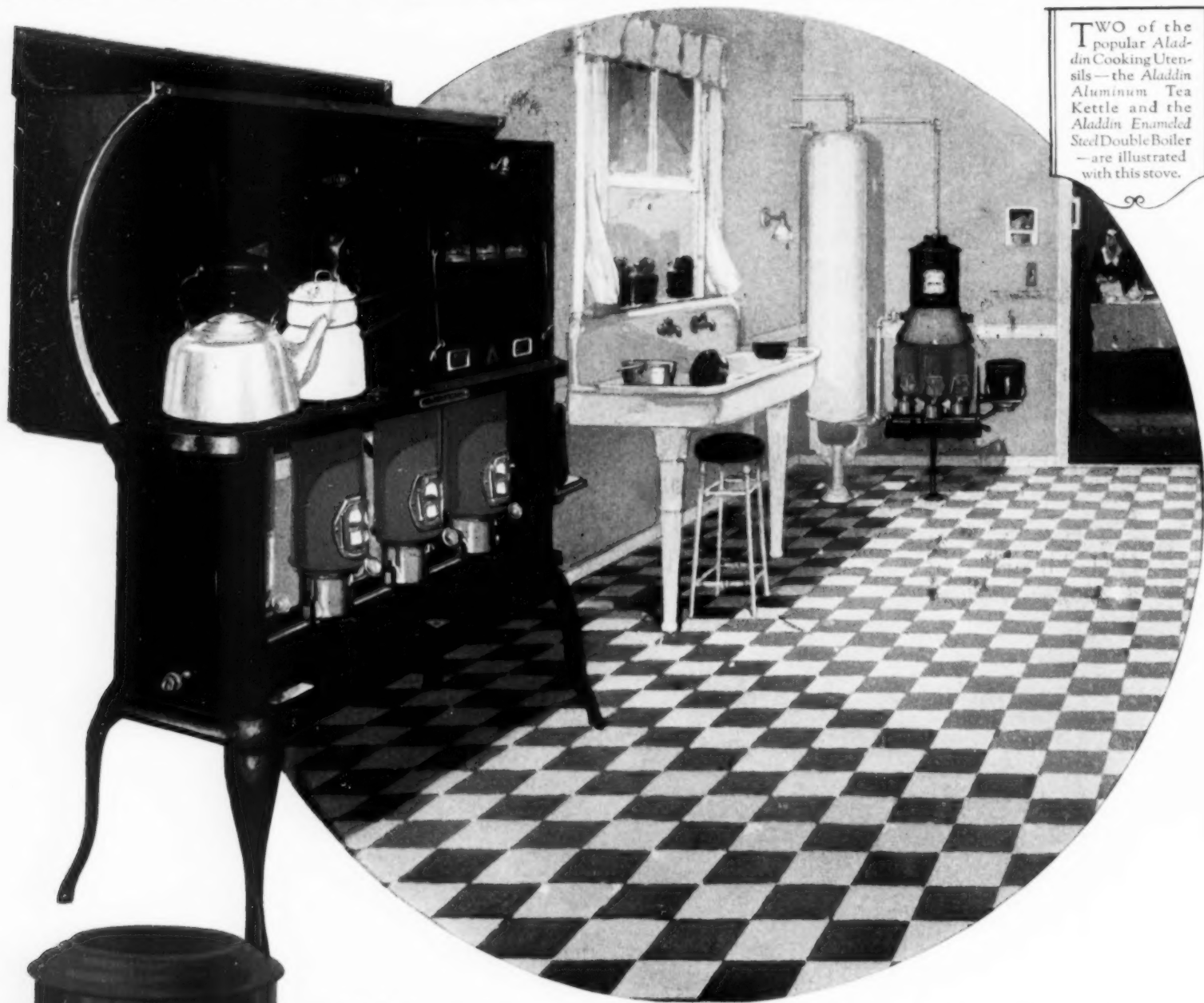
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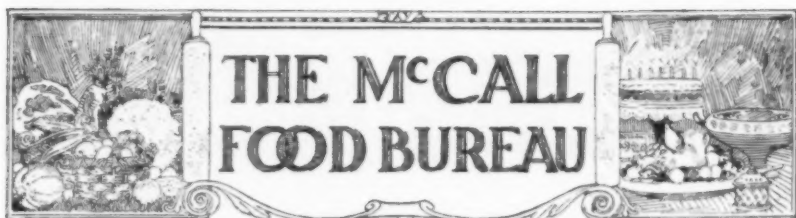
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Fresh Uses for Sour Cream

By Christine Emery

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

THE cream has soured!" is the wail of many a housewife during the torrid days of summer. Yet, after all, there is slight cause for despair, for the stiffly beaten whites of eggs, or a dab of marshmallow cream, or a garnish of fresh fruit can be used in the emergency, while the soured cream will serve as no other ingredient can in the making of many delicious foods.

Do not throw away even the smallest portion of this precious cream. The following recipes will show how the small amounts—varying from one tablespoonful to one cupful—the small quantities that are most frequently thrown away—may be made to serve a useful purpose.

SOUR CREAM JUMBLES

2 eggs
1 cupful sugar
1 cupful sour cream
1 teaspoonful soda
½ teaspoonful salt
¾ cupfuls flour
½ cupful shredded coconut

Beat the eggs, add the sugar, sift the soda and salt with the flour, add the cream to the sugar and eggs and combine with the flour. Add the coconut last.

Roll out about ¼ inch thick, or thinner if desired, cut with jumble cutter, sprinkle with coconut and bake. More flour may be needed to handle this dough.

SOUR CREAM MAYONNAISE

Mix together one-half teaspoonful mustard (dry), one-eighth teaspoonful cayenne and one-half teaspoonful salt; add the yolk of one egg. Soften one-half teaspoonful gelatine in two tablespoonfuls cold water. Place the bowl containing the gelatine in a dish containing hot water, remove the bowl from the hot water when the gelatine is dissolved. When cool, add one cupful oil, drop by drop, until the mixture thickens; then add two tablespoonfuls lemon juice, a drop at a time, alternating with the remainder of the oil, which may be used faster after the mayonnaise has begun to thicken. Continue beating until it is a firm, smooth mass; then chill and set aside. Just before serving fold in one cupful of sour cream that has been beaten to a stiff froth.

SOUR CREAM MUFFINS

One cupful sour cream, one-half teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful salt and enough sifted flour to make a thin muffin batter. Add one well-beaten egg and beat until the entire batter is light and bubbly. Pour into hot, well-oiled muffin rings and bake in a hot oven.

IMPROMPTU CAKE

One-half cupful each sour cream and sugar, well beaten; then add one egg and beat again. Sift in one-half teaspoonful soda and flour to make the required thickness. Bake in gem pans and serve either hot or cold with a sauce or fresh fruit.

CLOVE CAKE

1 cupful sour cream 1 teaspoonful cinnamon
1 cupful brown sugar ½ teaspoonful nutmeg
1 teaspoonful cloves 1 teaspoonful soda
1 well-beaten egg

Sift spice and soda with flour. Beat cream and sugar together; beat in flour and fold in the egg.

GOLDEN GINGERBREAD

One-half cupful molasses, one-half cupful sugar, one cupful thick sour milk and cream, in equal proportions if possible, two cupfuls flour, one teaspoonful soda, one-half teaspoonful ginger and one well beaten egg. By omitting the ginger and baking in layers this will make a delicious molasses cake.

SOUR CREAM FRUIT-CAKE

One cupful sugar, one cupful molasses, one cupful sour cream, well-mixed together. Into this stir two and one-half cupfuls flour, into which one teaspoonful each soda, cloves, cinnamon and allspice has been sifted. Dredge one-half pound currants, one-half pound raisins and one-fourth pound citron with one-half cupful flour; add to the batter, then fold in four well-beaten eggs.

Pour into well-oiled pans and bake in small cakes in a slow oven. This cake will keep a long time if wrapped in waxed paper and packed in a stone jar.

SOUR CREAM CRULLERS

One egg, one cupful sugar, one cupful sour cream, one teaspoonful soda and a pinch of salt. Add a dash of nutmeg, cinnamon or other flavoring. Mix to a soft dough, roll out to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, cut in any desired shape and fry in hot fat. Roll in powdered sugar while warm.

SOUR CREAM PIE-CRUST

Take one cupful sour cream, stir in one-half teaspoonful soda and a pinch of salt. Then add sifted flour to make a stiff dough. This is a very good crust for tarts and patties.

CRISP MOLASSES COOKIES

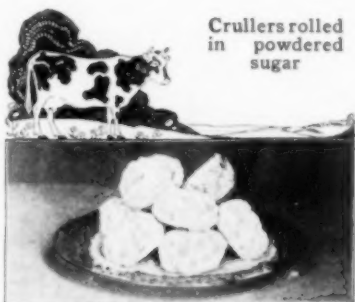
Bring one cupful molasses to the boiling point, add one cupful sugar and remove from fire. When cool, add one-half cupful thick sour cream, and into this mixture sift two cupfuls flour in which one teaspoonful soda and one-half teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg have been sifted. Chill the mixture thoroughly, then roll out as thinly as possible and bake in a moderate oven.

SOUR CREAM SLAW

Bring one cupful vinegar to the boiling point. Add two tablespoonfuls sugar. Remove from the fire. Add one-half cupful thick sour cream, one-half teaspoonful salt, and the well-beaten yolks of two eggs. Pour over finely-chopped cabbage.

PERFECT WAFFLES

Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in one pint sour cream; add one-half teaspoonful salt, and alternately mix in, a little at a time, one cupful sweet milk and sifted flour to make a batter. Add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, and one tablespoonful melted butter or cooking oil; fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. The batter should be light, bubbly and the consistency of cream. Pour the well-greased, piping hot irons half full. Cover and cook over a brisk fire.



Crullers rolled in powdered sugar



Delicious coconut jumbles

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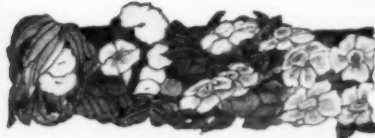
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The Ember

[Continued from page 37]

"I'm going home," she said sharply, retrieving her hat from the cold sand.

Simmons followed her back to the boardwalk. Once she jerked her arm away from his groping hand. She was two steps ahead of him all the way to the train. Her eyes were grim; her mouth was set in a hard, thin line. Simmons glanced at her; glanced, and held his tongue.

"What's your hurry?" was the extent of his sarcasm. Connie Biddle did not answer. She was like one who neither sees nor hears—a being consecrated to some supreme effort. When the train drew into the city she clawed her way through the languid crowd, without a backward glance at the slow-moving Simmons. She had forgotten all about him.

The subway train was stifling—a sinuous steel tube ablaze with lights, where whirling fans drove the foul air back and forth like blasts from a rotary kiln. She ran all the way across town to the hotel. If she weren't too late! If she only weren't too late!

Someone spoke to her in the lobby. She did not hear. Avoiding the elevator boy's beckoning finger she mounted the marble stairs to the parlor floor. Only then did she realize how her heart was beating, the strange weakness of her knees.

The door of two-thirty-five stood open. Before it, several gentlemen were talking together in low voices. Connie Biddle brushed them aside and paused on the threshold. The room was brightly lighted. On the sofa at the foot of the bed Connie saw Mrs. Stannard, holding a handkerchief to her eyes. Behind her, the handful of dust lay upon the pillows.

Mrs. Stannard stared at the disheveled, stricken vestal. With a gesture she indicated the neglected fire. Then she spoke:

"I think you had better not try to explain. My poor mother may forgive you. She has—" Mrs. Stannard closed her eyes—"gone on. You could not possibly expect anything from me. The sooner you go, it seems to me, the better."

Connie opened her mouth to speak. "Fifteen years—" she began, and stopped short. Her mouth twisted into a smile. "Fifteen years—" she said again, and laughed, a shrill, high, scornful laugh that brought a look of frozen terror into Mrs. Stannard's eyes.

"You had better go," she said, "at once."

"I'm going," Connie Biddle answered. She walked unsteadily down the long, red-carpeted corridor—and neither Mrs. Stannard nor the strange gentlemen nor Simmons ever saw her again.

Breeme House

[Continued from page 8]

weeks you'll get over it. Jane happens to look like a lady that lived in 1600-and-something, but it doesn't follow that she's a reincarnation. Hope she isn't at any rate! You see the lady wasn't especially enviable. She had rather a thin time of it, and died young."

"How do you mean 'a thin time of it'?" demanded Claire. "Do tell me the story, and tell it nicely."

Tremont smiled a little.

"She was Lady Jane Ross of Ross House, in the North," he said, "and she lived in the time of the Civil Wars—Roundheads and Cavaliers. The Ross men were king's men, and so were the Breemes. The Earl of Breeme at that time was Rufus—his picture isn't in the hall, for reasons. Of course, not being here, he is always reported to be the handsomest earl of the whole line. He met her at a London fête of some sort, and when she was retired to her estate, he came riding thither one April day, so the story goes, to ask her hand of Lord Ross. Of course, she knew what he was coming for, and, overcome with shyness, ran into the garden. He followed her under the trees, where he wooed and won her. She probably looked very much as she does in the picture, as Jane does nowadays when she goes in to meet strangers, poor child!"

"Shortly after the betrothal it came out that Rufus had been secretly involved on Cromwell's side, against the king. The betrothal was broken, and when King Charles came into his own, the earl fled overseas—and was never heard of again. His estates and title were bestowed, with his bride, upon the second brother, Humphrey. He hangs beside her there."

[Continued on page 45]



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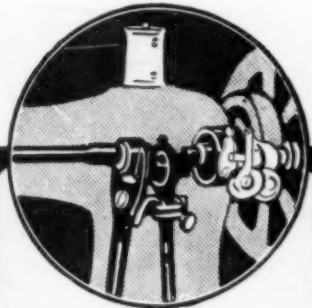
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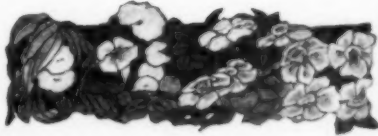
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Breeme House

[Continued from page 44]

Claire glanced at the long-faced gentleman with his curls and idle fingers.

"What a shame!" she cried. "And Jane? Was she happy?"

"They say that she was never happy; that she pined away, and died very young, a few years after Sir Antony painted this portrait of her. The story goes that she died with Rufus' name on her lips, calling to him to carry her away with him over the seas. But that's all legend, of course."

"Oh!" said Claire. "It's all so restful. You see—I've no background—no home, no house, no family. I'm always in other people's houses or in hotels. Now, in a way, just because this is so old—do you understand how I love it?"

"I think so." He answered absently, remembering Aline's suggestion.

"No. I don't believe you do understand. But it doesn't matter."

A deep flush colored Alec's face.

"Well, I shall go up to dress. Thank you for the story. You told it very well. Poor little Lady Jane! I wish Rufus had come back to carry her away."

Tremont followed her to the foot of the staircase and watched her mount it.

The Lady Jane was left in silvery possession. Tremont turned and looked moodily up into her face.

The Miss Meriden with the curly bang came promptly to pay her respects to the American guest at Breeme House. She and Claire were sitting out on the terrace. Below, under the trees, Aline Parkes was playing with the children.

"Poor Aline," said Miss Meriden, "she has had so much trouble and responsibility; she has been so very poor. When dear Mr. Parkes died, the five children were actually destitute. We all hoped Aline would marry Sir Geoffrey Brooke. He is in love with her, we believe."

"Is Lord Tremont in love with her?" asked Claire.

But she had no opportunity to pursue the conversation, as visitors were gathering on the terrace, among them Sir Geoffrey Brooke, himself.

He suggested tennis. "Take me on as your partner, Miss Wilton, do! You and I against Tremont and Miss Meriden."

But Claire, knowing herself to be a poor player, ran off to get Aline.

"Miss Wilton has turned me out of my job," said Aline a few moments later, racket in hand. "She's insisted on being governess for a change. Who's playing?"

"You're playing with me," said Brooke promptly. "Come along."

She glanced for an instant at Alec, but his eyes avoided hers.

After a lively set, Miss Meriden took her leave, Alec escorting her to Lady Breeme, and Aline and Brooke were left together. Aline moved to the shadow of a tree and sat down on the grass. He stood above her, fastening his cuffs.

"Come, Aline," said he, boyishly, drawing a knife from his pocket, "have a game of mumbly-peg."

She sat up with a laugh.

Alec, joining them presently, found Aline trying for the peg, her eyes full of laughter and her mouth of grass.

"Why can't you leave us alone, Alec?" she cried. "Sir Geoffrey and I are always having an idiotically good time when up you come with your long face and spoil it all."

Alec looked stung.

"Don't mind me. I like to watch idiots. You and Sir Geoffrey have a gift for drawing each other out."

Brooke gave Tremont a keen glance.

"How about your trip? Good fun?"

"Very jolly trip," said Alec. "Met Jane and Miss Wilton on the boat. Wonderful girl. Where did you leave her, Al?"

"With the children."

"She must be tired of them," he drawled. "Haden't you better go back?"

Aline stood up and started for the house without a word. But Sir Geoffrey caught her by the hand.

"No, Aline," said he, "you're coming out in my car for a spin."

Alec's face went white as he stood watching them walk away across the lawn.

They were off in the motor at a wicked speed. As they swerved out of the gate, a tall young man, just entering, narrowly escaped with his life by a dexterous backward leap. Aline looked back as they swept on. "He's going in at Breeme House," said she.

When a servant appeared with the children's supper, Claire Wilton strayed

[Continued on page 46]



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Checks Pyorrhea



Breeme House

[Continued from page 43]

down to her beloved gallery, where, leaning against the railing, she could gaze at the portrait. To hide here, communing with the soul of Breeme House, was her latest delight, so that the sound of footsteps brought a sharp sense of disappointment. She drew back into the shadows of the gallery.

A stranger entered, closed the door behind him, and drew a deep breath, curiously expressive of victory and pride—almost of excitement. Claire leaned forward to get a clearer view of him. He could scarcely be over thirty, but life had fitted his fine face with a mask of keen power.

The man moved forward like one who knows his goal, and placed himself directly before the Van Dyke portrait, feasting his eyes upon Lady Jane's silvery beauty.

"I've come back to you, little English lady," he said aloud. "It's been a long wait, but now you're mine. You're mine!"

Claire's fingers tightened, she felt her cheeks flame, and without a second's thought she set herself for the defense of the Lady Jane.

Meantime, Alec Tremont faced confession to his stepmother.

"Do you not think your father is looking wretchedly ill?" Lady Breeme raised a fan between herself and the fire, and looked coldly at him. "I hope you were successful in Canada?"

Tremont was silent. His face burned. Lady Breeme replied to her own question.

"You were not. I shall ask no questions, but I am sorry, chiefly because of Jane. She should have been presented long ago. She should have a season in London, and some pleasures in her life. What money could be spared has always been yours."

Alec replied with bitterness.

"Nobody warned me to be careful at the start. When I went to Oxford I thought myself a rich man's son. It's only lately that you've begun to come down on me. Might have pulled up years ago. Once you get started it's not so easy to do. Rather cut my head off than let dad in for anything. Got any advice for me, or suggestions? I'll take 'em—lying down."

"That's the most promising remark I've ever heard from you, Alec. Come, draw up a chair and we'll talk it over. Geoffrey Brooke—" But she was interrupted by the entrance of Robins.

"A gentleman in the hall. He came to see the pictures, your lordship, and asked me to take his card to the Earl."

Alec took the card, scornfully glancing at the name as he threw it into the fire. Then with a sharp exclamation of surprise, he rescued it at peril of burnt fingers.

"Good Lord! Listen to this, mother: 'Mr. Rufus Ross Tremont, Seattle, Washington, U. S. A.' Some beastly little Yankee drummer who's worked it out that he's descended from our exiled earl, I'll wager. I'll scribble him a nice little message of dismissal, eh?"

But Lady Breeme checked him.

"Robins, tell Mr. Tremont, please, that Lady Breeme and Lord Tremont will see him. Alec, we shall have to keep him for dinner. This will amuse your father for a fortnight."

A moment later, the tall, grave young man of the picture gallery was announced. "This is mighty good of you, Lady Breeme," he said, with simple directness.

Lady Breeme was very gracious. "My husband will be delighted with the discovery of an American kinsman. You must stay to dinner. And Alec—" Lady Breeme had made her decision promptly—"have Mr. Tremont's luggage sent for. You must stop with us, Mr. Tremont. You will have to explain how you came by our name."

"How I came by it happens to be rather a romance, if you like," laughed the American. "But—I'm stopping very comfortably at your inn down yonder."

Lady Breeme bore down his protests, as Alec rang the bell and gave orders for Mr. Tremont's comfort.

Later, after his luggage at the Breeme Arms had been transferred, Mr. Tremont stood in the wide, eastern bedroom by one of the deep-silled windows. Outside, across the lawns, beyond the tall, wide-topped trees, a misty moon was coming up. It was still dusk—a strange half-gloom—neither light nor shadow. Rufus Tremont thought of the silvery eyes of the Lady Jane.

[Continued on page 47]



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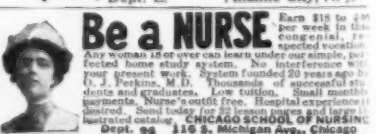
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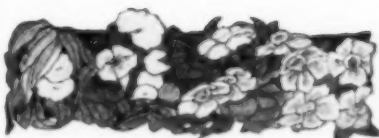
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Breeme House

[Continued from page 46]

For him, this hour was a first moment of living. After all, if it hadn't been for the political attitude of a certain Englishman in the year 1600-and-something, all this would have been his birthright. He would have stood in the shoes of that narrow-faced young man, Lord Alec Tremont.

"He's had, first-hand, everything that I've half killed myself to get second-hand. I'll be going back some day, but I'll take the Van Dyke with me. Tremont, now, he'd probably think me an ass—falling in love with a mere portrait! So the Earl's hard up, is he? And young Tremont's to marry an American heiress to feather his nest. Well—I'll stroll over my acres."

He found his way out into the soft evening air.

The lawns were smooth as woven silk to eye and foot. Just a dappling of dull gold—a sort of tangled Western afterglow—confused the silvery greenness. It was mysterious, charming, beautiful.

He crossed the lawn and turned into a path where a faint breeze danced among young leaves, and a nightingale was singing. He paused and looked back at the house. It was very stately, very quiet and noble.

Rufus tasted suddenly the fantastic bitterness of the alien. England was a lonely place for the great-great-grandson of an exiled Cromwellian. Confound Lady Jane Ross! Why had she so bewitched him?

Something other than the little leaves rustled. Rufus Tremont turned on his heel. Someone had come round the curve of the path. At sight of him she paused full in the moonlight, and, startled, shrank back against the trunk of a tree. There in the twilight, she seemed to quiver a little as she stood looking at him with shy, silvery-brown eyes. She was simply dressed in white, a scarf about her shoulders; her soft, ashen-brown hair had slipped from its ribbon in curls about her neck. Rufus Tremont stood still, and an eerie coldness ran along his limbs.

"Jane! Lady Jane!" he whispered. "There are ghosts in England."

He advanced a cautious step. "I've come back for you," he said gently.

The tremulous, shy creature listened to him, her face whitening; then, with a cry, she slipped out of sight among the leaves. The foliage rustled for an instant. There were flying steps. Then silence.

Rufus Tremont returned with long strides to the house.

Lady Breeme was entirely right in her expectation. The Earl began at once to delight in his American kinsman. Claire, sweeping through the drawing-room in her low-cut gown, her red-gold head erect, started at sight of him. Mentally, she sprang to arms. She liked to think that she alone, alien as she was, stood as the defender of Van Dyke's Lady Jane. But Claire admired Rufus Tremont's simplicity. This man had a poise—a sort of inner balance that she could not quite interpret.

"Have you ever been in England before?" Lady Breeme was asking.

"Yes," said Rufus Tremont; "once—when I was a boy." Then, after a moment of careful consideration, "I've been at Breeme House before," he added.

Claire leaned forward eagerly. "You came with your father?" she cried.

"How did you know?"

"Robins has a story about you," she told him; and a look of challenge passed between them. He turned again to Lady Breeme.

"I've always known about you," said he. "We American Tremonts have always known. I think the original Rufus must have had an unusually tenacious memory. Also, great tenacity of the affections. Certainly, he never forgot that unfortunate bride-to-be of his. He married the daughter of a Dutch patroon in the New Netherlands, and he named his only son Ross, his only daughter Jane. It's rather curious, when you come to think of it, our intimate knowledge of you—your ignorance of us."

Here, Lady Jane slipped into the room, and Rufus Tremont rose to be introduced, a high, warm color in his cheek.

"Did you really think that I was a ghost?" she asked as they rose to go into dinner. "I thought that you were when you spoke. It's a relief, isn't it, to find out that we are flesh and blood?"

"Yes, it is."

"What a strange light there was there in the woods. Why did you take me for the ghost of Lady Jane?"

[Continued on page 48]



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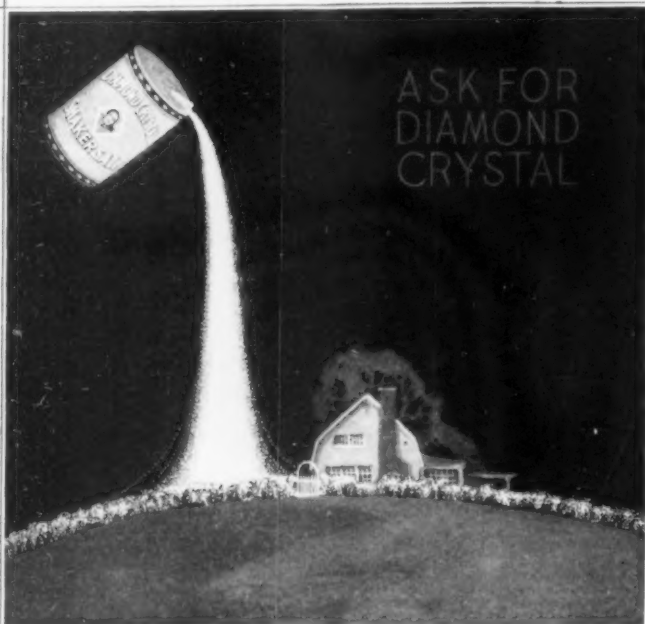
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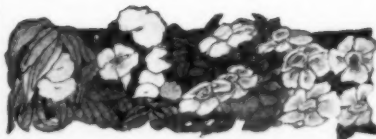
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Breeme House

[Continued from page 47]

"Because you are Lady Jane, feature
for feature. Didn't you know that?"
Alec and Claire broke in, and the conver-
sation became general.

Claire was somewhat more silent than
usual. She was measuring her enemy,
wondering at the audacity of his promise
to Van Dyke's lady. If he had not looked
so entirely a man that got what he wanted,
she would have dismissed his intentions as
unimportant. He would not, of course,
steal the portrait, and certainly Lord
Breeme would never sell the precious heir-
loom. Claire heard the American saying:

"I went West thirteen years ago when
I was seventeen. I was a rustler—cow-
man. I was the tenderfoot—in those days.
But I soon had it worked out of me. It
was ghastly lonely, too; off for months on
the ranges, with a thousand head of cattle,
and not a human to see or to speak to."

Later when Lord Breeme wheeled his
chair to Claire's side after a prolonged
lingering in the dining-room with Alec
and Mr. Tremont over their cigars, she
pleaded, "You mustn't desert me. I am
jealous of your cousin from Seattle."

"Ah! you mustn't be that." He put
his kind hand over hers. "He knows a
great deal of Indian lore that works in ex-
cellently with the little book. (Lord Breeme
had been writing his 'little book' for the
past thirty years.) He's a fine fellow—a
keen interest in the House of Breeme."

Jane called to them as she rose and
moved from the room, Rufus Tremont
following her.

"We're going to put a likeness to the
test. Mr. Tremont you know swears that
I am the reincarnation of Lady Jane. We're
going to make Robins referee."

She smiled and went out, all her sub-
dued and silvery charm visibly brightened.

Robins held the light high behind them
as they stood before the Van Dyke por-
trait. Jane, having shut out with a finger-
frame the disguising costume and old-time
dressing of the hair, turned with a startled
look to her companion.

"I've seen myself look just exactly so."
Mr. Tremont triumphed. "That's how
you looked under the tree down yonder.
You won't laugh at me now, will you, for
believing in ghosts?"

"Robins, you see the likeness, don't
you?" Lady Jane addressed the butler.

"Oh, yes, miss. Haven't I always seen
it? There's mortal few things I haven't
seen as to that picture, if I do say so.
Now, there's one little thing, sir, if you'll
stand back, sir, a step or so—"

Mr. Tremont stepped back.

"Now, sir. With your head on one
side, I ask you, do you observe anything
on this side of the petticoat, sir?"

"Why, certainly," said the American,
"I've known about that. Van Dyke had
a dog painted in there, and it's been
painted out. But something—dampness
or time—has weakened the coating. You
can just see the outline."

Robins gaped at the tall gentleman.

"My word, sir! You have eyes, haven't
you?" The Van Dyke was the pride of
Robins' life.

"I've seen finer pictures," Tremont
went on, "but none I'd rather possess."

Robins gasped.

"Oh, sir, you may well say so. Why,
folks that come here go half wild. I can
remember one lad especially—a matter of
fifteen years ago it was, too, sir. A pair
of tourists came to the Hall—a father and
son they were—and it seemed like we'd
never get the boy away. He flung up his
chin at me. 'Old man,' says he, 'she's the
sweetest lady in the world and some day,'
says he, 'some day she's going to be mine.'
How I've laughed since to think of it!"

Jane laughed, and looked uncertainly
at Tremont. His eyes, when they met hers,
were full of eagerness and a clear, far-
seeing look that gave a sense of sky and
space. And they held, too, all the youth
that had been taken from his face by hard-
ship. Jane somehow felt that she was seen
for the first time. The inner Jane—un-
known, mysterious, timid—stirred and
stretched out her hands. She moved to one
of the moon-flooded windows, strangely at
her ease.

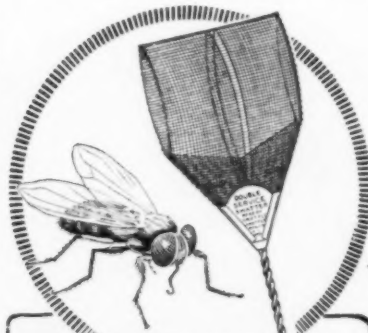
"That boy was you!" she cried out.
"You've come back for our Lady Jane."

"You've guessed it."

"But," she laughed, "it's quite im-
possible." Jane was vexed. "Really, Mr.
Tremont, you had better give up the idea.
You don't know how my father—how we
all—I'm sorry you spoke of it."

"I'm not," said he, with unruffled com-
posure; "I'm glad you know."

[Continued on page 50]



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The SILVERTONE convertible tone arm permits the playing of any make of disc record. A universal joint in the tone arm makes it possible to adjust the reproducer at will so that it will play either vertical or lateral cut records. It is almost as easy to adjust the reproducer for different types of records as it is to change needles.

Tone Control

The tone modulator with which each SILVERTONE is equipped gives complete control over the volume of sound. You may set the modulator at any desired point, thus giving an abundance of power, and a perfectly designed governor keeps the turntable speed absolutely uniform. The motor is equipped with a silent winding device and cranks with very little effort.

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Every part of the SILVERTONE motor is made and fitted with care and precision, and gears mesh silently. Powerful springs furnish an abundance of power, and a perfectly designed governor keeps the turntable speed absolutely uniform. The motor is equipped with a silent winding device and cranks with very little effort.

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THE SILVERTONE Phonograph was designed and built to meet the demand for a good phonograph at a reasonable price. That it succeeded in fulfilling these requirements is proved by the fact that over two hundred and fifty thousand satisfied owners are unanimous in their praise of the SILVERTONE.

No effort or expense has been spared to make the SILVERTONE the best phonograph we could build. Experts in acoustics and mechanics have been kept constantly at work developing and perfecting new and better phonograph devices and mechanisms for use in the SILVERTONE. Skilled furniture designers have created cabinets worthy of SILVERTONE quality—artistic, harmonious and dignified. None but the finest of woods and other materials enter into SILVERTONE phonograph construction, and they are fitted and finished with exquisite care and perfection. SILVERTONE quality is supreme.

And we have kept the price of SILVERTONE Phonographs within the reach of all. Building phonographs in enormous quantities, as we have to do to meet the requirements of our six million customers, has enabled us to reduce the manufacturing cost per phonograph to the very minimum. And selling them direct from factory to customer makes it possible for us to offer SILVERTONE Phonographs at prices which are much lower than those of any other instrument of the same high quality.

We believe that when you see the SILVERTONE and hear it play, you will be convinced of the truth of our claims for it. That is why we are making this liberal trial offer. We want you to try a SILVERTONE in your home for two weeks without the payment of one cent, and without obligating you in any way. Here is the offer:

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Select any SILVERTONE Phonograph shown on this page, fill in the order blank at the bottom of this page, and mail it to Sears, Roebuck and Co., Chicago, Ill. Send no money with it! We ship SILVERTONE Phonographs on two weeks' trial. This trial will not cost you one cent, nor obligate you in any way. All we ask you to do is to give the phonograph a thorough trial. Examine its mechanical features, cabinet work and finish. Try it with any records you desire and note its beauty of tone, how faithfully and accurately it restores every delicate shading of tone quality, every minute variation of volume, every sound vibration. Give it every test necessary to prove the truth of our claims for it. And then compare the price of the SILVERTONE with that of any other phonograph of the same size, quality and musical excellence. If at the end of this two weeks' trial you are not fully satisfied with the phonograph, if you do not believe that mechanically, musically and in workmanship, material and finish it is the equal of any other phonograph on the market

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Baby's Chauffeur

Dear ALICE:

If you won't misunderstand me, I think you overdo your devotion to baby, wheeling the carriage up and down the Park by the hour. It really is neither necessary nor wise.



Aunt Belle is a real person and that is her real name. A great baby doctor says she knows more about babies than a lot of physicians do. Write to her about your baby.

For the first year, anyway, Baby will be perfectly satisfied if you will place the carriage on the quiet back porch or anywhere in the open air, with a few toys hanging from the top to play with after his nap when he is taking his bouncing exercises. Put off as long as you can introducing Baby to automobiles and street sights and noises. It is better for his nervous system and saves you a lot of trouble.

He will be on the streets soon enough in all conscience. Anyway it isn't excitement that Baby craves. He'll be happy and good just as long as he is comfortable. A change of diapers is more welcome than a change of scenery. Plenty of talcum on little chafed legs will still his cries more quickly than jolting him over curbs.

You can see from the familiar blue can below that I mean Mennen Borated Talcum. When mothers ask me about Mennen's, I just say that it is safe.

Of course anyone who has used it at all knows that it is wonderfully soothing to irritated skin, but what gives me such absolute confidence in its purity is the fact that for over forty years a majority of mothers, doctors and nurses have sworn by Mennen Borated. That must mean that the formula is absolutely right—just enough boric acid and other medicinal agents and not too much of anything.

Incidentally, I use it myself. I couldn't live through this hot weather without a talcum shower after my bath. It makes even tight corsets feel like a Greek dancer's costume.

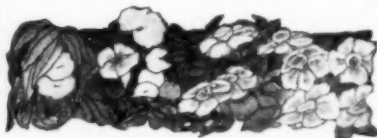
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Breeme House

[Continued from page 48]

She was frowning, and her cheeks were flushed. "I don't like your coming here with the intention of taking something from us. I wish you'd give up the idea at once. I liked you better when you were simply our guest." And with this, Jane walked rapidly back to the others.

Mr. Tremont followed more slowly. "Isn't that the limit?" he asked himself. "They'd have the future Earl sell himself and his title rather than right their fortune by the sale of a picture."

Lord Breeme usually brought his father's mail to him in the morning and spent an hour or so reading aloud and chatting with him. As he came in at the wonted hour, he found the invalid sitting by the window, extraordinarily happy.

"Ah! Alec boy, good morning. I saw you out with Claire on the lawn. She's a sunrise lady, if ever there was one. Well, well, business first, if you say so." Alec's grave, unresponsive face had spoken for him. "I understand you've settled things in Canada and with that troublesome Unterberg, in London; so that chapter's closed. We'll get through the mail, eh?"

Alec sorted out the letters, keeping the business ones, and reading aloud the others.

Lord Breeme put his hand on his son's arm, glowing pride and affection in his face.

"Your mother has been tattling," said he, "and nothing has made me happier."

Alec flushed with resentment and alarm. "I don't—quite know what you mean," he began in a low, constrained tone.

"Claire," said the Earl. "I can't tell you how I feel toward Claire. She's the very fire we need on our old hearth, and one of the sweetest girls alive."

Alec burst out angrily. "Did mother tell you—that I was going to marry Miss Wilton?"

Lord Breeme shrank back in his chair; the light faded from his kind, blue eyes; the corners of his mouth fell into the sad depressions of old age.

"Then you're not?" said he flatly, "she was mistaken?"

"Just what did she say?"

"Oh, botheration!" Peevishly Lord Breeme snatched up a newspaper. "If there's nothing in it I sha'n't speak of it."

And at that moment, Alec caught sight of a letter, which sent his heart into his mouth. It was from Unterberg. Unnoticed, he slipped it out of the pile on the desk and into his pocket. Then he stood there, white and miserable, thinking of Aline's cold eyes. The Earl crushed the newspaper to his knee.

"What your mother said, my boy, was just this: 'I think that Alec is going to please you very much.' And she pointed out the window to you and Claire on the lawn. That's all. If she's mistaken—why—"

"She's not—altogether mistaken," said Alec, offering his hand. Then, "I'm thinking of it pretty hard," he added gruffly.

The Earl, wistful, eager, went on. "She would do us credit, Alec. That's something one must think of, isn't it? But Mr. Tremont is waiting to help me with my Indian stuff. Don't blame your mother for tattling, will you?" And he went out.

Alec took the letters to his room. Feverishly, he tore open the one from the money-lender, which was a threat to expose him and to make public the loan. The bullying tone of the letter alarmed him.

He thought of consulting Sir Geoffrey Brooke, or Rufus Tremont, perhaps. But he was a guest. That couldn't be done.

Outside in the passage, there came a little laugh from Aline, and a banging of childish heels upon the door. Alec, starting up, flung it open. Then, at sight of his face, "Come Humphrey," said Aline. "Tell Alec you're sorry you disturbed him, and we'll go back, shall we?"

"May I come too, Aline?" Alec pleaded. She hesitated, the flush coming and going in her thin young face.

"The children have their lessons," she began. "And—and—Miss Wilton said something about a ride with you."

"You don't want me," said Alec bitterly. He came closer, and she started away, trembling, but he held her by the wrists.

"Aline, do you want me?"

Aline gave him a wild, dumb look. Her lips were pinched and pale, and Alec could not tell whether she did not speak because she couldn't, or because she wouldn't.

For a moment she stood in his grasp. "You—like—to—hurt—me," she said, very low.

He kissed first one hand, then the other. "I like to hurt you so and so," he said violently.

[Continued in the July McCall's]



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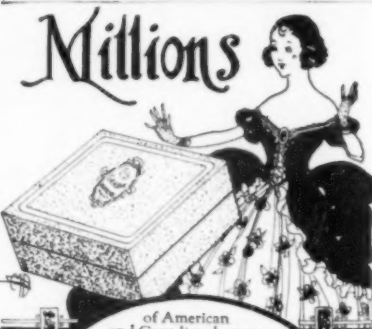


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The new odor—the Garda scent—has been added to a Face Powder notable in its softness, purity, its blending and clinging qualities. Garda odor is formed from a combination of the choicest flowers of Italy, France, the Orient. It attracts—it delights—it is distinctive—wonderfully, deliciously penetrating—and lasting. Watkins Quality, for half a century a standard, assures satisfaction.

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Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we guarantee it to be so. They will BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS Winter or Summer and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Package of seed with our guarantee, by mail, Only Ten Cents. Japan Seed Co., Box 716, South Norwalk, Conn.

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You will find it on the dressing tables of discriminating women—the green box of

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It has revealed to these women that old, old secret of womanly loveliness. It has taught them how a fresh, new beauty can be added to the natural complexion to enhance its charm.

Oh, the secrets within NADINE'S box are many. There is the secret of the rose-petal's smoothness—Nadine's gift to the skin. And there is the secret of rose-petal delicacy—the soft, dainty texture of Nadine. And the secret of charm which endures, for Nadine lends its charm throughout the day. And the secret of face powder comfort, for Nadine has a refreshing way about it—with never a hint of harm even to the tenderest skin.

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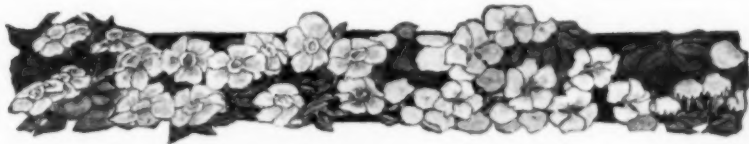
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The Lost Lady

[Continued from page 11]

Still the pointed query of the affair pressed me, and I made another effort.

"Why did these assailants take Madame Barras on with them?"

Marquis regarded me, I thought, with wonder.

"The devil, man!" he said. "They couldn't leave her behind."

"The danger would be too great to them?"

"No," he said, "the danger would be too great to her."

At this moment an object before us in the road diverted our attention. It was the cut-under and the horse. They were standing by the roadside where it makes a great turn to enter the village from the south. There is a wide border to the road at this point, clear of underbrush, where the forest edges it, and there are here, at the whim of some one, or by chance, two great flat stones, one lying upon the other, but not fitting by a hand's thickness by reason of the uneven surfaces.

What had now happened was evident. The assailants of the cut-under had abandoned it here before entering the village. They could not, of course, go on with this incriminating vehicle.

The sight of the cut-under here had on Marquis the usual effect of any important evidential sign. He at once ceased to hurry. He pulled up; looked over the cut-under and the horse, and began to saunter about.

This careless manner was difficult for me at such a time. But for his assurance that Madame Barras was uninjured it would have been impossible. I had a blind confidence in the man although his expressions were so absurdly in conflict.

I started to go on toward the village, but as he did not follow I turned back. Marquis was sitting on the flat stones with a cigarette in his fingers.

"Good heavens, man," I cried, "you're not stopping to smoke a cigarette?"

"Not this cigarette, at any rate," he replied. "Madame Barras has already smoked it. . . . I can, perhaps, find you the burnt match."

He got the electric-flash out of his pocket, and stooped over. Immediately he made an exclamation of surprise.

I leaned down beside him.

There was a little heap of charred paper on the brown bed of pine-needles. Marquis was about to take up this charred paper when his eye caught something thrust in between the two stones. It was a handful of torn bits of paper.

Marquis got them out and laid them on the top of the flat stones under his light. "Ah," he said, "Madame Barras, while she smoked, got rid of some money."

"The package of gold certificates!" I cried. "She has burned them?"

"No," he replied, "Madame Barras has favored your Treasury in her destructive process. These are five-pound notes of the Bank of England."

I was astonished and I expressed it.

"But why should Madame Barras destroy notes of the Bank of England?"

"I imagine," he answered, "that they were some which she had, by chance, failed to give you for exchange."

"But why should she destroy them?" I went on.

"I conclude," he drawled, "that she was not wholly certain that she would escape."

"Escape!" I cried. "You have been assuring me all along that Madame Barras is making no effort to escape."

"Oh, no," he replied, "she is making every effort."

I was annoyed and puzzled.

"What is it," I said, "precisely, that Madame Barras did here; can you tell me in plain words?"

"Surely," he replied, "she sat here while something was decided, and while she sat here she smoked a cigarette, and, while she smoked the cigarette, she destroyed the money. But," he added, "before she had quite finished, a decision was made and she hastily thrust the remaining bits of the torn notes into the crevice between these stones."

"What decision?" I said.

Marquis gathered up the bits of torn paper and put them into his pocket with the switched-off flash.

"I wish I knew that," he said.

"Knew what?"

"Which path they have taken," he replied, "there seem to be two branching from this point, but they pass over a bed of pine-needles and that retains no impression. . . . Where do these paths lead?"

I did not know that any paths came into the road at this point. But the island is veined over with old paths. The lead of paths here, however, was fairly evident.

"They must come out somewhere on the sea," I said.

"Right," he cried. "Take either, and let's be off. . . . Madame's cigarette was not quite cold when I picked it up."

I was right about the direction of the paths but, as it happened, the one Marquis took was nearly double the distance of the other to the sea; and I have wondered always, if it was chance that selected the one taken by the assailants of the cut-under as it was chance that selected the one taken by us.

Marquis was instantly gone, and I hurried along the path, running nearly due east. There was light enough entering from the brilliant moon through the tree-tops, to make out the abandoned trail.

And as I hurried, Marquis' contradicting expressions seemed to adjust themselves into a sort of order, and all at once I understood what had happened. The Brazilian adventurer had not taken the loss of his wife and the fortune in English pounds sterling, lying down. He had followed to recover them.

I now saw clearly the reason for everything that had happened: the attack on the driver, and my guest's concern to get rid of the English money which she discovered remaining in her possession; this man would have no knowledge of her gold certificates but he would be searching for his English pounds. And if she came clear of any trace of these five-pound notes, she might disclaim all knowledge of them and perhaps send him elsewhere on his search, since it was always the money and not the woman that he sought.

This explanation was hardly realized before it was confirmed.

I came out abruptly onto a slope of bracken, and before me at a few paces on the path were Madame Barras and two men; one at some distance in advance of her, disappearing at the moment behind a spur of the slope that hid it from the sea, and I got no conception of him; but the creature at her heels was a huge foreign beast of a man, in the dress of a common sailor.

What happened was over in a moment.

I was nearly on the man when I turned out of the wood, and with a shout to Madame Barras I struck at him with the heavy walking-stick. But the creature was not to be taken unaware; he darted to one side, wrenched the stick out of my hand, and dashed its heavy-weighted head into my face. I went down in the bracken, but I carried with me into unconsciousness a vision of Madame Barras that no shadow of the lengthening years can blur.

She had swung round sharply at the attack behind her, and she stood bare-headed and bare-shouldered, knee-deep in the golden bracken, with the glory of the moon on her; her arms hanging, her lips parted, her great eyes wide with terror—as lovely in her desperate extremity as a dream, as a painted picture. I don't know how long I was down there, but when I finally got up, and, following along the path behind the spur of rock, came out onto the open sea, I found Sir Henry Marquis. He was standing with his hands in the pockets of his loose tweed coat, and he was cursing softly:

"The ferry and the mainland are patrolled. . . . I didn't think of their having an ocean-going yacht."

A gleam of light was disappearing into the open sea.

He put his hand into his pocket and took out the scraps of torn paper.

"These notes," he said, "like the ones which you hold in your bank-vault, were never issued by the Bank of England."

I stammered some incoherent sentence; and the great chief of the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard turned toward me.

"Do you know who that woman is?"

"Surely," I cried, "she went to school with my sister at Miss Page's; she came to visit Mrs. Jordan."

He looked at me steadily.

"She got the data about your sister out of the Back Bay biographies and she used the accident of Mrs. Jordan's death to get in with it. . . . the rest was all fiction."

"Madame Barras?" I stuttered. "You mean Madame Barras?"

"Madame the Devil," he said. "That's Sunny Suzanne. Used to be in the Hungarian Follies until she got into the service of an international gang of counterfeiters."

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DREAMS COME TRUE

BY BEATRICE IMBODEN

Illustration by WILL GREFE

"ONE—two—three—four!" The little clock on the mantel struck sharply, accusingly. Nancy Lee started, closed the book on her lap guiltily, and moved toward the window.

Her wistful blue eyes were still misty with dreams. As she glanced around the plain little sitting room, she sighed. For two hours she had been playing a wonderful "Wishing Game." Foolish, you say, for a staid young mother of two babies?

But don't blame Nancy—blame the new fashion magazine, full of artistic sketches of the proper things for the impending season. And don't think Nancy was preparing to summon her modiste and order a gorgeous array of gowns. Have we mentioned she was the wife of a modest young bank clerk in a small town?

She took the magazine merely that she might go on joyous excursions through its pages, picturing herself in such dresses instead of the fanciful people the artist had put there.

When the postman brought this new one, abounding with lovely spring-like things—well, could you blame Nancy for curling up in a big chair and harking back to the old game, "choose the one you like best on each page?"

Yes, day-dreaming is pleasant. But—oh, what a bump when you fall out of your castle-in-the-clouds down to solid earth! Back in the land of reality was Nancy, where she must make ends not only meet, but "tie in a bow-knot." Thus, she described her continual struggle to keep up appearances among wealthier friends.

For Summerfield fairly radiated prosperity! Well-to-do, retired farmers had built pretty homes among the trees alongside the comfortable ones of numerous well-to-do merchants of the town. And not a few city folk had rather pretentious summer homes in the neighborhood. Everyone—almost—had prospered of late years.

Nancy and Ted belonged to this town—her father had been a dearly-loved pastor and Ted's an equally loved village physician. Having accumulated little save the affection of their fellow-townsmen, they had in due course passed on, leaving their children their heritage, which proved something of a white elephant to the young folks. For everyone visited them, invited them to their parties and took them on motor trips.

"If we lived in a city where we were unknown, we might do better," Nancy pondered. "But we'd have to live in a cheap apartment, no-telling-what associations for the children, and Ted would be only a cog in the big wheels of any business there."

It did seem as if here, where they knew everyone, he stood a better chance. Yet here his pride kept him from asking business favors.

"Well, it's a problem," sighed Nancy. "Thank goodness, the children are too young to care yet." She would never relinquish hope that "some day in some way" good fortune would arrive.

Here Kathleen rushed in, her eyes blazing, her curls bobbing with indignation. "Mother! Mother! Don't let that old Tommy Jones in our yard, ever again!" she stormed. "He took Susie Small home in his 'spruss wagon' 'stead of me. She's an old smart-cat, just 'cause she's got a new red coat."

Kathleen was tearing off her outdoor things like a small whirlwind. Though her eyes clouded, Nancy could not repress a smile. The eternal triangle, rearing its pointed, malignant head in the second grade! And the eternal masculine, at six or sixty, ever lured by fine feathers!

"Mother, I tore the inside of my coat. Can't I have a new one? Please, pretty, please!" Her soft cheek was laid coaxingly against Nancy's.

"We'll see. Oh, you can't guess what is in the pantry for you!" Nancy parried.

"I know! A gingerbread man," and Kathleen flew to the kitchen.

"Baby, come in—nap time!" called Nancy from the doorstep. Slowly Baby Ted, Jr., came. There were two distinct tears in his blue eyes and his small, sensitive mouth drooped.

"Why, what's the matter, sweetie?" Nancy gathered him up in her arms.

"Muvver—Billy's got a new suit," sobbed the baby. "He said I couldn't have one 'cause my papa hasn't got any m-moneys!" He burrowed his head against "muvver's" shoulder for comfort. "An' he has got moneys 'cause I sawed 'em down at the bank, hasn't he?"

"Yes, yes," crooned Nancy, distressed, though she realized the Sandman had much to do with the poignancy of Baby's grief.

Baby closed his eyes, comforted. "Can I have a new suit too?" he murmured, "a sailor suit with a whistle on a cord?" He finished triumphantly and was off to the land where sailor suits grow on trees.

The children too young to care! Nancy smiled sadly. Suddenly her eyes overflowed.

"Oh, my babies! Have you come so soon to the turn of the road where mother can't smooth the way? Can mother's kiss no longer heal your hurts?"

"I must find a way out!" Nancy was made of sterner stuff than her Dresden-china appearance promised. "I have hands—and a brain, as the Lord knew when he gave these babies into my keeping. And their childhood shall not be embittered."

Ted came in, her "other baby." Once he had been all fire and energy, like Kathleen. Now his step dragged.

"What's the use?" His once-merry mouth twisted sarcastically. "Why burden one's brain with financial facts and systems? It's pep that counts, friends and fellow-countrymen. Pep—always combined, to be sure, with tailor-made clothes and slightly dashed with a diamond or two."

He finished his mock-elocuent address abruptly and sat down, reaching for the evening paper. Nancy knew he was thinking of Mr. Watson, a young man sent down from the city by Mr. Carter, the bank's president. Watson, cock-sure of manner and a little too well-dressed, grated on Ted's nerves.

"Would it do any good for me to speak to Mrs. Carter of your ideas for farm investments?" ventured Nancy.

"Heavens, no!" exploded Ted. "Carter wants a man to stand on his own feet, not toddle along to his wife's apron strings!"

Nancy might have been hurt by Ted's manner, but just then her eye was caught by an article in the new magazine she had been reading. She looked again and then put it carefully aside. She would read it after the children were in bed. Somehow, it seemed to be drawing her.

Late in May, Ted came home excited.

"Well, the Carters have come down for the summer earlier than usual! Carter's just stirring things up at the bank, especially about farm investments! Says all this 'Back-to-the-land' talk has infected every one in the city—it's a chance for country banks to reap the harvest."

He paused, then his enthusiasm left. "I suppose Watson will grab the chance. Naturally, he's been here six months and I've only been born and raised here; so of course my knowledge can't stand comparison with his!"

Nancy turned away, not wanting to see the bitter look in his eyes. "Well, don't worry. Maybe it will all come right," she said vaguely, setting Ted's favorite dessert on the serving table.

Next day Nancy met Mrs. Carter. "Nancy, dear, it's good to get back here. Can't you and Ted—and of course the dear babies—run in to dinner tomorrow evening?" Nancy could, it seemed.

Ted was not charmed with the invitation. "I don't see what you're going to wear," he demurred. "Mrs. Carter is bound to dress like a thousand dollars. And since Carter's acquired what he thinks is a 'brisk, businesslike manner,' well, he makes me nervous and mad!"

Next evening he came home early, inwardly protesting. A radiant somebody opened the door. It might have been a fairy-queen, but he recognized Nancy's lovely hair haloing a luminous face.

Quietly Nancy kissed her stupefied husband and stepped back for inspection. What she wore seemed to Ted the texture and tint of a peach blossom. There was a gleam of silver beads here, and a shimmer of silken embroidery there, a puffing of soft draperies and a flouting of gauzy ends—in short, a creation!

"Why—what?" he stammered. Nancy merely smiled, opening a bedroom door. "Aren't the children sweet?" she queried.

Kathleen, with a look of awed rapture, such as new-made angels probably wear when presented with their pearly robes, pirouetted before the glass. Her cheeks matched the color of her frilly dress and she touched the satin ribbons tenderly.

Baby, by whom Santa Claus, fairies, and new clothes were accepted with equal matter-of-factness, appeared in crisp white sailor togs—a middy in miniature.

"Hurry, we're ready," laughed Nancy, slipping on a graceful blue wrap and producing a cunning shirred taffeta coat for Kathleen.

"No, I won't tell you now," she smiled at Ted's amazed face.

Then he reddened. Had Nancy been accepting gifts from their wealthier friends?

She guessed his thought, for she quickly shook her head. "No—it's all right. I haven't gambled in the stock market or taken in washing or done anything else unfitting for a minister's daughter!"

Needless to say, the dinner was enjoyable to all. Serene in the consciousness of her lovely frock, Nancy fairly scintillated. She dimpled and flung railway at Mr. Car-

ter, which caused him to drop his snappy manners hastily, and resume the jollity of the old days when he was the young Sunday-school superintendent and Nancy had contrived to tease him about her Sunday-school teacher, now Mrs. Carter. Mrs. Carter, too, resumed her youth, and Ted quickly caught the spirit of the party, and kept all in a merry mood with his dry humor.

And later, while Mrs. Carter was showing Nancy her new clothes, Ted and Mr. Carter had a serious man-to-man talk, and Ted gave him some information about farm values that caused him to sit up.

Going home, Ted slipped an arm about his pretty wife in the shade of some trees. "Nancy, Mr. Carter offered me the management of the new department of farm investments. It's come—my chance!"

Over at Mr. Carter's the young people were under discussion. "Weren't Nancy, and the babies adorable? But—really rather expensive clothes. I wonder—"

"Oh, Ted's been making some money on the side."

"He's just used his wits. He's smart, that youngster. I've had my eye on him for a long time." And Mr. Carter really thought he had.

Meanwhile the Lees had reached the little cottage. "Now—you've got to tell me," Ted commanded. "Where did you get the glad rags? And I forgot to tell you, Carter's going to take us motoring tomorrow. Wants to look at some farms, but we'll probably end up at some smart little Inn. Only wish you'd dug up some nifty motoring clothes, too, honey."

For an answer, Nancy flung wide a closet door. "How about this?" slipping on a clever tan motor coat, digging her hands into the big pockets, and smiling saucily at his astonishment.

Ted glimpsed more wonders on the hooks, while Nancy lovingly brought out jaunty, tiny suits for Ted, Jr., and quaintly smocked frocks for Kathleen, cunning checked gingham, sashed and fished, daintily embroidered white batiste "Sunday dresses"—a never-ending array of loveliness.

"Now, honey, I won't torment you a minute longer," sitting on the arm of Ted's chair. "I made them myself. I haven't overstepped our clothes allowance a penny, though I've made over everything in the house except my wedding dress! Didn't you recognize my old party cape in that blue wrap? And last year's church dress in Kathleen's silk coat?"

"But, where did you learn to sew—?"

"It was this way. I saw a story in a magazine last winter about the Woman's Institute, a school that teaches women like me to sew. It didn't seem possible, but I was desperate. So I wrote the Institute and was so impressed with what I learned I began the course. Why, in a few lessons



She had found the way to make their dreams come true

I was able to make the babies some pretty underwear!

"Then I grew bolder, and tried a house dress for myself. Isn't it pretty, this pink-striped gingham? And so, on and on, till—well, just think of me making this tailored motor coat! Is it all right?"

"It's perfect, dear! But wasn't it all difficult to learn?"

"Why, you couldn't help learning!" exclaimed Nancy. "The text books seem to foresee and answer every possible question. The pictures are simply marvelous and the teachers take such a personal interest in your work."

"It isn't necessary to know anything at all about sewing. And the course can easily be completed in a few months by studying an hour or two a day. You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is by mail. And you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient."

"I know that the Woman's Institute has shown me how to have dainty, stylish clothes for myself and the children for just about one-third the money such clothes would cost if bought in the ordinary way. Isn't it splendid, Ted?"

"It's wonderful!" breathed the happy husband, "and, thanks to my clever little wife, our skies are clearing! We're going to succeed, Nancy! You've found the way to make our dreams come true!"

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Slip-Over Blouse 9493
For 34-44 bust

Kimono Blouse 9505
For 34-44 bust

Waist 9523
For 34-46 bust

Blouse 9508
For 34-46 bust

Fashions

Paris Sends Wondrous Color Harmonies
And Versatile Appealing Modes

Mon cher M. Editor:—

HOW you would enjoy Paris these beautiful days of approaching summer! Never before has the Bois been so gloriously resplendent with everything that reflects peace and prosperity. As, at the time of my last letter, so now, all styles apparently are to be fashionable. Fashion sets her seal of approval on every mode that is becoming to the wearer, and the result is a promenade of a bevy of widely different and extremely interesting styles.

On days which are cool, Madame wears her suit, the coat of which is long and loose, or, if she prefers, short and tight fitted. Many of the loose sack coat models are developed in black taffeta; and blue serge in this model is quite au fait. The skirts of these suits are for the most part rather narrow but sometimes there is a pleated one, in which instance the width is anywhere from two and a half to three yards.

And while on the subject of skirts it may be said that tunics are still a popular feature and the zouave or harem skirt is still holding its own. The latter type owes its popularity perhaps to the fact that it lends itself well to the wide draped girdles, and the low oriental waistline, a style which is conspicuously favored for dresses.

A Variety of Materials for Summer

Tailored dresses often replace the suit, and these are usually made on slim lines. Of course there is a little fullness about the hips, but not sufficient to have any effect on the slim silhouette. A coat dress is one style which the Parisienne considers an important exponent of her wardrobe, and it is usually a redingote effect with a full ripple circular skirt.

For some time past designers have looked with favor on the combination of silk and organdie, but never until this season has it been seen in the collection of the foremost creators. It has proved to make one of the most desirable combinations for summer frocks. And there are so many more dainty and appealing materials for summer, voiles, linens, plain and printed organdie and net, that one looks forward to a sight much like a dream when one imagines the beaches and smart summer resorts on a summer day.

Je vous prie, cher ami, de recevoir l'expression de mes bons souhaits.

Christine D.

No. 9513, LADIES' TIE-ON BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head; closing on shoulder and center-back at waistline. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 9493, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-OVER BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material. There is no style overblouse quite as smart as these little one-piece things developed in tricolette.

No. 9505, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; scalloped and back-closing. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material, and ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting. The edge being scalloped gives an unusual note to the blouse.

No. 9542, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material, and 1½ yards of 40-inch georgette. Width, 1½ yards. In Paris one sees many of these ultra smart harem skirts. They are the most charming interpretation of the oriental influence which is prevalent now in frocks for all occasions.

No. 9523, LADIES' WAIST; to be worn outside of the skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 40-inch material.

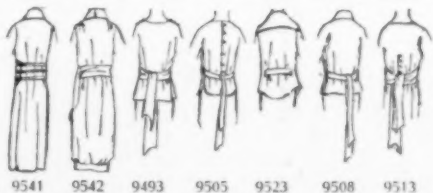
No. 9508, LADIES' SURPLICE-CLOSING BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1¾ yards of 45-inch material.



Dress 9541
For 34-46 bust

Tie-On Blouse 9513
For 34-44 bust

No. 9541, LADIES' DRESS; with vest and collar. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¾ yards of 32-inch plaid material, and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, vest and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 15¼ yards. A very smart frock with panel cut on bias.



9541 9542 9493 9505 9523 9508 9513

The Traditional June Bride Selects Her Trousseau And Concentrates on Her Bridal Gown



Dress 9515
For 34-50 bust

Dress 9509
For 34-46 bust

No. 9347, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch satin and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch lace. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A touch of embroidery finishes the edge of the neck, Design No. 1008.

No. 9395, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin, and 3 yards 9-inch lace for ruffles and chemisette. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The frock is trimmed very artistically with tiny beads, Design No. 1022.

No. 9521, LADIES' DRESS; with Medici collar. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9497, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A very attractive allover design is embroidered on this simple frock, Design No. 1000.



Surplice Dress 9522
For 34-46 bust

No. 9522, LADIES' SURPLICE DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 32-inch plaid gingham, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A ribbon girdle finishes the frock.

Dress 9521
For 34-44 bust

No. 9515, LADIES' DRESS; with inset vest. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9509, LADIES' DRESS; with lining; waist having kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch figured voile, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plain material, and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting for girdle. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Dress 9378
For 34-44 bust

No. 9378, LADIES' DRESS; dropped shoulder effect. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch satin, and 2 yards of 40-inch georgette for the tunics and puff sleeves. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 9510, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The lower part of the waist section and the sleeves are banded with embroidery, Design No. 1025.

Dress 9347
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1008



Dress 9497
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1000

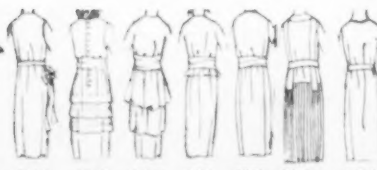


Dress 9530
For 34-46 bust

No. 9530, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch checked voile. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A smart design for a summer frock for afternoon wear.

Dress 9395
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1022

Dress 9510
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1025



New Paris Ideas That Permit One to be Dressed Becomingly for Every Occasion



Dress 9510
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1038

No. 9510, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 40-inch material for the waist section and 17½ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the skirt. The width is 1¾ yards. The skirt is lavishly embroidered, Design No. 1038.



Dress 9257
For 34-46 bust

No. 9497, LADIES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for the frock and ¾ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Sou-tache braid is used to trim this charming frock, Design No. 819.

No. 9542, LADIES' DRESS, with chemisette; two-piece skirt in harem effect. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch satin and 1½ yards of 36-inch georgette. The width is 1¾ yards.

No. 9515, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch plaid, and 1½ yards of 36-inch satin for collar and pockets, ½ yard of 36-inch for vest. The width is 1¾ yards.



Dress 9515
For 34-50 bust



Dress 9298
For 34-48 bust



Dress 9521
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 969

No. 9298, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Featuring panniers in cascade effect.

No. 9521, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch satin and 2¼ yards of 40-inch georgette. Width, 1½ yards. Beads make a charming trimming on georgette, Design No. 969.

Dress 9522
For 34-46 bust

No. 9530, LADIES' DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch satin and 2 yards of 40-inch georgette. The width is 1½ yards. The waist, tunic and sleeves are trimmed with beads, Design No. 1031



One-Piece Dress 9497
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 819

No. 9257, LADIES' DRESS with Chemisette. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch figured material for the frock, and ¾ yard of 18-inch ruffled vesting for the chemisette. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



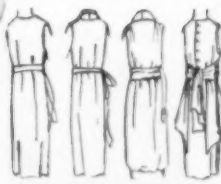
Dress 9542
For 34-44 bust



Dress 9530
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1031



9521 9510 9257 9298 9497 9522



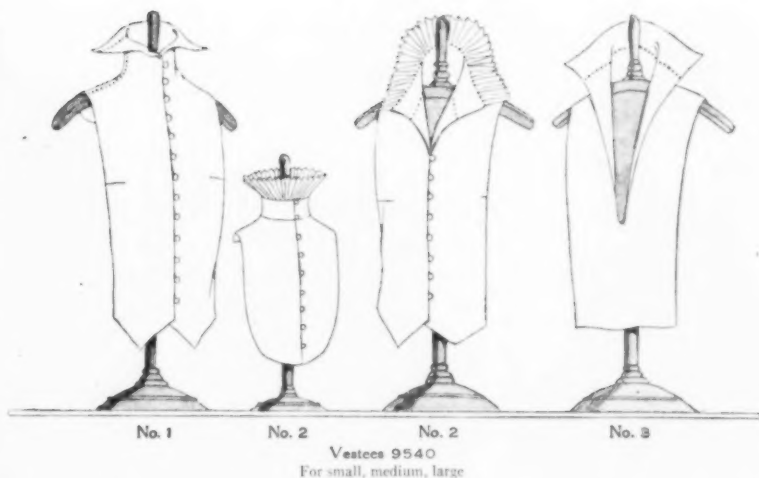
9531 9515 9542 9530

No. 9531, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1¾ yards. A very simple and exceedingly smart frock for summer.

Dress 9531
For 34-48 bust



R & G
CORSETS

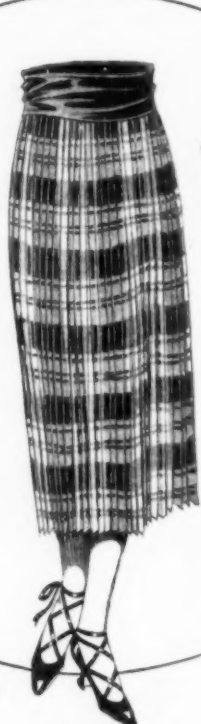
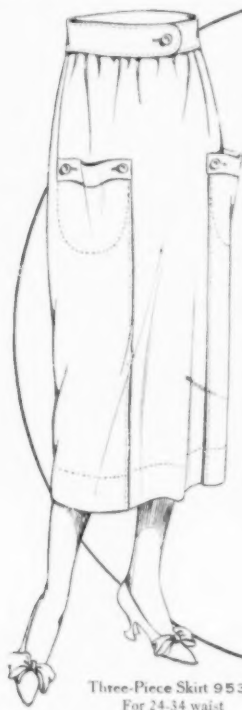


Smart Requisites of the Summer Wardrobe

No. 9540, LADIES' AND MISSES' VESTES. Designed for small, 13; medium, 14; large, 15 neck. 14 requires, No. 1, or No. 2, 2 yards of 21-inch; No. 2 (shorter length), or No. 3, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 9533, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. A serviceable skirt for summer wear.

No. 9507, LADIES' SKIRT; one-piece straight skirt for accordion pleating. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.



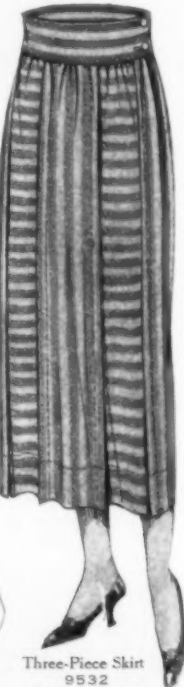
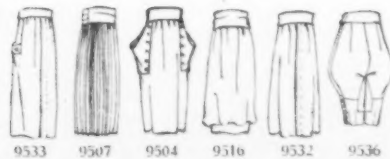
No. 9530, LADIES' RIDING BREECHES. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires 2 yards of 44-inch material. Remarkably simple pattern for the home dressmaker.

No. 9516, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; in harem effect. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



No. 9504, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 48-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9532, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



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Sports Clothes and Bathing Apparel Play a Large Part in the Summer Wardrobe



Bathing Suit 9443
For 36-40 bust
16-20 years



Cape 9452
For small, medium, large

No. 7773, LADIES' CHEMISE - BATHING SUIT; with bloomers. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Developed in surf cloth.

Bathing Suit 7773
For 34-42 bust



Bathing Suit 8365
For 36-42 bust 16-20 years



Bathing Suit 8905
For 34-48 bust



Eton Jacket 9519
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9507
For 24-34 waist



Suit-Coat 9543
For 34-42 bust
Two-Piece Skirt 9367
For 25-35 waist



8905 9452 8365 7773 9443 9519 9539 9543 9535 9527 9507 9138 9367 9536 9542

No. 9443, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING SUIT; closing on shoulder; with combination undergarment. Designed for ladies, 36 to 40 bust; misses, 16 to 20 years. 36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9452, LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING CAPE. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for cuff bands.

No. 8905, LADIES' BATHING SUIT. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

COSTUME Nos. 9543-9367.—36 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9543, LADIES' SUIT-COAT. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. A smart new coat in tailored effect is most desirable, and one of this type will appeal to the well dressed woman. Suitable to be worn with a separate skirt.

No. 9367, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 25 to 35 waist. 27 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

COSTUME Nos. 9535-9536.—36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9535, LADIES' RIDING COAT. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. This is a new riding coat rippled at the lower edge in skirt effect. It has a notched collar and deep revers.

No. 9536, LADIES' RIDING BREECHES. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. The breeches are in peg top effect and fit snugly at the knee where they are buttoned.

No. 9527, LADIES' AND MISSES' SPORTS COAT; sleeveless. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 9542, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.



Riding Coat 9535
For 34-44 bust
Riding Breeches 9536
For 24-34 waist



Sports Coat 9527
For small, medium, large
Dress 9542
For 34-44 bust



Suit-Coat 9539
For 34-44 bust
Skirt 9138
For 22-38 waist

COSTUME Nos. 9539-9138.—36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and 1 yard of 18-inch facing.

No. 9539, LADIES' SUIT-COAT. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch, and 1 yard of 18-inch facing.

No. 9138, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 22 to 38 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.



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Tempting New Frocks for Young Girls To Spend the Summer Day In

No. 9410, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch plaid material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9358
For 16-20 years



Dress 9401
For 16-20 years



Dress 9410
For 16-20 years



Dress 9215
For 16-20 years



Dress 9370
For 16-20 years



Dress 9307
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 983



Dress 9186
For 16-20 years



Dress 9408
For 16-20 years

No. 9370, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch georgette for the cuffs and chemisette. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

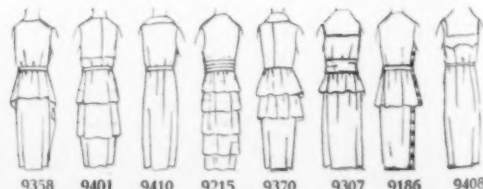
No. 9401, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch figured voile, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch plain for the chemisette. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9358, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 yards of 36-inch satin, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest and front tabs. The width is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9307, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plain material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the front panel and girdle in one. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The waist is prettily trimmed with soutache braid. Design No. 983.

No. 9186, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9408, MISSES' MIDDY DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Here Are New Ways to Develop the Summer Frock for Misses



Dress 9501
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 811

No. 9501, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch tricotine. A contrasting sash of plaid silk is worn. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. The bolero and skirt are attractively trimmed with braid, Design No. 811.



Dress 9503
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 782

No. 9503, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch for blouse, and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch for the skirt. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Trimmed with worsted, Design No. 782.



Dress 9502
For 16-20 years

No. 9502, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch figured and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch plain. The width is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Dress 9511
For 16-20 years



Dress 9492
For 16-20 years

No. 9492, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9524
For 16-20 years



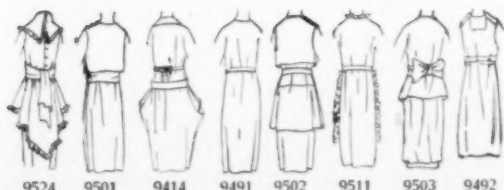
Dress 9491
For 16-20 years

No. 9491, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; to be slipped on over the head; kimono sleeves. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



Dress 9414
For 16-20 years

No. 9414, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono blouse to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch satin, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



9524 9501 9414 9491 9502 9511 9503 9492

No. 9524, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; kimono sleeves. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 5 yards of 40-inch taffeta, and 6 yards of pleating for trimming. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.



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Dress 9526
For 6-14 years



Balkan Suit 9525
For 2-8 years

Dress 9529
For 1-10 years
Embroidery Design No. 1017

No. 9525, Boy's BALKAN SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 4 years requires $7\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch material for the blouse and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for trousers.

No. 9526, GIRL'S DRESS; with sleeveless bolero which closes on shoulder and at underarm. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch plaid material.

No. 9529, CHILD'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with collar and inset side sections. Designed for 1 to 10 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch figured material, and $5\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch plain for collar, cuffs and inset side sections. The collar is interestingly embroidered, Design No. 1017.

No. 9405, GIRL'S DRESS; with panel front; closing at left side and on shoulder; two-piece straight gathered skirt, with bias folds. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A ribbon sash of contrasting material is used.

No. 9499, CHILD'S YOKE DRESS. Designed for 6 months to 6 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The frock is daintily embroidered with a spray banding, Design No. 1002. No. 690 for smocking.

No. 9506, CHILD'S DRESS. Designed for 2 to 8 years. 8 years requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 50-inch material. A charming little frock for summer days developed in striped voile.



Coat 9427
For 6-14 years



Dress 9506
For 2-8 years



Dress 9405
For 6-14 years



Yoke Dress 9499
For 6 months to 6 years
Embroidery Design No. 1002
Smocking Design No. 690

No. 9427, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 yards requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.



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Dress 9534
For 2-10 years

Suit 9517
For 2-6 years

Suit 9520
For 6-14 years

No. 9517, Boy's RUSSIAN SUIT. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 17½ yards of 36-inch material, and 1¼ yards of 36-inch contrasting. The home dressmaker will find this little suit very simple to make.



Double-Breasted Coat 9514
For 2-10 years

No. 9534, CHILD'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 5 years requires 15½ yards of 32-inch plaid gingham, and 5/8 yard of 32-inch plain for the collar and panel front and sash in one. The collar is embroidered, Design No. 294.

No. 9520, Boy's SUIT; knickerbocker trousers. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material and 17/8 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9514, CHILD'S DOUBLE-BREASTED COAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires 1½ yards of 42-inch material and 13/8 yards of 36-inch lining. Developed in serge.

No. 9498, GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS; with front panel and collar. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires 15½ yards of 36-inch figured and 1½ yards of 32-inch plain.

No. 9512, CHILD'S BOX-PLEATED DRESS; closing center-front. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. A smart and simple frock for late spring school days.

No. 9495, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires 23/8 yards of 40-inch material, and ¼ yard of 18-inch contrasting. Worsteds embroidery makes a smart trimming on an organdie frock, Design No. 782.



One-Piece Dress 9498
For 6-14 years

Dress 9512
For 2-10 years

Dress 9495
For 6-14 years

Embroidery Design No. 782



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Makers also of High Class "Hamden" Silk Finish Hat Elastic—Round Cords, Flat and Vienna (Gig) Braids.

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Whether your dress is new or made over be sure it has this correct banding at the waist—the kind "made on a curve," so your dress will fit smoothly at waist and hips. Made "plain" or "Sta-Up" (fitted with stays). Choice of modistes and careful home dressmakers, everywhere.

June Brings Graduation Frocks to the Fore

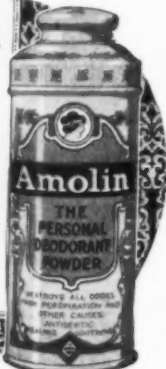
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The Personal Deodorant Powder

Use Amolin

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After your bath
After a day of
work or play
Before you go out
in the evening
For intimate
personal uses
For Baby after the
bath

Tell Father and
Big Brother
about it for
perspiration



As necessary as soap and water

Many a woman bathes daily in a vain effort to keep her body free of the odors from perspiration and other causes. But a greater and greater number of women now realize that the use of Amolin after the bath is just as necessary as the bath itself, to keep the body clean-smelling and free from all odors all the time.

Amolin is the one safe deodorant for all uses, everywhere on the body. It destroys odors without closing the pores, and without stopping perspiration. It soothes the skin, heals and prevents chafing, does not injure gowns.

Send 4c in stamps for a purse-size can, with booklet of many uses. Larger sizes 30c and 60c at all drug and department stores

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YOU who want your children to look attractive and yet keep clean, to be comfortable and yet save you mending and washing, should put your kiddies in Koveralls.

This garment protects the little one's skin against impurity and guards the delicate body against dirt and possible infection.

There is less wear on stockings; they save darning and laundry.

And because of the attractive style, the good material and charming colors, even the "fussiest" mother approves of them and kids are proud to wear them. Besides, our guarantee gives

A New Suit FREE If They Rip

Made in one piece with drop back. No tight or elastic bands to stop circulation and retard freedom of motion. Dutch neck and elbow sleeves (as illustrated) or round neck and long sleeves.

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The Ideal Suit
for boy or girl
the whole year
round

\$2.00 the suit at good dealers everywhere

Material chosen for looks as well as wear. Two weights of many fabrics and shades. All styles set off by bands and pipings in contrasting, fast colors. Buttonholes corded and buttons on to stay. Sizes 1 to 8 years.

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Look for this label on neck of each suit. This label is our guarantee to you.

Made by

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Rats—Nice

Write for this free booklet

It tells how you can rid your premises in three days of disease-carrying, damage-causing, food-destroying pests.

Rough-On-Rats is economical, easy to use—and sure. At drug and general stores.

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ROUGH ON RATS

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No. 9496, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head, with tie-on panel. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt is scalloped and daintily embroidered, giving the effect of flouncing, Design No. 358.



Dress 9398
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 744

Dress 9496
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 358

Dress 9278
For 6-14 years



Dress 9537
For 6-14 years

No. 9537, GIRL'S DRESS; kimono sleeves. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. This exceedingly smart frock features an inset panel at the front which is tucked over on the side section and stitched down from neck to hem. Developed in white crêpe de Chine this model is suitable for graduation day.

Dress 9538
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 492

No. 8818, GIRL'S EMPIRE DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon for sash.

No. 9538, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt section is most elaborately embroidered, Design No. 492.

No. 9398, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece yoke with straight skirt section. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. A beaded design trims the waist and yoke. Design No. 744. Pleated skirts are very smart for little girls' frocks.

No. 9278, GIRL'S DRESS, with shield; kimono sleeves; two-piece straight skirt. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 14 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. Developed in organdie and trimmed with ruffling of self material.

Empire Dress 8818
For 6-14 years



9398 9496 9278 9537 8818 9538

Gay Needlework for the Bungalow

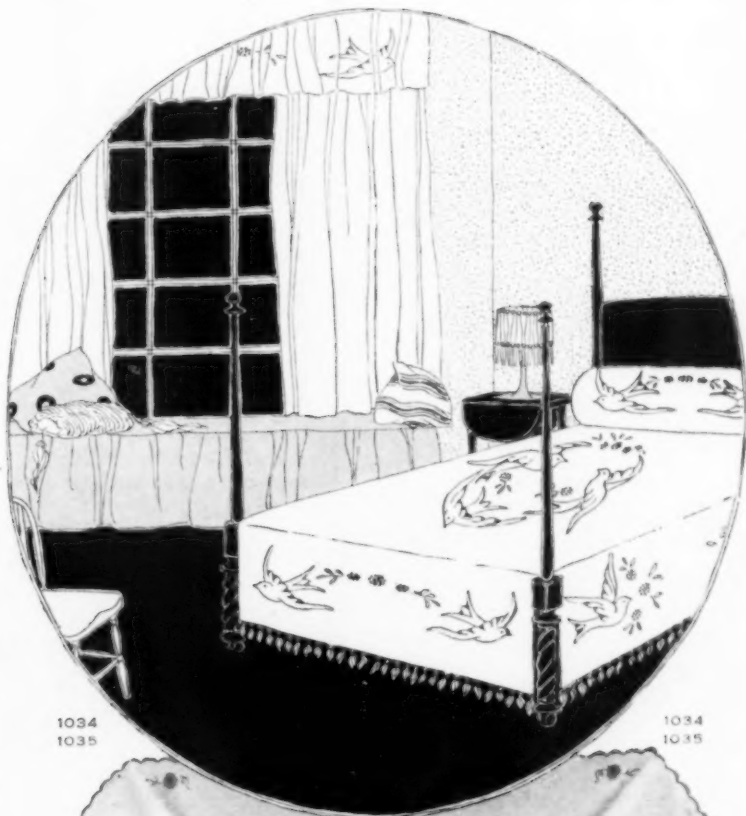
By Elisabeth May Blondel

1037—Cross-Stitch Design. A delightful spirit of gaiety and life is caught in this design of the dancing Pierrot and Pierrette. The pillow is of navy blue linen cross-stitched with white mercerized cotton, a combination that is refreshingly cool in effect for summer porch or living-room. Turned up corners, catching white crocheted balls, add a piquant finish to the pillow.



1037

1034—Embroidery Design for Bedspread. In this, three graceful birds in flight form the center oval (21 inches deep), while four separate birds decorate the sides of the spread. The effect produced is very quaint and attractive, the birds being outlined with heavy delft-blue cotton on unbleached muslin, the sprays being worked in French knots and lazy-daisy stitch.



1034
1035

1034
1035



1036

1035—Embroidery Design for Bird Sprays. These gay birds add a charming note to the room when embroidered on the valance at the window, on the foot of the bedspread and on the bolster cover.

1036—Embroidery Design for Bureau Scarf, 17½ inches wide. In this the birds are outlined with delft-blue cotton, the scallops buttonholed and sprays worked in French knots and lazy-daisy stitch.



1039—Embroidery Design for Dress Trimming. These motifs strike the new Egyptian note that is so noticeable in the ultra smart costumes. The largest motif is designed 8 x 14 inches.



1038—Braiding Design. This border, which is designed 11 inches wide and 27½ yards long, features the latest blocked effect for soutache braiding much observed on the new frocks.



At summer camp or town house, whether the water is hard or soft, careful girls agree that the most easily used and effective hair cleanser is—

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which gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure. It is so easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt.

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It costs about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

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Add Years of Wear by Dyeing Worn, Discarded Apparel Like New

You can diamond-dye your old garments into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects, even if you have never dyed before. Really fun!

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Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dye" appearance. Just use old reliable "Diamond Dyes." Perfect results are sure no matter if

your material be wool or silk; linen, cotton, or mixed goods.

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The Direction Book in package tells plainly how to diamond-dye over any color. Your druggist or dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match your material.

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Waists

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Ten years without a corn

Countless people boast that record now. Years ago they started using Blue-jay. Never since has a corn pained twice. And never has a corn stayed a week.

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U.S. Gov't (Bulletin 771, Agri. Dept.) shows insect powder keeps freshest in glass containers. Buy Black Flag in Sealed Glass Bottles instead of insect powder in paper bags or boxes. BLACK FLAG, Baltimore, Md.

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Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—LASH-BROW-INe. IT'S EMPLOYED BY THE GIRL WITH THE ROSE. It's on every box. MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-55 Grand Blvd., Chicago

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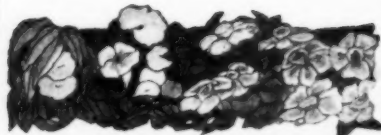
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Jean Dean 5685 NOSTRAND AVE. NEW YORK CITY



The Crazy Gambler Paul

[Continued from page 30]

even *Cit Farida*. You shall make it as charming as you wish, and I shall help you. Many is the night that *Khawadja Paul* dreamed of his bride, and of a wedding fit for the Amir; *Allya* shall do her part to make that dream come true."

So from that time on, *Cit Farida* ceased to interfere. And many and long were the consultations and discussions between *Khawadja Paul* and *Allya* as to how this and that should be done. It is very hard to get *Paul* to work long at anything, he is so quick and decided in all he does; but when *Allya* had once impressed upon him how important it was that the wedding should be so beautiful that neither *Cit Zeahna* nor her father should be able to find fault, you would be surprised how docile he became, and how patiently he listened to all her worriments and little problems.

In the meanwhile, do not think that he was neglecting his business. There were many and very important things that required his attention. In fact, the very first week of his return a grave problem arose: what should he do with his valuable stores that were in the warehouse at Beirut? I maintained we should leave them stay until safer times. But not so the restless *Paul*: the stores must come forward.

I distinctly remember the evening we had been discussing it; we sat around the table in *Cit Farida's* best room. The Tiger, *Paul* and I had been playing *atooz-bir*, you Americans call it "twenty-one." *Cit Farida* was dozing quietly at the window, and *Allya* was busying herself at making one of the many hundred things that women think a bride must have. Bonan and I entreated *Paul* to let the stores stay as they were, and we had him almost convinced; yet he was still a gambler at heart, for he cut me short in my argument, and cried:

"We will leave it to the cards, *Murad*. Now for my last great gamble. We will cut: red, they come forward; black, they stay."

It chanced that at this moment *Allya* had arisen and was passing the table; *Paul* held her gently by the wrist. "*Allya* shall cut the cards!"

The girl tried to draw away; she hated cards, and in truth all gambling. "No, no, *Paul*!" she pleaded. "I am a *Nahs*—an unlucky person—you know!"

But *Paul* would have his way, so *Allya* cut the cards. And red it was. I knew there was no further use of arguing, and so *Paul* sent word to *Menasha*, his agent in Beirut.

Soon after, *Menasha* advised us that he could obtain space on the steamer *Le-variant*, and asked for instructions. I gave the cablegram to *Paul*, and washed my hands of the matter. "A crazy gambler you always were, a crazy gambler you always will be. Do as you please. I will have nothing more to do with the matter."

It was three days before the wedding, and all was in readiness. *Cit Allya* had completed her work, and *Cit Farida* had prevailed upon her to take two full-days' rest, so that she might not be overwheeled by the excitement of the marriage. *Khawadja George* and *Cit Zeahna* had come down from Boston.

We had just started our supper—*Cit Farida* and *Zeahna*, *George*, *Paul* and myself. *Allya* had stayed behind.

Presently, the girl came hurrying into the room. She shook as do the leaves in the wind; and her face was the color of the chalk cliffs. She said no word, but halted falteringly, as one who brings bad news. *Paul* took from her a yellow paper, which like a lode-stone held our eyes.

He read it, again and again.

"You've decoded this correctly, child? You're sure there's no mistake?"

Our *Allya* breathed a frightened "yes."

Silently, *Paul* passed the slip first to me, and then to *The Tiger*. It read: *Le-variant leaving harbor strikes mine and sinks. Our stores ruined. No salvage. Signed Menasha.*

"Bad, very bad," muttered *Khawadja George*. "Great would have been the profit had you gotten the stores safe across. Certainly you are insured?" he inquired.

Paul hung his head stupidly like a camel. "No," he said.

Now *The Tiger* well knew that *Paul* had incurred great obligations at the banks. It needed no words to explain to him that *Paul* was a ruined man.

You might imagine that *George* would have tried to console. But *Bonan* was

[Continued on page 67]

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TRADE MARK

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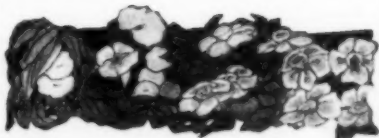
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FOR years Derryvale
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The Crazy Gambler Paul

[Continued from page 66]

well called The Tiger. When a tiger ex-
pects to slay a goat, fat and plump, does
the tiger sympathize, when it finds the goat
nothing but skin and bones? Surely not.
And so all of Bonan's ire rose. He snarled
and roared; pulled back his lips and
showed great, ugly, yellow teeth.

"You fool, you knave, you crazy gam-
bler, you!" he shrieked.

Now, no man had ever spoken to our
Paul like that, and I expected to see him
strike Bonan to the ground. However, it
seemed as though with his fortune, his
spirit had left him also. There was a whim-
per in his voice.

"Khawadja George must remember that
I am only a young man. I have not as
much wisdom as Khawadja George. I beg
the Khawadja to forgive. Maybe, he can
soften the hearts of my creditors. Failing
in this, if Khawadja George will lend me
two thousand dollars, or even less, I could
open a little shop and start again."

He cringed and groveled before Bonan,
but The Tiger only grinned derisively.
"You young fool, you! You expect me to
give you my daughter and money besides.
You robbed me of my business five years
ago; you ruined it, you gambler, you!
Back to the towel game for you!"

Cit Farida wept and wailed as only our
Syrian women can do. I say, with shame,
that I sat silent. Only Allya spoke up.

"Khawadja George, you cold-blooded,
brutal man, even if the fruits have dropped
from the tree, does not the tree still stand?
Do you think Khawadja Paul bows and
bends because of your blustering fury?
Never before did he bow so. It is because he
loves your daughter, and you should be
happy in such a good man's love."

Talking to The Tiger does no good.
Allya turned in desperation to Cit Zeahna.
She placed an arm around the girl and
pleaded as though for her own happiness.

"Zeahna, habity, my precious! Surely,
you will not let your father separate you
from your love! Paul is brave and of a
strong heart. He will work hard, and some
day will win back what he has lost."

But Cit Zeahna, foolish, stupid creature
that she was, drew herself away. "I am a
dutiful daughter. Should I not do what
my father says? My father is right. Paul
is a worthless gambler; and besides I do
not want a husband who is lame."

When Paul heard this, he turned to Cit
Zeahna pleadingly: "Postpone the wedding
if you will, until my affairs are straight-
ened out. Much as Allya said, she little
knows how I love you. Keep my ring, I
beg of you, and all will come out right."

Cit Zeahna had made no attempt to
give him back his ring, but when Khawadja
George heard this, nothing would satisfy
him but that he should thrust the knife
more deeply into the wound.

"Give him back his ring, Zeahna," he
ordered. "We cannot afford to have our
affairs involved in his. Let it be known
throughout the street that the engagement
was procured by a false device and wrong
pretense, and that I have disavowed it."

At her father's word, the spiritless crea-
ture took the ring from her finger, threw
it at Paul's feet, and marched out of the
house. Allya followed, still vainly trying
to dissuade her.

I have told you that Paul did many
astonishing things, but none more astonish-
ing than his actions after Bonan and his
daughter had taken leave. I expected to
see him grief-stricken, but not he.

He stood erect; his eyes sparkled and
he laughed until the table things rattled,
and until the very door, I thought, would
give way with the force of it. And words
came out between the peals of laughter as
bubbles foam and break upon the surface
of the steaming waters of our hot springs.

"A fitting mate for Solomon! A won-
derful hand well-dealt! Amazing, adorable
creature!"

I thought he still grieved for Zeahna,
and I offered him words of comfort. He
gave me a punch of his great fist. "Mu-
rad, you are a fool! Great is misfortune.
It levels all to the ground; then is our
vision far and true." Then, more soberly,
he turned to Cit Farida. "Mother," he
said tenderly, putting his arms about her,
"a gambler wins fortunes quickly, maybe
brides are as easily got! Who knows?
But why has Allya not returned? She
must know that her master can bear grief
bravely!" The thought tickled him; there
were little chuckles in his throat, sounding
like mountain streams dancing over rocks.
But no Allya appeared, and we grew

[Continued on page 68]



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A. S. Hinds

Hinds Honey and Cream

Beautiful features can be marred hopelessly by a faulty complexion; but a skin free from blackheads, blemishes, sallowness, fine lines or tendency to furrows—one absolutely clean, clear, glowing with natural color—a perfect complexion—makes one truly beautiful regardless of minor facial defects.

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Hinds Cream softens, cleanses and relieves the tiny pores of dangerous germs, alleviates irritation, soreness and roughness, and gives Nature an honest chance to restore the velvety, pure, fresh and colorful complexion of youth.

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Instruments in actual colors. Please state whether interested in the Symphonic Piano, the Symphonic Player Piano (which anyone can play) or the Symphonic Baby GRAND. Write now for your Catalog.

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With this Cooling Lotion

D. D. D., the famous wash, has a record of 25 years' success in thousands of cases of skin suffering throughout America. Skin trouble in all its forms, mild or violent, succumbs to its treatment. Many cases are on record where a single bottle has been successful after years of suffering, and the first touch of D. D. D. given relief. Minor skin blemishes even disappear over night. There is no embarrassment in using D. D. D. It disappears the moment it is applied, sinking right into the pores to do its healing, soothing work.

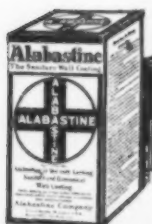
Trial Bottle on Request

D. D. D. is for sale at all druggists. But we shall gladly send a trial bottle to all skin sufferers who want to feel its instant, soothing effect. Just enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. A206
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

D.D.D.

The Standard Skin Wash

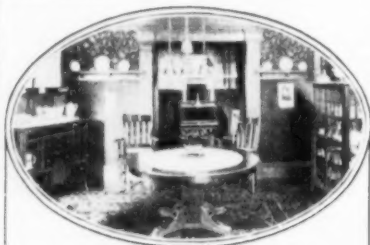


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ALABASTINE beautifies your walls—modernizes your home, and conduces to the health of your family. Alabastine is durable, sanitary, economical; for interior surfaces, plaster, or wallboard—in full five pound packages, directions on package; mixes with cold water. All Alabastine packages have cross and circle printed in red.

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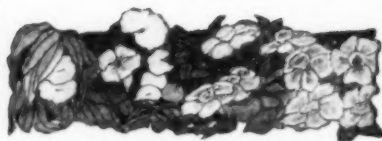
MADE of thin linwood splints so constructed as to exclude the heat and glare of the sun, yet admitting plenty of soft, diffused light and allowing free circulation of air through the entire surface of the shade.

Aerolux Porch Shades have the features, durability, beauty and finish that make them a superior shading equipment for every type of porch.

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Get this information by writing for free literature, diagrams, suggestions on shading, color, measurements, arrangement and simplicity of hanging; also name of Aerolux dealer.

THE AEROSHADE COMPANY
216 Oakland Ave. Waukegan, Wis.

"More Home to the House"



The Crazy Gambler Paul

(Continued from page 61)

anxious. We went out into the street, Paul and I; but none had seen her.

We found Allya at her prayers at St. Joseph's. All was silence in the church. In the part-darkness we could barely see; the ever-burning candles threw a ghostly light over the shrine of *Mar Marun*. There at the foot of her favorite saint, the child was kneeling. Gently, Paul raised her and drew her to him.

At this our Allya broke into weeping. "Let me go, *Khatwadja* Paul!" she entreated. "Leave me in my wretchedness and deceit! For weeks and weeks I doubted, doubted that Zeahna loved as my master deserved to be loved! Then I thought that a lie—a little one—as a test—would not hurt, and so I falsified the cable. But all the time I only hoped that out of the test would come the Zeahna of my hopes and not of my fears. If she failed, I reasoned I would be doing you no ill service. But O, my master, I never knew that I would break your heart. And now my wicked mischief has ruined all!"

"Allya, *habity!*" exclaimed Paul, "you deceived me not! In those eyes where I had always seen truth, could I fail to note its lack? Besides," and he laughed like a boy, "how could my stores be lost at sea, when I knew that they had never left the shore? Then," he continued with great earnestness, "the cards were dealt. To Zeahna was given a chance to play them well. How wofully she has bungled them!"

Slowly, understanding came to the girl. But there was yet anxiety as she asked, "But did you not love her much, Paul?"

"Love her!" exclaimed Paul. "I hate her! Allya, my love, *Khatwadja* Paul is a fool. During all those weary days in the heat of the desert; on the march; and during the nights in the hospital, he has longed for something. He was a *chamer*, a donkey, and he did not know. On the day of my return, when I saw you, then I first knew. Can there be a bigger fool, Allya, than one who dreams of love and does not know its name? Who loves and does not know the object of his love? But *Cit* Farida had made the bargain. I had consented. I would have gone through with it, and, by the Patriarch of Antioch, I would have guarded and cherished her, as the Brahman does his sacred cow! They have cast me off, Allya, and spat upon me. Praise be to *Miriam Athra*, I am free, free for you if you care for me and will have me, Allya!"

A soft light came into Allya's tear-dimmed eyes, such a one as sometimes gleams on the moonlit waters of the holy river, N-hr Kachaba, lustrous and filled with wonder. "I do love you, my master Paul," she said. "Within my heart there has been neither sorrow nor envy. I thought you were happy and I rejoiced in your happiness. I pleaded earnestly with Zeahna that she should not cast you off. All things are written."

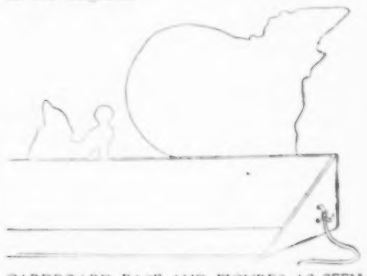
Then in the shadow of *Mar Marun*, Paul reached for her hand and drew her to his breast. I do not approve of kisses and caresses in an holy place. So I went away, and heard and saw no more.

I say again, come down to Washington Street and meet my cousin. Gaze upon *Cit* Allya, and you will marvel, as do I, at the luck of the crazy gambler Paul.

The Circus Parade

See page 36

CUT out each figure, leaving the white spaces between the legs. Cut from the long edge of a large cardboard box, such as a suit-box, a triangular section as shown in the diagram.



CARDBOARD BASE AND FIGURES AS SEEN FROM THE REAR

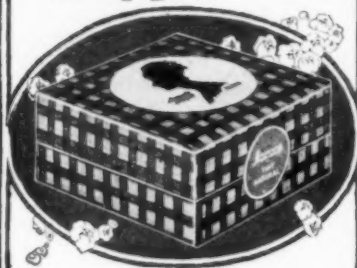
After the figures have been pasted to the upright side, as indicated, they can be dragged about by attaching a string to the end of this support.

ARMAND COMPLEXION POWDER

In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

ARMAND Complexion Powder speaks for itself. One trial will prove to you how wonderful it really is!

Buy a box of Armand at any of the better shops. Armand Bouquet is a fairly dense powder, at 50c, and Armand Cold Cream Powder, very dense and clinging, is \$1.



Or send us 15c and your dealer's name for samples of Powder and Rouge. Address

ARMAND, Des Moines
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is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is clear, firm and hairless, with no pain or discoloration. Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms.



Druggists sell Delatone; or an original 1 oz. jar will be mailed to any address on receipt of \$1 by

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Or Money Back

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Absolutely Harmless

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Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 52c.

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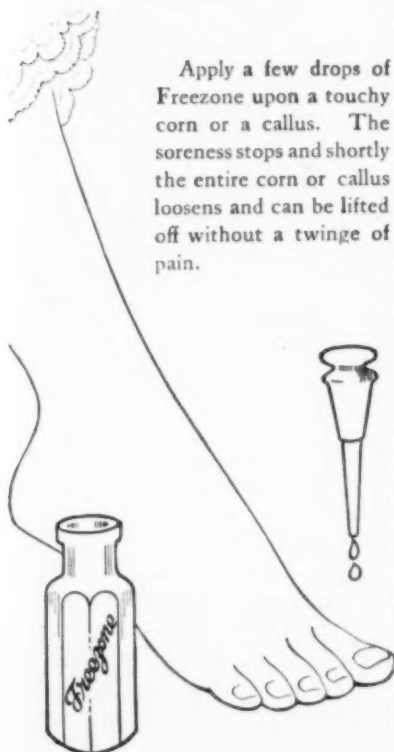
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Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen
corns or calluses so
they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents
at drug stores—anywhere

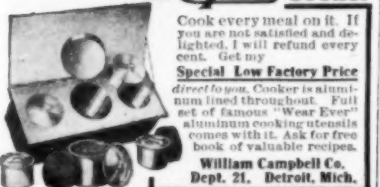


Bring Out the Hidden Beauty
Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?
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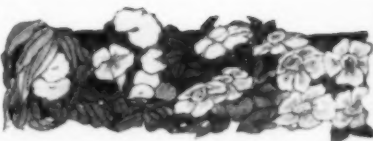


Cook every meal on it. If you are not satisfied and delighted, I will refund every cent. Get my **Special Low Factory Price** direct to you. Cooker is aluminum lined throughout. Full set of famous "Wear Ever" aluminum cooking utensils comes with it. Ask for free book of valuable recipes.
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A real successful abdominal Protector, (patented.) Does not roll down from top or up from bottom. Same price as any good supporter.
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Wedding Invitations & Announcements
Engraved in the very latest styles. Write for samples.
VIRGINIA STATIONERY CO. RICHMOND, VA.



How Women Choose Their Husbands

(Continued from page 21)

the loss unusually hard, but in an extraordinarily short time married a girl in a neighboring city whose resemblance to the dead wife was so striking that everyone in the home-town commented on it. The neighbors said that he chose the second wife because she looked like the first wife, but a psychologist might have put it another way and concluded that he matched both of them to an original pattern—possibly an idealized image of his mother.

The family pattern is often repeated where it can bring only misery. Until we know this law of unconscious motivation, we cannot understand why a girl, whose childhood has been miserable because of a drinking father, insists on marrying a man started on the same road. Attracted as her mother was by the appealing type that seeks refuge from difficulties in alcohol, she repeats her mother's mistake.

A more intelligent woman frequently learns by her parents' misfortunes. A girl whose mother was "pison neat" married a man whose mother was a shirk. Both had had miserable childhoods. Together they have achieved a pleasant home because they learned from their two mothers how not to keep house.

This conception of love as an emotion that increases, and that shifts its concentration from one object to another in the search for the mate, throws light on the much-discussed question, "What is real love?" Real love, and by that is meant enduring love, occurs when the emotional concentration successfully leaves self, parents, and family relations to settle on an outsider. If too much interest remains attached to self or family or relations, a satisfactory marriage cannot be made with anyone. The angel Gabriel wouldn't satisfy a woman whose unconscious mind held as its ideal the brother whom she adored when he was ten and she was five!

The real causes of unhappy marriages, are, according to this theory, far deeper than the apparent grievances. It would sound funny in a divorce court for a woman to ask an annulment on the ground that, while her husband had her father's nose, he didn't have his earning capacity. Or for a man to sue for divorce on the plea that his wife had, by her manner of walking, deceived him into thinking her character like his mother's. Yet that may be the truth of the matter in many and many a case. These people have never ceased loving their idealized parents.

Love at first sight presents a less alluring condition when considered from this new viewpoint. No individual can in the twinkling of an eye read the personality of a new acquaintance sufficiently to know if here is the comrade with whom he can reasonably expect happiness. What one really does, we are told, is to detect a resemblance to an earlier beloved. An intriguing likeness, too slight to be acknowledged by the conscious mind, is a slight foundation on which to marry. Yet, if that is love at first sight, is it any wonder that unhappiness so frequently follows?

Psychoanalysis, when looked at closely, turns out to be nothing in the world but common sense. One finds oneself exclaiming, "Why, of course I always knew that, only I didn't just understand exactly!"

Here, for a happy ending, is a story I have always liked. Jasmine Burroughs was fretting herself sick trying to decide whether she wanted to marry Timothy Chandler. She talked the matter over with a shrewd psychologist.

One day she had a dream to tell the doctor.

"I was at Timothy's house in my dream," Jasmine told him, "and I seemed very much at home. His mother was there and his sister, but they weren't paying much attention to me. The funny part was that I had on my pink negligée, and that seemed all right, too."

"Did you like being at home that way in Timothy's house?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, yes," replied Jasmine emphatically, "everything seemed so settled and all right."

So partly on the strength of what was nothing but a dream—that she liked being married to Timothy—Jasmine took a chance with reality and did marry him. It turned out all right. For Jasmine's unconscious mind had wanted Timothy all the time! When her conscious mind discovered that it wanted the same thing—why, all was peace and happiness. That is the reason why psychologists think it such a good idea to get action patterns out into the light and see what is guiding one's life.



Smart Coiffures

are more easily attained—and retained—by applying Liquid Silmerine before doing up the hair. And the effect is far more beautiful and charming. The hair has a brilliant sheen or lustre, gleaming and glowing under certain lights like a thing of life.

Silmerine is a valuable aid in producing any curly or wavy effect desired. The curl or wave lasts ever so long, and has all the appearance of "Nature's own."



Liquid Silmerine

is agreeable to use and is perfectly harmless—in fact, serves as a beneficial dressing for the hair, keeping it soft, silky and fluffy. It is applied with a clean tooth brush and is neither sticky nor greasy. If you never have tried this splendid preparation a surprise awaits you.

Silmerine is obtainable at drug stores and in toilet sections of dry goods and department stores generally. If your dealer has none in stock, request him to get some from his wholesaler. A \$1.00 bottle lasts many weeks. We do not fill mail orders.

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A New Benefit to Womankind

"From One Woman to Another" is a little book on hygiene, written by one of our foremost women physicians, which we will gladly send to you without charge upon request. It not only will give you invaluable health hints, but it will also tell you all about

Curads

Curity products have filled a vast number of needs, but until recently there was one which we had despaired of meeting. Then one of our women workers made the first Curad, and we felt that we had exactly what was wanted. But we tested and retested, until we felt sure that in Curads we had solved this very difficult problem.

Curads are sanitary napkins made in a continuous, compact roll of six. They are made of Curity absorbent gauze and Curity absorbent cotton. They are adequate in size and comfortable. They are thoroughly absorbent.

Curads are made to be used only once, so the question of laundry is not a factor. They are convenient in traveling, because of their compact form.

Curads are sold in all the better stores, on the notion counter or in the corset department. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will gladly send you a trial order in a plain wrapper. For each roll of six wanted, please enclose fifty-six cents with your order. Canadian price, 70c per roll, delivered.

Lewis Manufacturing Co., Walpole, Mass.

Other Curity Products: Absorbent Gauze, Absorbent Cotton, Absorbent Charcoal in Sanitary packages, Bandages (all sizes), Diaper Cloth, Sheets and Pillow Cases, and other fine white goods.



Actual Size 3 3/4 x 2 3/4

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Department of Hygiene
Lewis Manufacturing Co., Box 291 Walpole, Mass.
Please send me free "From One Woman to Another."
I enclose..... for..... rolls of Curads.
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Genuine Aspirin

Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as 14 Karat on gold. Both mean Genuine!

"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" should be taken according to the directions in each

"Bayer package." Be sure the "Bayer Cross" is on package and on tablets. Then you are getting the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

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Women say La-may stays on better than any other face powder.

UP to the present time it has been almost impossible to get a face powder to stay on the face longer than it takes to put it on. You powder your nose nicely and the first gust of wind or the first puff of your handkerchief and away goes the powder, leaving your nose shiny and conspicuous, probably just at the very moment when you would give anything to appear at your best. A specialist has at last perfected a pure powder that really stays on, that stays on until you wash it off. It does not contain white lead or rice powder to make it stay on. This improved formula contains a medicinal powder doctors prescribe to improve the complexion. In fact, this powder helps to prevent and reduce enlarged pores and irritations. It is also astringent, discouraging

flabbiness, crow's feet and wrinkles. This unusual powder is called La-may (French, Poudre L'Amé). Because La-may is pure, and because it stays on so well, it is already used by over a million American women. All dealers carry the large sixty-cent box and many dealers also carry the generous thirty-cent size. When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will give you five thousand dollars if you can buy a better face powder anywhere at any price. There is also a wonderful La-may talcum that sells for only twenty-five cents. Herbert Roystone, Dept. P, 16 East 18th St., New York.



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Have a youthful appearance, clear complexion, magnetic eyes, pretty eyebrows and lashes, graceful neck and chin, luxuriant hair, attractive hands, comfortable feet. Remove wrinkles, lines, pimples, blackheads, strengthen sagging facial muscles all through following our simple directions. Thousands have done so. No drugs, no big expense and quick results. Send for latest catalog and many Beauty Hints, all free. GRACE MILDRED CULTURE COURSE. Dept. 52, 624 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois. A Branch of Sassoon's Cosmetics Works.



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Your body is composed of about 85 per cent water and your size can be reduced through perspiration without any injurious effects.

Rubber Garments cause perspiration of the parts where applied and do not affect other parts of the body. Our garments are made of red rubber, soft as velvet, sufficiently heavy to give long wear.



Eton Jacket \$8.50



Brassieres \$4.50



Hip Belt \$7.50



Chin Band \$1.00

Brassiere for reducing the bust. Back of fine cotton. Front of fine red rubber. \$4.50. Give bust measure.

Hip Belt, of the red rubber. 15 in. long. \$7.50. Give waist and hip measure.

Abdominal Belts, 10 in. wide in front, any size. \$4.50.

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Reducing Shirts. \$12.50.

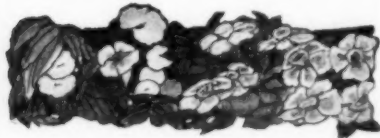
Reducing Pants. \$12.50.

C. J. BAILEY COMPANY

11 Aven Street, Boston

Established 1888

Dealers Supplied



Nine Miles to Ballynure

(Continued from page 15)

the employer had not gone off on a fishing-trip—which of course he had.

He sent two more messages to Heywood. By two o'clock no reply had come. Listlessly Garry shaved and put on his new shoes. He stuck the buttons in his shirt and tucked the ring—which fortunately he had bought at an earlier period of opulence—into his vest pocket.

"No use!" he told himself as he stumbled up to his room after the eighth pilgrimage to the telephone office.

He turned on his bath, and there was something in the splash of the water that dulled the rebellion within him to a sort of stoical endurance of whatever came next.

What did come next was an emphatic pounding on the door.

Garry scrambled out of the tub, thrust his wet body into the sticky embrace of a bath-robe and opened the door. In the gloom of the hall, the smoke of a half-concealed cigarette floating behind him, stood a nonchalant telegraph boy.

From his pocket the youth disdainfully drew out a yellow slip.

"Telegrams—undelivered." He chanted. "Tree messages to A. Heywood—N'Yawk. Can't find de party—you'll have to pay for 'em. Dollar ninety-five!"

"Two," Garry mumbled bitterly to the boy at the gasoline pump, when with a dilapidated rain-coat to cover his wedding-suit, his suitcase tucked into the tool-box, he stopped for such refreshment as he could afford for the flivver before beginning the nine-mile ride to Ballynure.

"She's dry, mister," confided the garage attendant as he unscrewed the gas-cap.

"I'm not going far," growled Garry.

"Good thing you ain't," agreed the boy as he applied the water-hose to the snout of the radiator, "you've got a gasket leakin'."

"Let her leak!" muttered Garry sourly.

Easing the flivver over the muddy hills, coasting down every incline, Garry sped toward his waiting bride. Five miles out, the engine which had been pounding ominously up the hills gave a gurgling sigh, boiled furiously, and died.

The engine-head sent out smoke, reeking of scorching grease. The gasket had given away and the choked cylinders were full of water. It would take hours for the overheated pistons to cool—hours which Garry Malone did not possess. He was four miles from Ballynure—four miles of dismal mud. But apparently there was nothing to do but walk. Turning up his trousers he struck out, the heavy suitcase bumping his knees.

He had gone a half mile when a buggy, drawn by a listless old white horse, slowly overtook him. Garry recognized the rig as the outfit belonging to old Julius Kahn. Old Julius steered his animal alongside and stopped.

"Hello, Mister Malone," he shrilled, affably, "you goin' long my way, maybe?"

Feebly, Garry climbed into the buggy.

"Your flivver busted down, heb?" consoled Julius. "I passed her back yonder in the ditch. Maybe I buy her from you."

Garry pricked his ears. Money meant salvation.

"Let you have her for fifty dollars, Julius," he stated with studied casualness.

Julius pursed his lips. "I—I give you twenty dollars, Mister Malone!"

Garry scowled. "Make it thirty, Julius," he insisted, "or I leave her in the ditch."

Two miles from Ballynure, where Julius turned off into the highway, the bargain was consummated.

In his pocket Garry carried thirty dollars and sixty-five cents—a ridiculous sum for a prospective bridegroom, but compared with his previous financial condition, the present was so fortunate that he experienced a buoyancy which made him desire to sing.

He could bluff it through. And he could count on Juliet. Juliet was a brick. Juliet would see the funny side of it!

A vagabond and mud-smudged bridegroom, Garry negotiated the two miles and the long sodden driveway that led through the gate of Ballynure. He ducked his head and maneuvered in at the back door where a friendly chauffeur proffered his services. Cleansed and restored, he ventured into the dim, flower-decked, portion of the house, skirted the crowd and slipped up the stairs. At a door guarded by three nervous, giggling young girls in ruffled pink gowns, Garry underwent a catechism from Juliet, who interrogated him through a three-inch chink while two masterly females, bristling with pins, wrought certain

(Continued on page 71)



All the materials for this beautiful stylish overblouse Only 8.73

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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912

of McCall's MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920.

State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared W. D. Beecher, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the assistant secretary of The McCall Company, publishers of McCall's MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher: The McCall Company, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. Editor: Miss Bessie Beatty, 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor: None. Business Manager: Henry J. Brown, Jr., 236 W. 37th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: The McCall Company, New York, N. Y. McCall Corporation, Wilmington, Del. (owner of McCall Company stock). The following are the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of the capital stock of McCall Corporation: Daniel W. Streeter & Co., 770 Lafayette Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.; Mahala D. Douglas, care of Minneapolis Trust Co., Minneapolis, Minn.; William C. Heindel, 23 Wall St., New York City; F. Hoffman, 23 Wall St., New York City; McCall Corporation, 236-238 W. 37th St., New York City; James H. Otley, 23 W. 42nd St., New York City; Piper & Company, 1205 First Nat'l Bldg., Lino Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.; Chas. D. Spalding, care of Oil Trade Journal, 129 Broadway, New York City; White, Weld & Co., 14 Wall St., New York City; H. N. Whitney & Sons, 17 Broad St., New York City; Robert C. Wilson, 225 W. 39th St., New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation to the company, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

W. D. Beecher, Assistant Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of March, 1920. JOSEPH B. ROTH, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 41. Certificate filed in New York County No. 195. My commission expires March 20, 1921.

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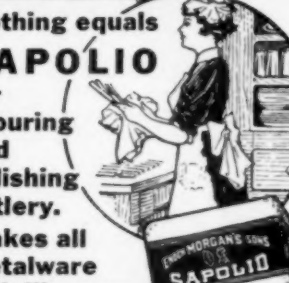

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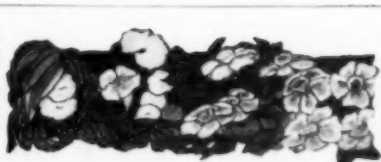



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Nine Miles to Ballynure

[Continued from page 70]

transformations in the cloud of white stuff which was vaguely and wonderfully troubling to masculine eyes.

Yes, he had the ring. No, he wouldn't forget to give it to the best man. Yes, he had brought his baggage.

He moved away—but Juliet's voice came, peremptory, through the pink-policed door. "Garry—come here. Don't come too close you might spoil my veil. Garry—pin this right here, Miss Dodge—see how it sits? Garry—what do you think? The Cleages went to New York yesterday and they phoned that we can have their cottage at Indian Lake—for six days! Isn't that simply gorgeous? That dream of a country house—and just you and me, Garry? Aren't you thrilled?"

Garry, pinioned by the gimlet eyes of the dressmaker, essayed a weak attempt at a thrill. But his heart was sodden as lead. Cleage's house—a millionaire's house—tips for a millionaire's pompous servants. Tickets to Indian Lake—taxi—boat hire—on thirty dollars and sixty-five cents—less the clergy's fee! Garry looked his bride bravely in the face. Somehow the wonderful, misty beauty of her in all that floating white, which was for him alone—unnerved him. He heard himself bleating faintly—what he said he could not tell. The pin-eating Amazon thrust him out.

He went down the stairs, around through the little back hall and in at the French door, steered by the best man. He heard the old, old tune—the swish of trailing robes—he felt Juliet's hand, a bit tremulous, upon his arm.

He heard words—mumbling, unintelligible words—his own words—Juliet's faint pipings—the Reverend Billy's pompous tones from over the top of the prayer-book. He knelt mechanically. He rose up stupidly. They were turning around now. People were surging nearer. Let him get out—out some place where he could talk to Juliet—tell her about the thirty dollars and sixty-five cents!

Juliet was pinching his arm. "Talk, Garry!" she admonished, in a wisely whisper. "You act absolutely frightened to death!"

Garry talked. He babbled, asinine things which would forever prejudice his bride's relatives.

They ate the wedding-supper—Garry fiddling with his fork and taking a great deal of food upon his plate which he then disregarded entirely.

Somebody toasted the bride and immediately everybody, including Garry, discovered that the bride had disappeared. Then Garry remembered that Judy had whispered something about changing her dress and waiting in the kitchen. He stumbled up. Everybody stumbled up. Thank the Lord, that much was over!

Somebody steered him into a room where he found his suitcase. He dressed, apathetically, rehearsing in his weary mind the speech he would make to Juliet. Lord, how he hated to tell her!

Then it occurred to him that he had forgotten to pay the Reverend Billy. Poor old Bill—with his smoky furnace and his threadbare Prince Albert and his three kids. It would be a crime to forget Bill. He went downstairs.

In the library, Juliet's father was walking back and forth across the rug. He looked haggard, worried, almost human to the eyes of Garry, concerned as he was with human wretchedness.

The older man cleared his throat. "Be good to her, Malone," he counseled a bit awkwardly. "She's high-strung—thoroughbred. Be kind to her."

"I will," declared Garry with a lump in his throat. On thirty dollars and sixty-five cents! Less the five dollars for the Reverend himself!

"By the way," the other felt abruptly in an inner pocket of his coat:

"I met Heywood today—coming out from New York—Alf Heywood. He asked me to hand this letter to you—almost forgot it. Said he had neglected to mail it. Hope it's not important—don't know how I came to overlook it—getting old and childish, I guess."

Garry took the legal-looking envelope and slit it with fingers that shook. Inside was the green and glorious beauty of a folded check! Heywood's check in time!

"Bad business if I had forgotten that letter entirely," soliloquized the old man, tramping across the room again. "Getting old! I hope it was not very important."

"No," gulped Garry, with brave nonchalance, "it's not important—particularly."



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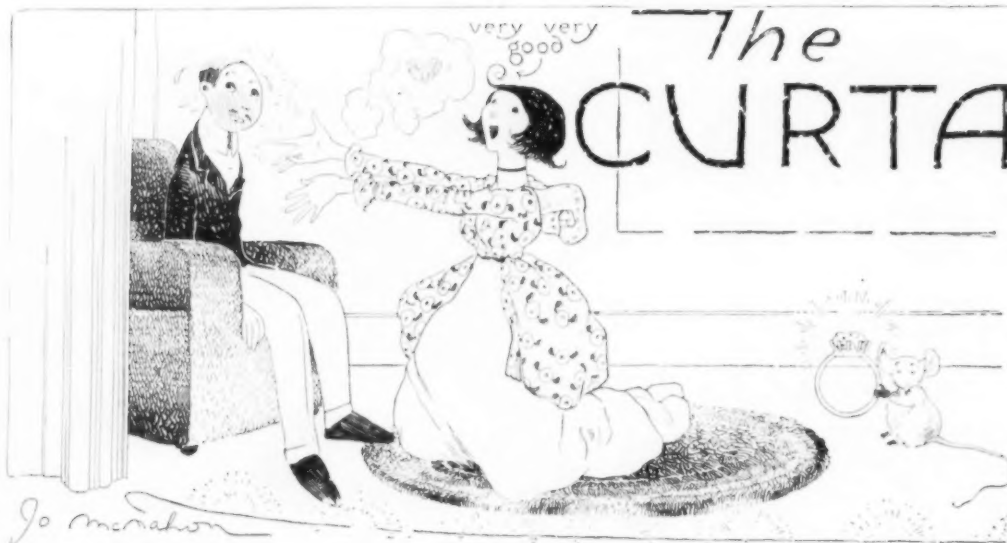
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Young Man!

If a girl should ask you to marry her—and they are asking—what would you do? Are you prepared? Do you know where to buy orange blossoms? Could you, without making use of the classified telephone-book, invite the proper wedding-guests? Do you know who is speaking to whom, and which is whose mother-in-law?

Several leap-year bridegrooms have told us confidentially that they were not so very anxious to marry this year. Yet when the brides asked them, they recalled that ancient custom which requires a young man who refuses, to buy the lady a silk frock. They therefore accepted the proposals, and found a wedding ceremony and reception cheaper in the long run. For the benefit of young men who may be called upon to marry almost any day, we are appending a few suggestions. First, remember that the leap-year bridegroom must always do his share toward making the wedding a success. He should distribute his labors so that the wedding day will not find him a faded, jaded, petulant wreck of a man. He owes that much to the young woman who is marrying him. Nothing is more tragic than a leap-year



bridegroom tottering down the aisle, looking like a wilted violet, or a prisoner at the bar.

Next, send out the invitations. If the wedding is informal, write your friends little notes. Or telephone them. If you can't find their telephone numbers, shout at them as you meet them, going into town, at the railroad station.

The leap-year bridegroom should prepare for a crowd. You should remember that you are doing for the leap-year wedding, what Mr. Darwin did for the monkey—getting it into the public eye. Women's Clubs, Swedish feminists, delegations of Advanced Thinkers, the press, the movies will wire for special seats at the ceremony. If your own church is too small, join a larger one. Better yet, rent the auditorium.

Without relatives, no wedding is legal. There are the paternal relatives, to whom your mother never speaks; the maternal, whom your father never mentions; the queer assortment of variegated individuals from whom the bride is sprung; neighbors; acquaintances; connections. Send out invitations furiously to all of these, until the envelopes give out. Stamp and mail.

You, leap-year bridegroom, must attend faithfully all parties given in your honor by men friends. You must not falter when the Country Club sends out its invitation to a Better Back-Yard Shower. You must keep to the main street when coming home laden with lawn-mowers, monkey-wrenches, and step-ladders. You must go likewise to the Automobile-Accessories Tea, the Kitchen-Utensil Spread, and the Tool-Chest Luncheon. If friends on the 8:18 send you a luncheon-set, embroidered with the score of the Yale-Princeton game at which you lost money, write them a polite note of thanks. Later, with the gift, clean your spark-plugs.

The young lady who is asking you to marry her will buy the ring, fee the minister and present the usherettes with solid, substantial gifts. The rest is the bridegroom's work. Select the music—Sousa, Mozart or Irving Berlin. Order the household linen—hem and initial. Two hundred sheets, a thousand towels, and thirty-three luncheon-sets should be sufficient. Help the bride move the furniture into her new home, and learn to cook a few desserts.

The most important thing about any leap-year wedding is what the bridegroom will wear. The hat is important, black shiny silk, an heirloom if possible, carried over the chest. A slender cane hanging from the arm adds to the height; delicate-tinted gloves, a small orange tree, and a prayer-book look well in the left hand. The long sweeping lines of a morning coat, or the fitted high-waisted jacket—belted—are equally suitable for the bridegroom. On the feet, flat shiny oxfords, or tan army shoes, over which may be worn white spats embroidered with the date of the wedding. They can be used later as a calendar. Fine-striped trousers or tweed bloomers are equally suitable.

A Poor Sort

MELVILLE DAVISSON POST, who has a stock farm in West Virginia, asked an old negro tenant what sort of man was his neighbor Judge X.

"Well, Mistah Post," replied the negro, "Judge X is the kin' of man who ain't got neithah morals or Federals."

Mrs. Caravan

MARY FRANK'S story in the March McCall's about the book caravan has found favor with readers down on the farm. They may be interested to learn that Miss Frank is going off in such a caravan this summer, and that her first objective is the Massachusetts countryside. The little boy hungering after Jules Verne, the farmer thirsting for an agricultural year-book, may get them yet.

A letter from a farmer's wife in New Jersey shows what one enterprising woman does with a few books. "Miss Frank, in her article," she writes, "put in print my long-cherished dream—thought of ages before Christopher Morley wrote 'Parnassus on Wheels.' I want to be a book distributor, too."

"Down here, we are fourteen miles from a public library. If the Trenton State Library had not come to my aid and loaned me books, I do not know what I should have done. These books have meant everything to me, and I have coaxed and bullied my neighbors into reading quite a few of them. My own books are on the go almost all the time. The children need books so badly. I have often counted as many as ten boys at a time in my sitting-room, deep in story-books. They have entered the house so quietly that I did not know they were there. In summer, when I read to my own children, the boys come in from every direction."

Is not this woman a caravan herself?

Floored

TYLER DENNETT, who is not entirely satisfied with "The Church in our Town," went to Japan some years ago, with letters of introduction to some rather distinguished people. Delegations of important Japanese met him everywhere. There were teas, receptions, sight-seeing trips. But Mr. Dennett wondered when, through some Americanism, he would mar the perfect calm of oriental courtesy.

One evening, a Japanese family gave him a banquet, in Japanese style. Shoes were discarded at the door. The dining table was twelve inches from the ground, so Mr. Dennett sat on the floor, and for fourteen courses distributed his long legs beneath his allotted section. It was a charming evening.

Until Mr. Dennett arose. His poor cramped limbs had fallen asleep under the table, and four Japanese noblemen had to lift him, tottering, to his somnolent occidental legs.

A Maiden's Prayer

LITTLE Lucy's father had denied her something she considered her just privilege. That night, when she was saying her prayer, she intoned loudly:

"Please, God, don't give my father any more children. He doesn't know how to treat those he's got now."

Splash!

SOME modern art is not unlike the baby's attempt to sketch, impressionistically, the Great War. Plenty of people hold that only the infantile eye sees real beauty;



others feel that only babies under two are qualified to act as art-critics.

Practical difficulties present themselves. Critics in perambulators would disagree with the artist judging beauty from the floor. Nurses and mothers would form violently partizan schools. It's worth trying, however, says Robert

The CURTAIN CALL

Amick, the illustrator of "Nine Miles to Ballynure," who believes that catching the baby's eye is sure proof of artistic merit.

A short time ago he was working on a picture, the largest part of which was a brook. His twenty-months-old son crawled into the room, and sat critically eyeing his father's work.

"What do you think of it, old man?" asked his father.

Mr. Amick, 2nd, arose to his two feet in the most professional manner. Then, as if he could control his enthusiasm no longer, he shot his rubber ball straight into the painted brook. He knew how to act when he saw water.

An Ideal Husband

JOSEPH SAPINSKY, the chronicler of "The Crazy Gambler Paul," never passes a delicatessen store without living over the most dreadful day of his married life. Several hot summers ago, when Mr. Sapinsky was a commuting week-end husband, his wife asked him one Monday morning to buy some dill for dill pickles. Friday at noon, Mr. Sapinsky started forth. His train left at two.

He was sure that dill was a kind of porous cheesecloth through which one strained cucumbers. In department stores he quarreled with salesgirls and floor-managers. In the third store, a kind-hearted saleswoman suggested a grocery store. The grocer sent him to a fruiterer; the fruiterer to a florist. Mr. Sapinsky walked for a time wildly on the streets; by the merest chance, he stumbled upon an Italian fruit vender whose uncle over on Second Avenue had made dill pickle two summers before. He found the uncle who remembered only that the dill merchant's shop was on Avenue A "in the forties."

Mr. Sapinsky caused tremendous excitement on Avenue A, searching for a strange dill merchant, whose name was either this or that or a hundred other things. But the gods smiled. He found Mr. "Tuoti," who produced a faded bunch of yellow leaves—for two dollars. It was dill.

When he stepped off the train, his wife asked, "Did you get the dill, dear?" He handed her the laurel, without a word. No perfect husband brags.

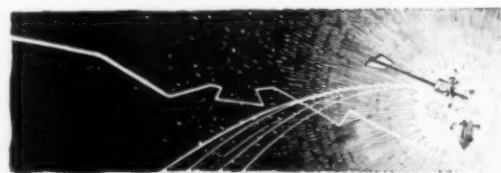
Poor Girl!

BOB and Jim were watching the blond sixteen-year-old Josie, deep in a conversational flirtation with another young man. "She's a pretty good looking, don't you think?" offered Bob.

"Uh-huh," admitted Jim. "But gee, she's got an awfully incipient face."

Serious Stuff

THE tempest roared. The steamer appeared to be sinking. The captain with his own hands ignited rockets and flares at the rail, in the hope of bringing to his aid some passing ship.



Amid the glare, a tall thin austere woman made her way to the rail, where the captain was touching off one rocket after another.

"Captain," she shrieked into his ear, "I must protest. We are facing death. Surely this is no time for an extravagant celebration."

Bad Ending

MILDRED CRAM, whose brilliantly written story "The Ember" is proof that magazines do print those unhappy endings, regrets one lost leap-year opportunity. He was an Italian organ-grinder; he had a monkey named Beppino, and together they played the Garibaldi Hymn up and down the countryside.

"He told me," said Miss Cram, "that I was so musical, so sympathetic, so fond of monkeys, and spoke such excellent Italian. You don't get such compliments from many men." But from the security of her suburban front-porch, Miss Cram renounced the organ-grinder, the monkey and all his works. And now Miss Cram is convinced that the truly adventurous soul has never been hers. If so, she would have been up and down the world following the monkey Beppino, instead of sitting at home writing love stories with unhappy endings.

A Rare Day

MRS. Brown came down to breakfast on the morning of her Susie's seventh birthday with a pleasant thrill of anticipation.

"Susie, I have a birthday surprise for you," she said, "you may choose anything you like for dinner, and anything you please this afternoon."

Susie blinked her brown eyes in thought. Then she announced—"I choose sausages for dinner, and to clean out the sink."

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